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THE OLD CHURCH; NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THE

MARTYR OF SUMATRA:

A Memoir

OF

HENRY LYMAN.

"The noble army of martyrs praise Thee."—TE DEUM.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
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TO

THE YOUNG COUNTRYMEN OF

HENRY LYMAN,

This Volume is Inscribed

BY THEIR FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

3022867

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I.

The Boy.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.

COWPER.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

PSALM ciii. 17.

I.

Those who are now rapidly borne on the railroad through Northampton, Mass., almost wonder that they have heard so much of its exceeding beauty. Noble elms and hills greet the eye, but other places have seemed as fair and as pleasant. Let such, however, from Round Hill, look abroad at evening over hill and valley, river and woodland, with the distant mountain-girt horizon; let them count beyond the Connecticut the spires of the village churches, each springing from its cluster of green, gaze upon Amherst College with its snowy tower, and then, following the windings of the broad river, view Holyoke and Mount Tom beyond it, cultivated each year further and further toward their summits; or let the eye rest upon the town beneath, the white villas and substantial houses under the overshadowing elms, the beautiful steeple of the Old Church rising over all, and they will no longer be surprised that the natives of Northampton consider it the most beautiful town of New England.

Or let the stranger go to the quiet grave-yard where slumber the fathers of the place. The rustic stone wall has fortunately not been displaced by an iron railing. Entering the avenue of pine-trees he will mark on the right, a well-trodden path, and may follow in the steps of thousands to the spot where slumbers the dust—how precious!—of the sainted Brainerd, while just at his side rest the remains of her who should have shared his watchings, and cheered his lonely home on the banks of the Delaware; let him give himself up to the thick clustering associations of the place, and he will feel that Northampton can boast of a shrine most sacred to every follower of Jesus.

Near the remains of the holy Brainerd stands a stone bearing this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
REV. HENRY LYMAN,
SON OF
THEODORE AND SUSAN W. LYMAN;
A MISSIONARY
OF THE AMERICAN BOARD,
WHO,
WITH HIS ASSOCIATE,
REV. SAMUEL MUNSON,
SUFFERED A VIOLENT DEATH
FROM THE BATTAHS
IN SUMATRA,
JUNE 28, 1834,
AGED 24.

"We are more than conquerors."

We would write the history of the life whose termination is thus recorded. We would tell of the grace that found the boy, of the grace that trained the man, of the grace that made the martyr "more than conqueror," and we would do this if, perchance, by this example some parent may be led to lay his infant upon God's altar, or some son to give himself to the missionary work. "The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers"—where are they? From the spicy groves of the Moluccas, from the pepper jungles of Sumatra, from the ancient churches of Asia Minor, comes the cry for the preacher. English enterprise has forced an entrance into the Eastern Archipelago; American perseverance has secured admission to Japan. Many a youthful heart has beat with the desire to imitate the Rajah of Sarawak, but who has been baptized for the martyr missionaries? Who will carry to the Battahs the tale of Jesus' love, which will teach them to turn with loathing from their hideous trophies, and "learn war no more?" Truly, the blood of our missionaries calls aloud for vengeance; for a revenge like that which their Master taught when he said, "Beginning at Jerusalem." God grant that this little book may awaken in some youthful breast the desire to go "far hence to the Gentiles."

On what is now the corner of Pleasant and Water-streets in the beautiful town already named, stood formerly an old gambrel-roofed house, shaded by large English cherry-trees. The long garden at the back led to an orchard that stretched down to the Lickingwater River, which, overhung by the button-ball and elm, and fringed by willows, wound its course onward to the Connecticut.

Upon the brow of the first descent toward the river, John Lyman pitched his tent in the year 1658, and there dwelt his descendants, though no deed of the land was ever made out until the subject of this memoir had reached the age of nineteen. The blessing of God had been upon his posterity from generation to generation. The grandmother of Henry Lyman especially was a woman of no common piety. Well may one exclaim, standing by her grave, "The Covenant is with children's children." Of the eight who gathered around her knee to learn of Christ, all have gone hence, most of them at an advanced age, "in the sure and certain hope" that their fathers' God was their portion.

In the house we have described, lived, in the year 1809, a young couple who had within a few months united with the people of God. Already their home had been made happy by the birth of a daughter, and saddened by the death of an infant son, and the father, in the ardor of his first love, had consecrated his next child, if a boy, to the work of the holy ministry. And when on a dreary November morning, the twenty-third day of the month, an infant was laid in his arms, his wife alone knew how the parental heart was repeating the pledge, that the child was the

Lord's. A few weeks passed and death seemed hovering over the cradle. None supposed the babe could recover, but the pious parents gave him anew to his Master's work, and felt that He could do what He would with His own.

He was carried to the house of God and there, amid the people among whom Edwards had prayed, and Stoddard labored, and Dwight was born, and Hooker died,"* the name of a youthful uncle, lately deceased, was given him; there the baptismal water was sprinkled upon his head, and in the united prayer of the congregation—"Grant, we beseech, thee, Almighty God, that what is signified by the outward washing of water may through thy grace be applied to the heart of this little one;" the father again received a pledge that his offering would not be rejected.

As the child advanced in years his religious instruction was never neglected. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," was given. Scarcely could the boy speak ere he lisped,

"Though I am young, a little one,
If I can speak, and go alone,
Then I must learn to know the Lord,
And learn to read His holy word."

Every thing that could tend to cultivate right habits was cherished; he was taught to avoid evil because it was *sin*.

Henry grew up, in the ordinary acceptation of the words, a good boy; and his father had but little cause of complaint. To the habit of letter-writing, which he formed as early as his eighth year, he was probably indebted for the ease which in after life he manifested in epistolary intercourse, and for his love of it. He says in one of his letters to an aunt, in later years:

---

* Rev. Dr. Spencer's inaugural discourse.

"You, my dear aunt, may have forgotten, but I ever shall remember, that long winter evening when you with mother and myself were seated in the old dining-room. The conversation turned upon letter-writing. Mother and you spoke of its advantages especially to young persons, and urged upon me to learn to practice it, and to begin that evening, and address my first epistle to you. I provided apparatus and commenced."

At school Henry was troublesome, and often received chastisement, not from any thing especially vicious in his disposition, but simply because he was one of those easy, good-natured boys who are reckless of consequences. One of his teachers remarked that he hoped he should never in future be obliged to punish any boy as much as he had done Henry Lyman.*

Quite unknown to his father Henry learned to swear. He says, "*My first oath* is written on my memory as with a pen of iron. The time, the place, the circumstances are before my mind, as if it were yesterday. When at the age of twelve or thirteen, and, with two or three of my companions, standing near my father's house, I was addressed by one of them, and in reply muttered out an oath, for I feared to speak it boldly, 'Oh! Henry Lyman, what would your father say if he heard that,' was his exclamation, and 'Oh! Henry Lyman, what would your father say if he heard that,' was the simultaneous echo of every mouth; and 'Oh! Henry Lyman, what will your father in Heaven say to that,' was the response of conscience. I felt as if I had taken a great stride in the broad road, or rather as if I had given myself up to sin—as if I were now bound, and at full liberty to serve the adversary. I had before that ventured to say words which bordered on profanity, but had not dared to go further. Now I had taken a step. It was a fearful step. I felt it so. I felt my moral nature quiver and tremble under the shock like an aspen leaf. That oath rolled back on my conscience like a great mountain, as if it would crush me beneath its weight. There I stood like one who had vowed to God and to his companions which course he would take. It was a solemn moment. Every thing around, as if taking cognizance of the deed, to bear testimony of the fact at the judgment day, imprinted itself upon my mind. And at this day, although years have passed, I see the appearance of the buildings, the earth, the sky, the atmosphere, my dress, the countenances of my companions. I hear even now that oath ringing in my ears, the tone of voice in which the reproof was uttered—the thunder of conscience. I feel yet that *horrible heavy* mountain that rolled back upon my soul—that withdrawal of the restraints of divine grace.

---

* Years after, Mr. Lyman preached for this clergyman at Medford, and as they returned from church, Mr. W. said, "Well, brother Lyman, who would have thought when I was flogging you so much, that you would ever preach to my people."

"In the stream which is floating so many to despair, there are frequent barriers. Below each the rapidity of the current increases in a geometrical ratio, but above the first the waters are smooth and placid and gentle, though not less strong. I had leaped the first barrier, and on I went careering in sin, and exulting in doing it before many of my more sober companions, till I could say, 'I was not a whit behind the very chiefest.'

"I remember a reproof which, though not intended for me, weighed upon my conscience till it was hard to be borne. My father, in reproving a younger son for improper language, appealed to him, that he had "never heard his brother Henry swear." I knew that neither my father nor he was aware of my iniquity, yet to be held up as an example on the very point on which conscience declared my transgression so multiplied, made me shrink from myself, and wish I was away from the society of the virtuous. No deep scrutiny of my countenance would have been necessary to detect my guilt.

"If I could preach a whole sermon on the third commandment, it would be, '*Beware of the first oath.*'"

And now came to the father a time of perplexity. His three sons were just entering life. The two younger were permitted to choose their own employment, but Henry was desired to prepare for college. To this he was very much averse. As the eldest son he thought it unreasonable that he alone should not be permitted to select his object of pursuit. He says himself in a letter written some years after to a little brother:

"ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
January 22*d*, 1831.

"I used to ask father very often to let me go into a store, or on a farm, and once I recollect I went to him with tears in my eyes to beg him to allow me to do so. I thought it was very hard in him that he should give E. and J. their choice, and say that I *must* study whether I would or not. I felt so badly about this treatment that I was so wicked as to think of running off to be a sailor, and I got ready and actually started, but a kind overruling Providence prevented me. Do you ask then what made me continue to study? why it was only because father wanted to have me. I was angry enough about it, but then I loved him so much that I was determined to persevere. If it had not been that I did not like to displease him, I should never have been here. It was merely this that induced me to go to college, and now I am paid a *thousand thousand* fold. I can never sufficiently thank father, because he insisted upon my studying, nor enough thank God that He gave me such feelings that I would rather forego my own pleasure than to displease my father.

"Another thing which I wish you to keep in mind is this; during all your studies, keep *your eye on the ministry*. You must think of nothing else, but of being a minister, and of one day preaching the Gospel to your fellow-men. You must not think of being a lawyer or a doctor, but a *minister*. It is true that you should not attempt to preach to others till you love the Lord Jesus Christ yourself. You must hope that God will prepare your heart, and make that right. The reason why I wish you to keep your eye on the ministry is that you may shape all your studies that way, and form your tastes and habits for the office. It is worth every thing to a young man to have his future profession in full view. Then when he enters upon it, it is no strange work and he has nothing to do but to go forward in it. Permit me to speak again of my own experience. Wicked as I used to be in college, in my first and second years, I always in my heart looked forward to the sacred desk as my future sphere of labor. I could not for a moment entertain the thought of any other profession. I hoped and believed that God would make my heart better before the time came for me to leave Amherst. I determined at any rate not to enter upon the ministry without a new heart, and if this were not given me before the expiration of my four years' course that I would teach school till I was prepared—and these feelings I often expressed to friends.

"The result was, that I was always directing my studies and my reading to this object. The books I bought were usually preceded by the question, Will these be useful in a minister's library? In taking up a volume to read, or in commencing a new study, it was still the same question. The consequence is that my views and feelings have been conforming to that mode of life, until I can be happy in no other. Thus should it be with you. As you grow older, keep your eye upon this holy office. Remember what the Bible says, 'He that desireth the office of a bishop desireth a good thing.' I intend, ere many months shall elapse, either to write to father or to converse with him on the course which you should pursue. In the meantime,

"I remain as ever,
"Your affectionate brother,
"HENRY LYMAN."

Speaking of his father's prayers for his conversion, though he knew nothing of the *special* consecration that had been made of him, he says:

"There was a prevailing predilection in my mind for the pulpit. Through all my career of sin, there seemed to be an invisible hand restraining me from making an entire shipwreck of my soul, and awaking me occasionally to call upon God to save me from the dominion of sin. I had at times, particularly after entering college, as much confidence that I should be a preacher of the Gospel, as that I was then living, and while full of all manner of sin used in a measure to direct my reading and study to that object."

Of these workings of God's grace, however, Henry's father knew nothing. Yet with limited pecuniary resources, and a large and growing family, Mr. Lyman did not falter. "He believed God." He trusted in the promises, and with faith unshaken by all the irreligion of his son, he entered him as a member of Amherst College, in September, 1826.

It would be wrong to leave this portion of young Lyman's history without calling attention to an intimacy which had as much effect upon his career as any other earthly influence. His cousin, Charles Lyman of Troy, who had been compelled by his feeble health to relinquish his studies at Middlebury College, "spent many months with his relatives at Northampton, where by kind nursing and judicious medical treatment, he regained in a great measure his health," and at the same time formed with Henry a friendship which, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, was most tender and enduring. From 1813 to 1848, Charles Lyman, in his druggist's shop actively engaged in business, accomplished as much for Christ as many ministers of the Gospel. Unmarried till seven years before his death, all his time was dedicated to his Master's cause. "The Bible, the Home Missionary, the Education, the Tract Society, found in him an active friend, an efficient helper. When the Rev. Levi Parsons, the late devoted missionary to Syria, visited Troy in 1819 under commission from the American Board, to endeavor to awaken an interest in the foreign missionary cause, he found in Charles Lyman a chord which could vibrate in harmony to his appeals."* Few men have been more completely consecrated to the service of God than this devoted man. Yet withal there was no austerity about him, and his letters were enlivened by a delicate humor. The correspondence, so many extracts from which will enrich these pages, was commenced as early as 1822, and to give some idea of its advantage to Henry we subjoin a paragraph from his cousin Charles's first letter:

"You asked me to correct all errors. There you puzzled me, cousin Henry. I was obliged to hunt for them like an Edinburgh reviewer! After all, I shall think it strange and myself well off if you do not find more in my answer. Yes, I found *one.* Poor little thing! It is so small, I can hardly find it now! You knew how to spell *very*, when you wrote it with two *r's*, and it was only a slip of the pen—an error of the *hand*, not of the head. A. S. always makes the same mistake in that word, so you had, if not proper, at least *good* authority for your mode of writing it. Now do you criticise my spelling and show me no mercy. Pull my letter all to pieces, and I will continue

---

* From a sketch of Charles Lyman, by Dr. Blatchford of Troy.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"CHARLEY."

II.

The Conversion.

Lord thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love,
Love conquers even me.

NEWTON.

Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting.—1 TIM. i. 16.

II.

The lovers of antiquity are fond of praising the taste of the ascetics, which inclined them to select for their monasteries the loveliest sites of the old world, and which is even now crowning the hills of our beloved land with cross-capped towers. Yet many of the colleges founded by the stern Puritans and their descendants may, in their position, challenge a comparison with the most picturesquely placed convents. The elm-bowers of New Haven and Cambridge are not inferior in this respect to the universities of old England, while Middlebury and Burlington, Williams and Amherst, almost rival in point of locality the seven-hilled city herself.

Amherst, to which our narrative now turns, overlooks the lovely valley of the Connecticut. Who that has stood upon the college tower at morning-tide, can forget the vast sea of mist below him; at first gently undulating, then breaking away, until mountain-top smiles to mountain-top, spire salutes spire, village after village is unvailed; while the vapor, gathering itself over the river and its tributaries, glides like a spirit up the sides of the hills, and as it rises higher, reflects in roseate hues the sun's early beams, until it finally disappears in the blue vault of heaven.

At evening too, where does the sun linger more lovingly than within those valleys and on the surrounding hills? The glories of an Amherst winter, in its be-jeweled coronation, are familiar through the vivid description of its scientific President; but what pen or pencil can portray the gorgeous hues of autumn! Nowhere are the maples so vividly and curiously tinted. Nowhere else is the red of the sumach darker, or the crimson of the American ivy deeper—and "the sound of dropping nuts" in the chestnut groves on Mount Pleasant, and its sister hill behind it. Ah! these pictures often rise in the mind of many a one now far away; for the sons of this missionary institution are scattered all over the earth, and no palm-tree grove, no cocoa shade, can ever seem to them so delightful as the sturdy tree beneath which they rested from the noon-tide sun, or the pine grove resounding with the rehearsal of their "Commencement Oration." *They* can sympathize with David's longing for "the water of the well of Bethlehem;" for the old oaken bucket of the Amherst farm-houses has often come to their thoughts, when, fevered and exhausted by missionary toil, one draught from that bucket would, they thought, have invigorated them.

To the college thus situated, we have already said, Henry Lyman was sent, and there, in the year 1825, he commenced his course of study—or rather he did not commence it. The temptations which beset a youth on his entrance upon student life can hardly be exaggerated. To one of Henry Lyman's temperament, easily influenced, loving popularity, they were increased tenfold; and the subject of this memoir, and another son of Christian parents, were speedily leaders in all that was wild and profane.

Happily for the parents, the tales of these excesses never reached them, though the college faculty were not ignorant of them. The Rev. Dr. Humphrey, then President of Amherst College, says of Lyman:

"It was apparent that he had within him the elements of energy and enterprise; but whether for good or for ill, was exceedingly problematical, as he was at that time far from being religiously inclined. At times we felt a good deal of uneasiness about him, as there were some perilous influences around him in college, and as he seemed too much inclined to yield himself to their sway."

A class-mate writes:

"My recollections of him from the time of his entering college are quite distinct. His traits of character were such as almost necessarily to attract attention: he was peculiarly ardent, active and gay. During the first year and a half, he was the acknowledged leader of the 'wild part' of his class, and no great exploit could be performed without his aid. Sociable, frank and good-natured, he was a favorite companion."

Many have read with deep interest the following passage in the "Corner Stone," written by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, at that time Professor of Mathematics in Amherst College, but few are aware that the "leader" there referred to was Lyman:

"About a year before this time, there had been similar indications of a returning sense of duty to God among the students. The officers were much encouraged, but our hopes were all dispelled by the success of a maneuver which is so characteristic of college life and manners, that I will describe it. The plan adopted by the enemies of religion was to come up boldly and face the awakening interest, and, as it were, brave it down. The first indication which I perceived of this design, was this. I had been invited by the serious portion of the students to address them one Saturday evening in a recitation-room. I took my seat in the great arm-chair which had been placed for me in a corner, with a Bible and hymn-book on the oval leaf attached to it, whose form and fashion any collegian will recollect, when the door opened, and in walked, one after another, six or eight of the most bold, hardened, notorious enemies of religion which the institution contained. They walked in, took their seats in a row directly before me, and looked me in the face—saying by their countenances most distinctly: 'Sir, we defy you and all your religion'—and yet it was with that peculiar address with which a wild college student can execute his plan, so that there was not the slightest breach of any external propriety, or any tangible evidence of intentional disrespect. Not one of them had, perhaps, ever been voluntarily in a religious meeting at college before, and every one in the room knew it. I can see the leader now, as distinctly as if he were before me; his tall form, manly countenance, and energetic look. He maintained his ground as the enemy of God and religion for a year after this time; but then, his eyes were opened: he prayed with agony of spirit, hour after hour in his own room, for forgiveness; and now he is in a foreign land preaching to Pagans the Saviour whom I vainly, on this occasion, endeavored to bring to him. I do not know whether this description will ever reach him; if it does, he will remember the meeting in the Freshman recitation-room, and be as bold *for* God *now*, as he was then against him. He has been so already."

But we need not trust to the memory of others. From the time of his conversion, Henry Lyman kept a minute journal. This was reviewed monthly, usually with fasting, the results carefully summed up, and each year a day of fasting and prayer was observed—one part of which was faithfully devoted to an examination of the previous twelvemonth, and a new period of time commenced with "resolutions of new obedience." From this diary we shall now extract the story of his rescue from the great adversary.

"The next spring after I entered college there was a little spiritual renovation among Christians, and I believe one or two hopeful conversions. At times I was quite anxious, and again quite loud in ridiculing the pious. I was unwilling to be known as seeking the Lord. While therefore the foremost among my companions in evil, I would, as soon as by myself, call upon God to redeem my soul. About this time too, a revival occurred in my native place. A beloved sister was one of the first subjects of the work. Being but eight miles distant, I was often at home. I witnessed many of my friends, and those quite intimate, coming out on the Lord's side. The thought of being left alone in the world would at times make me unhappy; still I disregarded all their warnings and entreaties. My sister was especially earnest and persevering, but I met her with scoffs and jeering.

"In the fall vacation I was determined to be out of the infected atmosphere, and absented myself on a journey. My understanding was convinced but my heart did not feel. At the close of vacation, I returned to college more hardened than ever."

And now God sent his judgments upon the boy. A typhus fever broke out in the family in which Henry boarded. One of his class-mates, a dearly loved and joyous companion, died so suddenly that before his parents reached his bed side he was unable to speak. A judicious physician seeing the symptoms displaying themselves in Henry, advised him to go home. He reached his father's house, lay down upon the bed, and there, for many days, life and death struggled for the mastery. His skillful physician, Dr. Flint, said that his life was preserved by his mother's nursing, and that away from home he must have died.

To return to the journal: "As strength began to return, my Christian friends and beloved pastor were faithful in warning me to flee from the wrath to come. I was somewhat alarmed, and almost persuaded. One or two circumstances will never fade from my memory. On one occasion, it was one of those clear pleasant Sabbath days in November, when the birds, having deserted the leafless trees for a more genial clime, break not in upon the silence with their pleasant warblings; when the sky presents a rich mellow tint, the sun shorn of his fierceness shines in his beauty, and the atmosphere, purified by autumnal frosts, appears teeming with health and vigor. On such a day, when all Nature seemed inviting to meditation, in a village where the rattling carriages of the pleasure-party are never heard, among a community where the Spirit of God was moving upon the hearts of men, and causing a holy solemnity to pervade all beings and things—in the awful loneliness of that place

"'Privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven,

uninterrupted by the presence of attendants, I lay and mused. Many of my family commemorating the love of the Saviour, myself unfit for that ordinance, my recent nearness to the grave, my present weakness, all stood before me as so many arguments to yield my heart to God. But a little prayer and a few tears would not purchase salvation, and so the securing of this 'pearl of great price' was given up as too difficult a task.

"Again, one night I was awakened by a low voice in my bed-room, which I soon found was that of my elder sister—my 'watcher' for the night—in earnest anxious prayer for my conversion. It was like an arrow in my heart, though pride induced me to remain quiet and feign sleep; I endeavored to banish it from my mind, but in vain. *I must hear it.* Oh! how restless it made me. Still I did not realize what the trouble was, I only knew prayer was unpleasant.

"When I returned to college at the commencement of the 'spring term' of 1827, I became alarmed lest dissipation should seriously undermine my constitution, and made a determination to reform, so as to live a very different life, though still opposed to the laws of God."

The "Corner Stone" already quoted from, presents a vivid picture of the scenes in which Henry Lyman now found himself. After the revival commenced in college, he amused himself and his gay associates by the readiness with which he could suggest a cavil, or parry a serious remark, so readily turning into merriment every attempt to do him good, as to render it almost impossible for the grave friend who was reproving him to suppress a smile.

One of his class-mates has prepared a sketch of his intercourse with Henry at this time, and we gladly avail ourselves of his kind permission to transfer to our pages some passages. They will perhaps give a better idea of the character we are depicting than any thing else.

"It was toward evening of a beautiful day in spring, while walking slowly along in front of the college buildings, that my eye fell upon a class-mate who was leaning against a door-post, with eyes intently fixed upon the ground. He stood as motionless as the post against which he leaned. Deep and stirring thoughts were plainly depicted upon his countenance. It was not study hours, and yet there was not another person to be seen, nor could any sound or voice be heard. A stillness like that of the holy Sabbath was all around us. I approached my class-mate. He did not, it is true, openly oppose religion, but had formed the habit, by a keen and playful wit, of turning every thing of a serious nature into a laugh. For this reason he had been avoided by the pious students generally as almost a hopeless case.

"'L.,' said I, in a tender but earnest tone.

"He now raised his eyes apparently for the first time, and fixing them steadily upon me replied, 'And what would you have of me?'

"'Would you like to walk?' I replied.

"This short inquiry was at that time universally understood to be an invitation to the person addressed to have a serious conversation on the subject of religion.

"'Yes,' said he, instantly, 'I will walk as far as you please, only let me go up and get my staff.' So saying he went bounding and hurrying up the stairs which led to his room, two steps at a time, and in an instant was tearing down them in such a manner that the noise resounded through the silent halls and sent a thrill to my heart.

"'Which way,' said I, in a trembling voice, 'which way will you walk?'

"'Why to be sure,' said he, raising his great black staff with its ponderous crooked head high in the air; 'why, down here in the main street, if you please. Nothing to be ashamed of I suppose?'

"My heart sunk within me at this decision. How unsuitable a place for conversation! The street was filled with people going and coming. Everywhere we should be heard and seen, while back of the college lay a grove of pine, beneath whose shade was a sanctuary. Most gladly would I have walked in that direction, but I had given him his choice and he had chosen the broad and frequented way. He hurried along before me with rapid strides, down the steep declivity, and, when in the street stopped, and allowing me to come up with him, said, in a laughing, careless way, 'I suppose you want to talk to me on religion.' I felt that the crisis had come, and lifting up my desires to God, I replied, 'My dear friend, you have a precious soul, and I desire affectionately and earnestly to ask your consideration of its value.'

"'Ay, indeed,' said he with a sneer, whirling the black cane over his head—'worth a great deal, one would think, from the interest my pious neighbors take in me. Here have I been through all this excitement, and no one has told me whether I had a soul. And now, I am to be honored with a *soul*.'

"'L.,' said I, with solemnity, 'you have but one life to live. That may be short, and the interests of the undying soul are too great to be trifled with in this manner.'

"'Perhaps so,' said he, 'but if all your professors go to heaven, there may after all be less occasion for concern. Don't you think so yourself? For my part, I think if I go to hell, I shall have good company.'

"'It is not my design,' I replied, 'to vindicate the character of Christians. It is not their souls in which I now feel an interest, but yours; your precious soul which is in danger of being lost—*lost forever*. No doubt Christians have their faults, but will it be any alleviation of your guilt and misery at the judgment, that they were imperfect? Lyman, it is your own eternal interests that I would persuade you to attend to. What have you to do with others?'

"'Well,' said he, 'there may be some truth in that, but then there are so many religions, I do not know which to believe!'

"'Believe the Bible,' said I, 'which declares that "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." L., are you prepared to meet a holy God, whose laws you have broken, and whose grace you have despised?'

"'But I do not believe,' said he, 'in a religion of excitements. It is worse than nothing.'

"'My dear sir, there is a point beyond which you may not go with safety in insulting and abusing the Holy Spirit, and the mercy of an offended God. You have before passed through precious seasons of religious excitement when you grieved the Holy Ghost. If you pass through this season in the same way, if these golden moments are lost by you, you are lost—forever. It is the settled conviction of many that this is *your* last time, and that eternal life or death depend upon the decision you now make.'

"He hesitated a moment. I saw plainly that a similar conviction rested on his own heart. In this way we conversed for half an hour, several times meeting his former companions in sin, and as we passed them, he swung his cane in the air, and pretended to give no heed to what I said. I dwelt much on the subject of his parents and their interest in his salvation. On this point he was tender, for he loved those pious relatives, and knew their anxiety for him.

"As we ascended college hill and neared the buildings, he stopped as if wearied with his walk, and assuming a pleasant tone and manner said, 'Will you allow me to ask you one or two questions?'

"'Certainly,' said I, 'if they are pertinent to our conversation.'

"'Well then, do you believe in the doctrine of election?'

"'Lyman,' said I, sorrowfully, 'I shall not answer that question. You are not fit to talk on such matters. Go immediately to your room, and give your heart to God. Then if you desire it, I will converse with you on election till the morning light.'

"He looked disappointed, but retorted: 'Shall I ask you one question that is practical?'

"'Most certainly.'

"'Do you sincerely believe what you have been saying?'

"'What in particular?' I asked.

"'Why that I am such an awful sinner, and in danger every moment of sinking into hell.'

"'Certainly, and not only believe it, but know it. God who can not lie, declares this of every impenitent sinner.'

"'Well then,' he replied, as he turned from me, 'I demand of you in the name of my precious soul, why you have not told me this before?'

"This stern demand, though certainly unkind, had its intended effect: I went silently to my room to spend the night in tears. Asleep or awake the parting inquiry of my class-mate was ringing in my ears, 'Why have you not told me this before?'

"The next day, after having passed through the form of observing study hours as we were all advised to do by our teachers, I walked out to breathe the air, and revive my fainting spirits by a view of the surrounding scenery. No human being was in sight save my class-mate L. He was standing in the same position as when I saw him the day before.

"'Would you like to walk,' he asked in a subdued tone as I approached him.

"'Nothing,' I replied, 'would give me more pleasure; which way shall we go?'

"'Back, if you please, toward the grove.' He made no mention of his staff. When we had crossed the college hall and proceeded a few steps in the rear of the building, he turned and looked me in the face with a countenance such as I never before witnessed.

"'E.,' said he, 'I have been thinking of what we said yesterday, and *I am all in the wrong.*' Tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I was taken by surprise."

We resume Henry's own narrative:

"I continued," he says, "opposing the work of God until Tuesday, April 17, 1827. I arose on the morning of that day with feelings such as I never before possessed. I had no longer a desire to keep company with my wicked companions, or to engage in any light or frivolous conversation. I felt as solemn as death. The Holy Spirit had evidently begun to strive in my heart. I was desirous of seeing Christians, and instead of disputing with them, began to inquire what I must do to be saved.

"This seriousness increased upon me till, walking out before breakfast on Thursday, April 19th, I was very sensible of my need of religion. How to obtain it I knew not, but I made a solemn vow in the presence of God, that I would neither eat nor sleep till I had obtained it. At eight o'clock I attended a prayer-meeting of my class and wept very much. By the advice of one of my class-mates I called on the president (Dr. Humphrey), who seemed to know my case precisely, even before I told him my feelings. I repeated to him my resolution. He selected Scripture for me, and prayed with me. I took my Bible and retired to a grove, where I read the chapters pointed out, and spent the time in prayer till nearly twelve o'clock, and having fasted eighteen hours and not being able any longer to withstand my appetite, I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get religion. I endeavored to quiet my conscience by saying that I had probably committed 'the unpardonable sin,' in slighting the many warnings I had received."

After this, he says, "he felt quite calm," and after dinner returned to the college, and for the next twenty-four hours was among his wicked companions, describing and ridiculing his serious feelings and the prayers of Christians in such a manner as made the worst among them tremble. In the mean time a knot of praying souls were fervently supplicating God on behalf of him who was finding it so "hard to kick against the pricks;" nor did they cease their prayers, even when the news spread among them, "Lyman has returned to his gay associates." He says, "I remember the face of one of my class-mates as we met that afternoon in the hall. He stopped and looked at me with a countenance expressive of sorrow and pity. That look pierced my soul, and made an impression upon me that time can never eradicate.

"The next day was one of fasting and prayer in college. To show my disregard of it, I sat for a fellow-student * to take my portrait. As I left the painter, Professor Peck † called me to his room and inquired if the report were true that I had deliberately chosen the world for my portion, and had determined to abide the consequences. I replied in the negative, but added that I thought there was no hope for me. He then counseled me most judiciously, and I at-

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* The painter, it is believed, was at the time a Universalist, but before long artist and sitter could rejoice together in the love of Christ.

† Rev. Solomon Peck, D.D., Secretary of the Baptist Board of Missions.

tended the meeting all day. In the afternoon the president sent for me, and I left him with the resolution to go on seeking till I should find. Anxiety for myself began again, and from this time increased till the next Wednesday.

"On that day, the twenty-fifth, just before the bell rung for evening prayers, I was in very great distress, and cried unto the Lord that He would hear and have mercy upon me. My mind seemed to be torn in pieces. I thought I had entirely submitted to my Maker, yet I found no relief. Something was wrong, but what, I could not tell. It seemed to be sin to pray and sin to withhold prayer, and yet I could not assist myself in the least. It appeared to me that, all the time I had been under conviction, I had been sinning in the highest degree, for I had been trusting to my prayers and to the aid of Christians, rather than to Christ, and trying to climb up some other way, to get relief from some other source, and to be saved any way rather than by the righteousness of Christ. I just began to perceive that I had not been acting from the heart, had not been '*striving*,' and my heart had given the lie to my mouth. I had not before perceived that it was this wicked heart that stood in the way, that this was the only obstacle to my submission, that this was yet in rebellion against so much mercy.

"What to do in this situation I knew not. I knew what was required in the Bible. I had been told over and over again what I had to do. I thought I had done all that was required, yet conscience had told me I had not, and that something more was wanting. In distress, I thought I would go to my chum, and find out what he had done, for I had just begun to cry in earnest, 'What must I do to be saved.' He was not in. Meeting B. in the passage, I asked him. He *smiled*, and said he 'could not tell me what to do.' Oh! how my soul loathed that smile. If he had aimed a dagger at my heart, he could not so much have stirred up my feelings. I burst into tears, and walked the room for the first time in my life in *distress*. It was so great I could not utter a word—it was like tearing asunder soul and body. Never before did I know the meaning of *agonize*. But human words are inadequate. '*I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me. No man cared for my soul.*'

"My mind could not long bear such a conflict. My feelings began to calm, and the question, Will you accept life or death? to present itself to my mind, and strange to say, though I had only to answer, *the former*, to obtain pardon for the sins of my life, yet the same indifference continued. I could not, however, eat or sleep. I opened a letter from my uncle [David S. Whitney, Esq., of Northampton], and read it."

This letter lies before the compiler of this memoir. Surely it was directed by the Spirit of God to arrive at that moment. It counsels in the most earnest, persuasive manner, instant submission to Jesus Christ.

"Nearly an hour elapsed," the narrative continues, "before I, as it were, returned my answer to the before-mentioned question. As soon as I did this, as soon as I gave up the world, and submitted myself to the Almighty disposal, and was willing to throw myself on his mercy, then, oh! then, how shall I describe my feelings? A sudden weight was lifted from my heart; a light suddenly broke in upon me like the light of day to the eyes of one who has long been deprived of it. I could not tell whether I was in the body or out of it. I seemed to move without touching the earth, nay I seemed to fly. Space seemed no space to me. I prayed that if I was deceived, and my heart was yet opposed to God, that my life might be taken from me at that instant, so that I might not any more sin against God, and that if my heart had been renewed, I might grow in grace to all eternity. Yet I did not think of the question, whether I had hope toward God. That did not seem to come into my mind until a class-mate an hour or two after suggested it. I believe if there is any such thing as a man's being free from sin, that for a few moments, I know not *how* long, I was free from conscious sin, and my affections entirely engrossed in God.

"I would not exchange one hour of such happiness, such bliss, such ecstasy, for thousands of years the most happy that a sinner can enjoy. I could but exclaim,

> "'Let everlasting thanks be thine
> For such a bright display
> As makes a world of darkness shine
> With beams of heavenly day.'

"This flow of feeling continued to increase during the evening, and at night, though the two preceding ones had been nearly sleepless, it was with difficulty I could close my eyes, so glorious did my Saviour appear, bleeding and dying for me, and so merciful did that God appear whom I had so often called upon with the most bitter oaths to curse me, and whose commands I had so long, and so often violated. Oh! the joy, the happiness, the heaven on earth experienced by the pardoned sinner. Praised be God, that my eyes ever saw the light of the twenty-fifth of April, 1827. That day forms an era in my life."

The narrative thus concludes, and then follows a solemn covenant, with the dates of its various renewals —a covenant at length sealed with his own blood.

III.

The New Man.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbors and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
KEBLE.

This one thing I do.—ST. PAUL.

III.

If ever a man was "a new creature" in Christ Jesus, on his conversion, Henry Lyman was such. All the force and energy of his character were concentrated in that one direction. He was to be a minister of Jesus. His college exercises must be faithfully performed that he might be the better furnished for his work. His health must be cared for, that he might have the more strength to use for his Master. His friends must be warned of their danger, for they would be needed in Christ's service. He must be more dutiful and amiable at home, for his brothers and sisters must be drawn to Christ by his example.

His mother, some years after, was showing to a clergyman a very poor crayon sketch of him taken at this time. Said the minister, "This face reminds me of a text in Proverbs, which I should think your son obeyed: 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.'" It was a just description of the young man.

But the first two years of college life being wasted, a student must go halting through the rest of his course, and the subject of this memoir found it so. He could not wipe out all the results of his folly. He could never take in his class the position which industry at first might have given him. The *early* seed-time being lost, the harvest could not be so well matured nor so plentiful as if the warm spring rains had descended upon it, and the suns of June had developed it.

The extracts from his correspondence and diary which follow, will show that the desire to preach the gospel was almost simultaneous with its reception, and that the determination to "go far hence unto the Gentiles" was formed not long after. The main object kept in view, in selecting from the letters and journals, is, to show the development of the missionary spirit. The playfulness, which had formerly characterized his epistolary intercourse with his friends, almost disappears; not that he believed it to be wrong in itself, but because he feared that in his own case it might degenerate into levity.

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ., TROY.

AMHERST COLLEGE, *April* 26, 1827.

DEAR DOCTOR:

I am desirous of renewing a correspondence which I have reason to believe was dropped by you and justly so, on account of the description of a letter I received from —— a year since. With much anxiety did I the other day hastily glance over the file of letters from you, to obtain some relief to a troubled conscience, but alas! only one sentence could I find. But I do not blame you. My feelings were not then as they are now. Now I hope, through the mercy and grace of God, through the blood of Jesus Christ, that I have been brought to see my lost and ruined condition by nature, that I have been humbled at the foot of the cross, and, as I trust, have obtained pardon for my sins. But, dear cousin, while you thank God for his infinite, unbounded, unspeakable mercy to me, do not forget to ask Him to make me humble—that I may rely upon *His* strength and not upon my own, and likewise, as I have determined to devote myself to His cause and to preach the unsearchable riches of "Christ and him crucified," to enable me to do it for His glory and not my own. I feel happy in the extreme, but I am afraid I shall be too much elated, and thus be disabled from doing my duty in warning my fellow-creatures to "flee from the wrath to come."

Then follows a narrative of the conversion which, as it differs not materially from the one already selected, is omitted.

The letter concludes:

"The revival still continues. Twenty-three have been brought to the foot of the cross. There is scarcely a student, and in fact, I believe not one, who does not feel the subject very deeply. There is such a stillness and solemnity about college as have not been witnessed before for four years past. Almost all studies are dispensed with. There will be no junior exhibition here this spring on this account. The prayers of Christians are much needed for us, that the last day of the term may see every member of this college a decided believer in Christ.

"*The twenty-fifth day of April*, 1827! May God, in his infinite mercy, grant that I may remember it with joy to the day of my death!

"I remain your affectionate cousin,
"And, as I trust, brother in Christ,
"HENRY LYMAN."

A part of the reply to the above will best illustrate the influence of this cousin, to which we have before alluded.

TROY, *May* 19*th*, 1827.

BELOVED COUSIN HENRY:

It is now three weeks since —— brought me from the post-office, your letter. It was the Sabbath, and I felt somewhat grieved that he should have done so on that day of rest, until I opened it, when I suppose I had some of the sensations which good old Simeon expressed when he sang "Nunc dimittis." It was on our communion Sabbath, and fifty-two persons were that day admitted to our church. Your glad tidings added another link to the chain of good things which God in mercy is permitting his people to enjoy, in the midst of the trials and difficulties of this troubled city.

* * * * *

The relation you gave me of the way in which the goodness of the Lord led you to repentance, was peculiarly interesting. It is always delightful to mark the dealings of His hand, and to trace the little incidents by which he brings us to a better acquaintance with ourselves. Though sometimes by a mysterious and clouded path at the moment, we afterward can clearly see it to have been the wisest and best course to attain the end. When the tenderest mercies cease to allure us to a closer walk with God, and the tide of earthly prosperity elates us with pride, if we are God's children we shall find leanness and barrenness of soul, or some severe stroke of His providence to be the kind chastening of a father, which "though for the present, it seemeth not joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." To avoid them we must "watch and pray." Watch our own hearts, and pray against all temptations to sin, and, avoiding every appearance of evil, "press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus our Lord."

I am happy to find it in your heart and among your thoughts to preach to a dying world "the unsearchable riches of Christ." To God be the glory, for He has put it there, and my prayer to Him is.

that he may abundantly enrich your soul, and qualify you to "face a frowning world;" that He may give you the faith that will overcome, and the resolution which will persevere. It is an awfully responsible undertaking, but, if you are "determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," you will have abundant support, if you indeed feel that your own strength is perfect weakness, and that when you are weak then you are the *strongest!* It is the childlike dependence on God in *little* as much as in great things, which must be the foundation of the Christian's happiness, whether in the pulpit or in the pew. It is written of Dr. Scott that he never felt himself qualified to comment upon a verse until he had lifted up an imploring eye for the Divine assistance to preserve him from error. It is the faith that expects from God what we ask in Christ's name which receives. The condition on which the promise is made is "*Nothing doubting.*" We must live by faith.

* * * * *

The Lord glorify Himself in us, and let us live near to Him, and love more and more unto the end.

Your loving cousin-brother,
CHARLES LYMAN.

NOTE TO HIS FATHER.

AMHERST COLLEGE, *June* 5, 1827.

DEAR FATHER:

I once thought it hard that you should choose for me my business for life, and permit E. and J. to

Henry [illegible]

[illegible]

decide for themselves, but now I thank God that I began a college course, and regret very much that I have so long wasted my time, by not studying and not improving my mind as I ought. I have a great work to accomplish to make up for lost time, or, in other words, to employ the present to the greatest advantage. Yet when I look back and see that I had no *object* in view, I do not wonder that study was a hardship. Now it is a pleasure. I find no distaste for it. All my lessons are comparatively easy.

The object now before me is worth studying and living for—worth all the exertion I can make. I seem to be in a new world. Nothing appears as it did. My only fear is that I shall forget whence all my blessings flow, and begin to rely on my own strength.

The next extract is from a long letter to a witty and impenitent cousin, to whom he says:

"I have long enough advocated the side of the world, and wish to do something now for that Saviour whom I have so long neglected and despised, but whom I now profess to follow. And, W., let me assure you that it is no hardship for me to take up my cross daily and follow Him. No, I never before knew how to enjoy life. I never knew before what happiness was. I say not this by way of boasting—God forbid!—but to have you, dear W., come and taste that the Lord is gracious. We have long associated together, and what should hinder it now when we meet at the end of this term? Yet we can not meet as we have done. I can not ridicule with you religion and revivals, neither can you take pleasure in religious conversation. Yet I know you would not desire that I should go back again to the world."*

In presenting some extracts from the journal of this period, we must remark that the college friends of Henry Lyman, who witnessed his earnest efforts to promote the cause of Christ among the unconverted, and who remember him as a Christian always full of hope and cheerfulness, would be surprised on turning over this private record, to perceive how seldom faith breaks forth exultant. Now and then there is a joyous strain; but, in general, so minute was the self-inspection exercised, so stern the control over the passions, so high the standard set before him, that self-reproaches, humble confessions, mark most of the pages of this diary, in which he wrote almost every day, sometimes three times daily. And though more than twenty years have since passed, it seems almost sacrilege to draw aside the vail which shrouds the communion of the young Christian with his Master.

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* It is an instance of God's encouragement to His people to be faithful to his covenant, that this young man and his six brothers and sisters were all, one by one, gathered into the fold of Christ, though when their pious parents died, not one was decided for God, and many of them afterward appeared to be entangled in subtle error. The W. to whom the above was addressed, preceded his martyr friend only by about twelve hours, in his entrance into heaven.

Yet to Henry Lyman it is now but "a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment," and, were there more of this faithful introspection, which it has of late been so fashionable to decry, perhaps fewer professed Christians would make "shipwreck of their faith."

"*Sabbath, November* 4—*Evening.*—Attended another meeting of the negroes.* Convinced that it does no good to preach one thing, or pray for one thing, and live for another—that I am very far from being as holy as I ought. I must conquer the remaining evil propensities of my heart, such as levity, self-righteousness, etc."

"*Thursday, December* 27*th*—*Noon.*—The first part of this day, I devoted to asking the direction of my heavenly Father, that I might spend the vacation to His glory. I have been in prayer most of the forenoon, but have just found that I have been praying to God to direct me in the way my own heart should dictate, *i. e.*, that I might not have any striving or warring, but might enjoy His presence at all times and in all places. I hope that my prayer is now, that I may dedicate my time to Him, and be conformed to His will, though my own heart may be deceiving me. Oh! my God, teach me to pray as I ought."

As an instance of conscientiousness in little things, the following extract is given:

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* The Sabbath-school in East-street.

"*Sabbath Morning, December* 30.—Yesterday, gradual decline in feeling caused by spiritual pride and a contented spirit. In the evening was sleepy, and retired, after committing a great sin, in only half performing my duty to my God, and that in a sleepy manner, trusting that I should feel more awake and just as well on the Sabbath. Conscience accused, but I smothered it, and did not ask whether it would be to the glory of God thus to conduct. When I first awaked, felt inclined to take 'a little more sleep and a little more slumber,' but on observing my watch, and finding that I had wasted *eight* hours in sleep, and the thought coming to mind of the manner in which I had retired to rest, I was convinced that I had been sinning. I hope now that God has been pleased to pardon this gross sin, doubly aggravated by being committed in holy time. When shall I 'cease to do evil, and learn to do well?' Oh! my God, and injured Saviour, grant of thine infinite mercy that I may for the future flee such temptations, and I pray thee, support me through the duties of thine holy day."

FROM A LETTER TO CHARLES LYMAN.

January 9, 1828.

DEAR COUSIN:

You are an experienced Christian. Do such have at all times a burning love to God, an abiding sense of the shortness of time and the danger of perishing souls? I once thought I experienced these feelings in the highest degree, but alas! where are they? I knew not then the meaning of the command "WATCH and PRAY," nor did I ever understand it until about a week or two after I last wrote. I then knew, for four or five days in a little degree, what it was to feel entirely helpless and dependent upon the strength of the Almighty, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the righteousness of Christ. Still, however, I had no return of the *ardent love.* Spiritual pride I believe was the cause of the departure of those feelings. My understanding and reason are convinced of the reasonableness and justice of all the Almighty's requirements, and tell me that all I desire is to be conformed to the will of God, but this heart tells another story, and says that this world, with all its vanities, is better than to be continually warring to please God. Once in a great while I have a little season when I feel happy, *i. e.*, *weak* and *strong*, but when I arrive there, I stop as though I had attained all that I wish.

I would write further, but there is a little meeting of young Christians that I wish to attend.

From your affectionate and obliged cousin,

HENRY LYMAN.

Under date of January 2d, 1828, the following extract is surely the dawn of the martyr spirit:

"The years are short. It is but a moment since January 1st, 1827, although within that time a revolution has taken place greater *with me* than the bloody contests of France or the protracted struggles of America. To look back—I am happier, and the pain of the conflict I have endured to obtain this happiness is sunk in oblivion. So will it be with all our afflictions. For the present they seem 'not joyous, but grievous.' Oh! let us from past experience, take lessons for the future, and *strive* oh! *agonize.* For how much sweeter will be the rest in Jesus's bosom—the bosom of Him who suffered for us, when we reflect that we labored to the utmost to obtain it. Did you never go to bed tired with manual labor, and was not the sleep you enjoyed far more sweet than when you had wasted your time in sloth and idleness? Such will be the rest of those, who, *with the glory of God and the cross of Christ for their pole-star*, labor and strive through this dark and cheerless wilderness. Or did you never exercise till you had acquired an appetite so keen that you would have given worlds, had you possessed them, for a little food, and was not the very coarsest morsel more delicious than when after a day or two of feasting you attempted to eat? So sweet will be the bread we shall eat when we 'sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God,' if we suffer hardships and trials here, and keep continually on the watch. Let us not be disheartened, but let the last dying groans of our Saviour open afresh the wounds of our hearts on account of our sins, and when once open, probe them deeper and deeper till all cause of complaint is removed, and at last we shall say with unspeakable joy, 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"*January 29th*, 1828.—Yesterday conversed with one whom I heard use profane language, and gave him 'the Swearer's Prayer,' and felt that I could heartily pray for him. I am convinced that the best way to address others on such subjects, is, not to stop long to meditate, for fear Satan will bring some objections; but to do it at once, trusting in God and lifting to Him an imploring spirit. We can not pray for them in earnest, unless we exert ourselves in warning them, and in laboring for them."

LETTER TO AN AUNT.

AMHERST COLLEGE, *March* 28, 1828.

I have nothing to relate with regard to my feelings very different from what every Christian has, unless it be to tell you of more sloth and inactivity than any body else can; but since you wish it, I feel bound to do it, and I use the more freedom as it is to the *confidence* of a friend I relate them. The overflowing I at first experienced when I found my Saviour, continued for two or three months, when it began to decline and continued to do so till the beginning of November. I joined the church and kept up the outer, and after a certain form the inner Christian life during this time, but without any spiritual vitality. About the beginning of November, I, with a class-mate,* began to attend a Sabbath-school of colored children about two miles from college, and in the evening we held a conference meeting for all the colored people in the neighborhood. It was my endeavor to lead these souls to the fountain to drink, that induced me to drink myself, though I knew not that I was dying with thirst. Then I began to see what sin is, and how it appears in the sight of a holy God. I started from my slumbers, though I had performed all public and private duties, and had thought I was doing well enough. From that time to this I have seen a great deal of my own heart, without any of the real, pure enjoyment of last spring. Then I stopped short and tried to make myself better before I could go forward in what appeared to be my duty. A week or more since, God was pleased to show me that I had only to throw myself upon Christ, and let His righteousness save me. I believe I did do it. Never before did I feel such a sweet, calm, childlike resignation to the will of God. I think I can say my will was His will, and instead of complaining that I had so much wickedness to struggle against, I felt rejoiced that He is pleased to give me a disposition to fight against it. Since then I have felt that though ignorant, sinful, and unfit to labor for the Lord, yet I am not in fault if I am not a Brainerd or a Payson. I have only to make a faithful use of the talents which are committed to me. I am conscious of neglecting what I have. What should I do had I more committed to my charge. Beside, the thought animates me that I am yet but a junior, yet but eighteen—and in the time of preparation which I have before me, much *may* be accomplished, if I am diligent; that I may be so is my prayer.

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* Rev. E. D. Eldridge, of Monticello, Ga.

I sometimes long to be in the field of labor, especially when I get among the negroes on Sabbath afternoon. It seems a kind of foretaste of missionary labor. But, after all, my destiny may be in the heart of New England. I desire to be in the hands of God "as the clay is in the hands of the potter." Four years seems but a moment, yet it is a long enough time in which to change the face of the whole world. I may, we all may, in that time be admitted to the New Jerusalem. Animating thought! to commence those angelic lays, those songs of Zion, which will communicate such a thrill of joy unspeakable to every purified soul.

"*March* 27*th.*—One of the rules of Doddridge's life was 'never to lose one moment of time or to incur any unnecessary expenses, that he might have the more to spend for God.' May this be a rule for me also: "To use great moderation at meals, and to be sincere and earnest in prayers and thanksgivings at them.

"*Saturday Morning*, 11*th April.*—Visited Brainerd's tomb with a class-mate, on our way to N. H. The emotions that I felt as I stood beside the monument of this devoted soldier of the cross, were such as I never before experienced. My prayer to God was, and I thought it came from the heart: Oh! that I may be as devoted, soul and body, to my Master's service. Lord, here I am, take me, and glorify thyself with me. It is all that I can do for thee.

"*Saturday, April* 19*th.*—Felt last night and to-day in a little degree what Brainerd calls 'Sweet wrestling with the Lord for souls.' It is truly hard work to *drag* the cross—then it meets with obstructions, but it is easy to take it up and have it all on the shoulders, 'for my yoke is easy and my burden is light,' but who hath faith to believe it."

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

"NORTHAMPTON, *June* 19, 1828.

"One reason why I did not reply to your letter was that there was somewhat of a revival in college, at least a heart-searching time with Christians. There were a few conversions in the college and academy, and many at the Mount Pleasant school. The term closed three weeks since, and I have been *pedestrianizing* with a class-mate to visit Mount Monadnock and Boston, to see who there was in the world and what they were doing."

Then follows an enumeration of several revivals, and the writer continues

"Such things speak loudly of the approach of that time when 'none will have occasion to say to his neighbor, know the Lord.' Yet again when we hear the Macedonian cry rolled in, louder and louder by every western breeze, and by every wave of the sea, all looks dark and gloomy, and we are almost ready to doubt whether the work can ever be, or will ever be accomplished. There are a great many yet wanted in the field. The present senior class at Andover consists of twenty-three or four members, and the secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. has applied for seventeen laborers to go out the present year, and could only obtain five or six. The secretary of the American Home Missionary Society applied for one hundred, and could only secure about the same number. Somebody's prayers have yet to open the door-nail-clenched-fists of some of our old misers, to forward this work. I sometimes wish I were at work, and then the thought comes, 'What could you do?' Sure enough, What *could I do?* I wish I could feel a little the responsibility which in the course of four or five years I shall take upon myself.

"Please write soon, and believe me still, though in haste

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HENRY LYMAN."

"*Monday Evening, June* 23.—Had a little meeting this evening of thirty of us to confer about the wants of the heathen, intending it as an introduction to regular meetings.

"*July* 26.—Last night had more freedom, and nearer access to the mercy-seat than I have had before, this term. Believe I found yesterday, what has been the matter with me. I have had a light spirit—have been like a ship without ballast—tossed here and there, and inclined rather to lower than to raise the standard of piety. I have wanted to see a revival of religion in college, but I have not felt the pressing importance of it, neither has there been any alarm in my own heart on account of the danger of the impenitent. Now the reason of all this I believe to be that I have had no *object* in view. Last winter I felt that there *must* be a revival of religion among us, and as if it all depended upon my individual exertions. It lay like a great weight upon my shoulders, and with these feelings I tried to act. Now what I want is some particular object in view—some great one. What shall I place before me? The perfect character of Christ; more particularly, 1. The conversion of every soul in college. 2. The fulfillment of every college duty. 3. To be prepared to go out in vacation and exert not only a good influence on the side of Christ, but to be actively employed in the great work of saving souls; in arousing Christians, and in persuading sinners. To accomplish all this, I must be, 1. Much in prayer; 2. Diligent in studying the Bible; 3. In humbling myself before God; 4. In acquiring faith; 5. In the *active* performance of all duties whether public or private, which includes endeavors to overcome sloth and indolence, and constant watchfulness over every action, word, and thought. Finally, all these points may be summed up in either the fourth, fifth, or seventh resolutions long since made. Oh! that God would enable me to live in the continual light of the Holy Spirit, that I may lead a more holy life, and glorify Him, who for our sake 'gave his back to the smiters.' Oh! for grace to enable me to live.

"*July* 30, *Evening.*—Have not had so much enjoyment in religion to-day as yesterday, until this P. M., at the regular social prayer-meeting. I had 'the old woman's meeting,'* *i. e.*, a very good meeting, although there was no one visibly present but herself. I have been led to see to-day how true faith will operate on the conduct; *i. e.*, if I go to the throne of grace, and pray for any object or person, for instance college or the students—or any one student in it—what will be my feelings after prayer if it is offered in '*Faith?*' Why, I shall be watching college in all its operations, anxious to know all about its concerns; or if it is a student, I shall watch his conduct, and the least thing out of the way will cause me pain, and induce me to seek the mercy-seat, with prayers and tears, and to look for an opportunity of conversing with him, and to do all I can to promote his spiritual welfare. I shall ever be as active for others as for myself. It is as impossible for a man to pray for another in faith, and not to feel a love for him, as it is for an unholy man to love God. God grant me more light and heat within, so that I may 'be a green olive-tree in the house of my God,' and praise Him forever. Oh! that I might on the morrow, if God should be pleased to spare my life, make a better improvement of time, for Jesus' sake.

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* Many years ago, an aged woman, went to the usual place of prayer-meeting in the school-house on the plain in Northampton. She returned at the accustomed hour, and on being asked, "Had you a good meeting, mother?" replied, "Yes, a very good one." "Who was there?" continued her son. "The Lord Jesus Christ was there, and I was there—we had a *good* meeting." She had staid through the usual hour alone, and from that period dates a powerful revival of religion in that town.

"*Tuesday*, *August* 12.—Have been reading the 'Life of Rev. Jeremiah Hallock.' His great piety and usefulness depended on his being often at a throne of grace, often in prayer and fasting, and often perusing the word of God. He was an uncommon example of Christian meekness and humility; always living in such a frame that he could spiritualize every thing that transpired around him. He kept the world under his feet. Though bold as a lion when his master required his services, yet his humility did not desert him. He had zeal, but not without knowledge. Conviction of truth generally accompanied his words.

"*September* 25, 1828.—Commencement of first term senior year.

"To thee O God, would I dedicate this room, and all there is, and may be in it; and all the time I may spend in it. Thou hast given it to me, use it for thy glory. Established this eve a little season of prayer [among the students who roomed at the house]: God has made all hearts to incline to it, and all attended to-night. Oh! that they may be blessed, and a spirit of prayer increased, till all in this house shall love God.

"*October* 6.—Rev. Mr. Brigham of the American Bible Society met the officers of the College Bible Society this morning. The news he brought us was really cheering. How much that Society is doing, and how much it has still to do. This interview, together with searching out the condition of Malta to bring before the association to-morrow, has somewhat aroused my feelings on the subject. Shall I *not* feel the greatness of the cause! It is one in which the angels would rejoice to engage. Oh! that God would show me if it is not my duty to leave my country and home, and if it is, that He would purify my motives, and prepare me for the work for Jesus' sake. Oh, may my motto be *onward forever!*

"*October* 11.—Attended the missionary association this evening. I shall not do for a missionary till my heart is quickened, and affections warmed, and faith is strengthened, and humility increased, and the world given up, and indeed until I am made 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.'"

TO A SISTER.

"AMHERST COLLEGE, *November* 2, 1828.

"MY DEAR SISTER:

"I was glad to hear of your prosperous journey and safe arrival. How thankful ought we to be that our heavenly Father kindly watches over and protects us in all our dangers. I rejoice that you have a heart that can be touched by the melancholy condition of the poor people around you; that you can feel for their souls—those souls that bear the impress of the Almighty. And while you feel for them, will you not *pray for them?* And while in your closet you contemplate, before God, their condition here and hereafter, and your own relation to Jesus, do you make the anxious inquiry, 'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?' Is there not much that you *can* do? Who knows but that your master has sent you into those desolate regions for a time that you might be the means of the conversion of some poor soul! *One* soul! would it not be a recompense for the winter's anxious prayers and active exertions."

* * * * *

"But, dear sister, is there no portion of the world destitute but ——. My feelings have this term taken a stronger turn toward this subject than ever before. It makes my soul bleed to hear the cry from Europe, Asia, Africa and South America; to say nothing of the voice from our own southern and western States, where in many places, and especially in the State of

Ohio, they have only one minister to every ten thousand inhabitants, and in some only one to every twenty thousand. Millions bow to Juggernaut, millions to Mohammed, millions to the Pope, and millions more to idols of their own making. Now what shall be done for them? Few are willing to go, although they know they can not 'hear without a preacher,' and declare to them the news, good and joyful, that a Saviour stands ready with open arms to receive them. But by the leave and assistance of Divine Providence *I will go*. When four years have rolled around, I shall probably be in my grave, on a sick bed, or on mission ground. Yes, the pleasures of home, and country, and kindred shall be sacrificed. But what do I say? Rather, the pleasure of leading the poor benighted heathen to Jesus shall not be sacrificed for home, country, or friends. Would that to-morrow's rising sun might witness my final departure from New England!

"We have had a communion season to-day. I felt willing, I think, to be Chrst's forever. Have just returned from our meeting of negroes. It is more and more interesting. We are now upon the story of Joseph in the Bible-class.

"Pray for me that my faith fail not, and believe me,

"Your very affectionate brother, HENRY."

November 8th is recorded as a day of special prayer and fasting, that God would pour out his blessing upon the meeting of the Bible Society on the next Wednesday; and on the day of its meeting Lyman was elected its president.

"*November* 12.—Had some interesting conversation with Professor Peck to-day, especially on the mission cause. He said there were some things in my character that would make it better for me to stay, and be an Evangelist. Nevertheless I can pursue my inquiries, cultivate a missionary spirit, and if Providence seems to open my way, offer myself to the Board if they need my services.

"*November* 30—*Lord's Day.*—Have feared sometimes 'lions' in my path, but have invariably found them 'chained;' especially last evening, when in conversation with friend Riggs, whether or not to allude to the 'times' we had had together, and the difference in my feelings since. Finally I thought I would, though it was not till just as we were about to separate. Then I found him quite tender on the subject of religion, and he requested another interview this evening. Oh! that I could remember that the Lord *always* supports those who would plead his cause, and assists them in doing their duty. There never is any thing lost in owning Jesus.

"*December* 14—*Sabbath.*—Have just been reading the Life of Mrs. Newell; and did she, at so young an age, and at so early a period of missionary operations, devote herself to the service of Christ in that field? Why do *I* not feel more for the heathen?

Why do I not feel more for those with whom I am immediately connected; who are more guilty than the heathen? Can I leave my country and engage in this work? I want to do it. No, I do not. I want to do just what God will have me to do, whether to go there or to stay here. I have no choice between the most renowned station in the church, and the lowest and most despised of all private Christians; between laboring in heaven-exalted, heaven-privileged America, and the most degraded pagan nation upon earth; between the burning sands of the tropics, and the ice-bound coasts of the poles. Everywhere is heard the cry, 'Come over and help us!'

"'From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand.'

Lord here am I, send me. Where? To the heathen—to preach the Gospel anywhere. But where are my faith, humility, and love? Where are the effects of my godly life and Christian walk in college? Lord, have mercy! Humble me at the foot of the cross for Jesus Christ's sake. Awake me—arouse me."

Again, December 15th, after some other remarks, the journal continues:

"Oh that I were now in some lone missionary station with one, two, or even no other follower of Jesus! But this is wicked. I must live and labor where God has placed me, and 'hold forth the word of life,' and be 'blameless and without rebuke in the midst of a wicked and perverse nation.' Would it not be well for the future to spend the first day of every month; 1. As a day of fasting and prayer for missions; 2. To examine myself as to this work and see what portion of the church He is fitting me for? for 'I am ready to go, even to prison and to *death* for the name of Jesus;' 3. To select some portion of the moral world, or some missionary station, for investigation during each month, and also to read some missionary biography. O God, make me holy in heart, enlightened in mind, and sound in body. Direct how I may best accomplish these three objects, so that I may live long and bring thousands and millions of souls to Jesus. Amen."

In another place he asks:

"Will it not be well to double my monthly concert contribution next year?"

On the evening of the same day, we read in conclusion:

"Would that I might love thee, O God, all the time—every moment! I want to do nothing on earth but to study the Bible and lead souls to Jesus Christ. I want to go off somewhere, into some dark corner where I can have my Jesus, and my Bible, and then tell poor heathen that the blessed Saviour died for them, and wants them to love Him. Where shall I go, 'I would seek unto God—to God I would commit my cause.'

"*Thursday, December* 18.—Did not enjoy myself much yesterday, but should I look for enjoyment here? No. I did not do any thing for Jesus. How blessed it is that God has made all our comforts depend upon our fulfillment of duty. The very means we use for the advancement of His kingdom are the only means we can use to promote our own happiness."

In December, in a review of the term, there is a lamentation over neglect of duty; especially the having neglected to pray and labor more for the college of which he was a member. He continues thus:

"Our colleges are among the bulwarks of Jesus' kingdom in this land, so far as human means are concerned. Those who leave them impenitent are prepared to 'scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death.' Whereas, were the young men there brought into the kingdom in this stage of their education, when impressed with an ardent desire to devote all to the service of God, they would naturally consecrate their talents to Him, and devote themselves to the sacred ministry. Even if enough youth were converted in our town revivals, and entered college pious, we should still need a revival to quicken those who are looking forward to the ministry, and upon whom, in a great measure, the future hopes of the church will depend. Oh! on this college especially is the dependence of the churches of middle and western Massachusetts. Prayers are constantly ascending that laborers may be brought forth to preach the Gospel, and how have I, as one *here*, 'born out of due time,' and as one since placed as an evidence of the transforming influences of the Bible, how have I lived? I have not watched over my conduct in public, and as to private, I shrink from the view. Such wickedness of thought! Oh! the vileness of my heart—any thing but Christ has been the language of my life.

"*Thursday, December* 25*th.*—Felt this morning in prayer as though I wanted to have thousands and millions of my fellow-sinners brought into the kingdom, so as to swell to a louder and yet a louder strain the song of redeeming love. Oh! when shall I go and sing? I believe the only *sure* evidence a person can have that he loves Jesus, is his anxiety of soul for the impenitent, and he will know when he feels this sufficiently by the exertions he is led to make for those around him, or if circumstances are such as to prohibit that (which is more rarely the case than Christians generally believe), the sorrow he feels, or rather the increased anxiety with which he prays. We can not be full of the Holy Ghost and confine it within our own bosoms: others must *see* the light shine and must be led to glorify our Father in heaven.

"*December* 29*th.*—Felt my heart enlarge toward the heathen in prayer this morning. It seems to me I can pray for them with more earnestness than for any thing else. When will the time come that they shall be brought to the light! O God let the time be hastened!

"*Evening.*—Feel almost ready to say, No life but a missionary to the heathen. But who knows if the desire may not be used as a chastisement, permitting me to set my heart upon it, and then withholding from me the privilege and the blessing. To thee, O God, would I commit my ways. Glorify thyself with me here and hereafter, through Jesus Christ, thy dear Son. Amen."

TO AN AUNT.

NORTHAMPTON, *January* 13, 1829.

I suppose now it is pretty much decided that the family will remove to Amherst in the spring. This arrangement will, however, bring me no nearer home for any length of time, as I shall, if the Lord will, go to a Theological Seminary early in the fall. To what one father has not yet decided. He is hesitating between Princeton, New Jersey, and Andover. I hope our heavenly Father will wisely order all things in the decision for His own glory and the good of His church. When I look back and consider all the way by which the Lord has led me, especially in inclining me to go to Amherst College, I can not but call upon my soul and all that is within me to rejoice and bless His holy name forever for His goodness and loving-kindness to me. and to say for the future, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Here am I, send me." Oh! what a blessed privilege to be permitted to devote our time, our talents, our *all* to *His* service, whose we are and whom we profess to love. One thinks if there is any thing that will give a greater zest to the pure joys of heaven, any thing which will cause us to strike those golden harps with a higher and yet a higher strain, it will be to hear the triumphal songs of those who through our instrumentality have been saved from "the worm that never dieth and the fire that never is quenched." And with views of such an immortality beyond the grave, how can we but devote *all!* When I consider my selfishness and love of the world, and love of ease, and how much I like to say, *my* will, not "thy will be done," I almost despair of doing any good even if I enter the ministry. But blessed be God for the consolation, and were it not for this, I should despair, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He has promised to build up His church. This glorious work He will carry forward, and if we are willing that He should, He will use us as instruments, "poor, weak, unworthy though we be."

As I wrote to Abby, the prospects of the church here are more encouraging. The Sabbath School Teachers' meeting, last evening, all said, was unusually interesting. There seemed to be a feeling that efforts must be made greater and more strenuous than heretofore, for the salvation of the children—for an immediate revival in the school. And how can we resist such impressions when we take a serious view of what Sabbath Schools are, and what an influence they are to exert on the evangelization of the world. These children must some day take charge of these same schools. From these must our churches be replenished. From these must our colleges, our theological seminaries, our law and medical schools be filled. These must supply our Bible, tract, and missionary establishments. Fathers and mothers, masters and servants, rulers and people—all are to come forth a host for the service of the Lord from this institution. And they will if we are faithful. If we are not, they will be a host for evil. The future destinies of our own country—the destiny of the world—all, all is depending very much on the Sabbath School. It seems to be a foundation on which other benevolent operations are to be built up.

Oh, that we may be faithful and persevere unto the end: that we may live holily and die triumphantly.

Your affectionate nephew,
HENRY LYMAN.

"*January* 19*th*.—Had a most interesting interview with our good minister, Mr. Spencer.* O, how small it made me feel! How much pride of heart was God then pleased to show me. When I told him that in view of the greatness of a minister's office I was almost tempted to draw back, he said, 'God requires nothing more of any man than he is able to accomplish. God must do all the work. If we think we can do any thing, we are fools. Ministers are nothing but old "ram's-horns;" we must study and stick to the truth: to God's word.'"

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* Rev. I. S. Spencer, D. D., late of Brooklyn, L. I.

Through the winter vacation of six weeks, mostly spent beneath the paternal roof in Northampton, the most minute watchfulness was exercised by Henry Lyman over his daily life and conversation. Day by day is recorded the struggle with sin. No visit was paid which was not severely scrutinized and the result recorded. Every conference meeting, every assembly of God's people, was gladly welcomed, and his prayers and anxieties for a revival in "the dear old church" at Northampton seem scarcely less than those called forth by the necessities of Amherst College.

"*February 6th.*—Have been reading Stewart's 'Journal of a Residence on the Sandwich Islands;' more and more I feel attached to that mission. But I must guard against a predilection for any post of duty. God direct me and be Himself glorified, is all I ask. Had an interesting interview with Russel this evening. My heart burned. We prayed together. God grant, for Jesus' sake, that his work may be revived, and I permitted to labor, though I have so departed from Him, and have so little faith.

"*February 7th.*—Have been engaged in investigating the Sandwich Island mission. My heart seems drawn out in love toward it, especially toward Mr. and Mrs. Richards. I do not know that I would prefer going there to labor. It is too nearly a paradise for a missionary to go there now. I should rather commence from the beginning than 'to build on another man's foundation.'

"*February 13th.*—Have selected as subject for declamation before chapel, 'Literature and Science indebted to the Missionary Enterprise.' O that He who put it into my heart to select it, would bring into activity all my powers of mind, energies of soul, and affections of heart, to plead His cause with effect.

"*February 14th.*—I am so full of sin, and so liable to err that I need to have my heart raised every moment to God for strength. I need to have my strength renewed every moment. Which must I do, fight against sin and look to God to assist me, or let alone my sins and my heart, trust them to Jesus, and go about His work? Undoubtedly the last.

"*February 15th—Lord's Day—Evening.*—Have reason to bless God for His signal mercies to me this holy day, and shall, no doubt, praise Him through the ceaseless ages of eternity, that I have been permitted to see its light, and enjoy its heaven-exalted privileges. The morning prayer-meeting was good: God was there. Forenoon sermon from our beloved Professor Peck, was 'a feast of fat things.' Something he said suggested to my mind the analogy between the Christian's life and a journey in an unknown country, up hill and down. We can not see our way before or behind. Soon, however, we mount a summit, where we have a full view of all our path *except the hills we have come up.* All appears pleasant, the toil is forgotten, and the mercies are then in view. Here too we take a look forward and get a glimpse of the goal which lies beyond many more hills and valleys. We start for a certain point on the next eminence after having been refreshed by this Pisgah view. We descend rapidly, and rejoicing in renewed strength, till at last we reach the valley, where, surrounded by forests impenetrable, and sinking in the mire, we think we are lost—can neither see the way before nor behind. However, having consulted our compass, we press *onward* for the point, hoping to come out at last, and after long struggling we succeed, and so we proceed.

"*East-street Meeting* (the colored people's Sunday School).—God was present; I believe it was not in vain. O that God would sanctify it more fully. When I went to visit a sick man in the next house, the older people all followed, and again I had an opportunity to speak and to pray with them. Two or three seemed dejected. Good conversation with brother Schneider * who attended with me. Never were my desires to labor for God so great. Never did the missionary cause appear so lovely.

"*February 20th.*—DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER FOR COLLEGES—*Evening.*—Good season of prayer with Porter, Maxwell, and Matthews—also with Bliss and Page. Have had many sweet moments alone. The most solemn day I ever knew. Have been enabled to plead with God for His blessing. He has, I trust, answered prayer. There is evidently more feeling. This morning had little praying circles scattered about all over college. At half-past ten met by classes with instructors. President with us (Seniors), who called attention to the fact that so many were praying for the students; to the shortness of time; to the wants of our own country, two hundred and sixty ministers being needed in New England Congregational churches, and in the United States three or four thousand among Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches. The wants of the world also call upon us.

"At 2 P. M. Professor Hitchcock spoke to us all in chapel. The President followed with remarks upon the sovereignty of God. At half-past six, meeting in rhetorical room. Professor Abbott preached from 'take heed how ye hear.' A nightly prayer-meeting has been established in Harrington's room.

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* Rev. B. Schneider of the Armenian Mission.

"An hour's conversation with brother Lane.* It was like the joy of my espousals. O, I longed to have eternity begin that I might commence my song. I would sing it if I were confined in the lowest depths of hell. I would make all hell ring with the praises of redeeming love. But I feared it not. I could *lean* on the arm of Jesus. I could not make myself to doubt. I gave all up into His hands whose credit is good. I am Christ's; heaven is mine. When shall I go and be like him? Eternity will be too short if not soon begun. Stop! stop! some must go and begin it with me. I must yet labor and wrestle 'with sins, and doubts, and fears.' Souls must be saved. God must be glorified on earth, before He can be praised in heaven. I must first be tried and see if I can love when He frowns. After I returned to my room I could wrestle for the influence of the Spirit to descend upon college. O may I be enabled to bear prosperity, or adversity; rejoicing on Pisgah's top, or struggling with the roughest seas.

"*March* 29*th.*—If in times of apparent security we are wrestling with sin, and digging up and rooting out, and overturning; then when temptation assails, or God smites in mercy, we shall be prepared to receive the one with strength, and the other with humility. A constant watch must be kept—a constant din of battle must be heard.

"*July* 10*th.*—Last eve heard Mr. Dwight, a missionary appointed to Greece; text, 'Go ye into all the world, etc.' Afterward he met our 'Friends.' *I* be a missionary! How then must I deny self! Oh! that from this hour I could begin a thorough course of self-denial. Lord Jesus have *thou* mercy upon me.

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* David B. Lane, of Stirling, Conn.

"*July* 16*th*.—'No man when he hath lighted a candle covereth it with a vessel or setteth it under a bed, but on a candlestick, that he that cometh in may see the light.' So it is, so it ever will be. It is as impossible for him who is in the exercise of living grace to be in company with another a few minutes and that person not feel the influence of it, as it is for a man to stand with his head uncovered in the blaze of the noon-day's sun, and not feel its rays; or for the king of day to shine forth in his glory upon the earth and not emit his light. By this I am condemned. Often have I been in company when I have exerted naught but a negative influence and often not that. O my prayer unto God is for more grace! Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!

"*July* 19*th*.—Took up Mrs. Judson's Memoir; not much prayer over it, hence not much benefit. I was led to exclaim, 'Where are my qualifications for missionary service, either in piety, or intellectual attainments?' I am almost always discouraged in reading the lives of such persons, and sometimes I am tempted to renounce the service and enter upon some secular employment. I do not doubt but that a *spark* of Divine grace has been implanted, but who wants to be 'saved so as by fire?'

"*July* 26*th—Sunday.*—As I was going to church the evangelization of the world burst upon my soul in all its beauty, its grandeur, its greatness. O, I wanted to be endowed with a tenfold portion of the Spirit; to have my heart, mind, and body prepared for a great and arduous labor in the vineyard. What is the use of living, if a man can not have his influence felt in the cause of Christ. I ought to pray more that I may not go down to the grave till thousands in my day and generation shall have been brought out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel, and till I shall have left an influence that shall be felt as long as the earth shall exist—so long as the throne of God shall stand. And my prayer ought to be more earnest that God would use all my talents entirely and directly in His service and for the promotion of His cause. So great did this subject appear that I was constrained to adopt as a motto, 'Six hundred millions are perishing!!'

"*July* 31*st.*—Had the pleasure, and I hope profit, of meeting the Rev. Mr. Nettleton this evening with a few classmates. Spent about two hours. He discoursed upon the *motive* which should induce us to enter the ministry—that should be the salvation of one soul, and we should feel our unworthiness to be the instrument even of this. 'Then if you don't get a living, what of it?' 'It is not what you were after.

If you don't obtain a name, etc. If you have insult, etc. If not even permitted to see one soul converted—what of it? God looks at the motive. When we are laboring, we should make as little noise as possible, or rather none at all about the work. It will go on the best when you do not care whether any body knows or not, if you can be the means of saving any. We should not be free to express our opinion to every body about those who are serious or anxious—should not talk about other denominations.'

"He then gave us an interesting account of the glorious work of grace he had been permitted to witness in Virginia. Believe I was led to see in some degree my darkness, and love of reputation, and desire to glorify self, rather than God."

The following was probably written about the last of June, 1829:

"My Much Loved Sister:

"Yours of —— came safely to hand, but unavoidable circumstances have prevented my answering it. I am much obliged for the good, wholesome advice it contained and should like more of it. I want to know all that there is about me unfavorable to the holy office toward which I am looking, and a remedy for it; so whenever you write to me, lift up your hand and spare not. It is a holy and responsible place and it is well to be prepared.

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"Again I am glad you are gone because it will be better for me perhaps to have one link broken at a time: at least I shall not so sensibly feel the separation, for separation it will be with me, so soon as my education is completed."

"AMHERST, *August* 4, 1829.

"DEAR SISTER:

"You say 'you can not bear the thought of my going beyond the seas.' This reminds me of what Mr. Nettleton—he is in town now and met our class last Friday—told us: 'In the ministry always have this question before your minds, How shall I wish I had acted or spoken a hundred or a thousand years hence?' Methinks the meeting of the missionary with his friends at the consummation of all things, must be made a thousandfold more pleasant by the separation and its trials.

"Again—'Perhaps you may think differently before three years expire.' Do not think that I have determined to go *whether or no.* I mean to keep an '*if the Lord will,*' in the business, and not to make up my mind for a certainty till I find myself upon missionary ground. Should I follow the bent of my own inclinations, I should be a traveling agent for the Board; and I may yet find it my duty to stay here in New England as a settled pastor. I want to fill, if I know my own feelings, just that niche for which I was made, and for which my talents are fitted. If my friends think me better adapted for some other station than that of missionary, and the path of duty seems plain, the only thing I shall have to do, will be to obey the command, 'Walk ye in it.'

"I may formerly have expressed myself rather too strongly upon this subject. I always meant this, but my prevailing feelings and expectations were, that such would be my course *did Providence throw no obstacles in the way*. If there are any books which interest my feelings, they are the lives and journals of missionaries. If there are any parts of the Bible that rejoice my heart, they are those which speak of the heathen being given to Jesus for an inheritance: 'Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God, etc.' If there are any which speak consolation to my soul, they are those which extend the promise of support and consolation to him who forsakes house and lands, father and mother, brothers and sisters, for Jesus. If there is any thing which animates me in duty, or leads to self-denial, it is the thought that souls are perishing. If there is any pleasure in prayer, it is in praying for benighted pagans. If any thing for which my heart is drawn out to God, it is for the missionary. And I have often felt peculiar pleasure of late in prayers for Mr. and Mrs. Richards.*

"'More young men have applied to the Board,' you say, 'than can be sent.' This, I fancy, is a mistake. The Board are now in want of twenty or thirty such."

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* Of the Sandwich Islands mission. Mrs. R. was a native of Northampton.

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The essay which young Lyman prepared for Commencement, was on the "Moral Courage of John Knox," and there was certainly manifest in the production a strong sympathy with this trait of his hero. The degree of A. B. was received, and the walls of college left.

The desire—the steady development of which we have endeavored to show—that he might go "far hence to the Gentiles," was as yet unknown to his parents. And this not from any want of confidence in those whom the son most tenderly loved and revered, but because he saw that their hearts were filled with the idea of having him near them as a settled pastor, and until the matter was more matured in his own mind, Henry dreaded to disturb them.

For the last three months of his stay in Amherst, he dwelt again under the paternal roof, his father having purchased the Pleasant Valley farm. His younger brothers and sisters can well remember his order and method, his interest in their plans of amusement, his room accessible to them at all hours of the day save *three.* Soon had they found that at evening, morning, and at noon, there was no admission there. And they had felt the earnest but gentle force of his efforts to lead them to Christ. Between the father and son grew a confidence most complete and tender. Every trial, every difficulty was confided to Henry, and in his after letters the parent reaped a thousandfold all that he had sowed.

IV.

The Decision.

For a necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!—St. Paul.

Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.—Acts xxii. 21.

IV.

The history of Henry Lyman's seminary course must be mainly supplied by his correspondence and journals. The following letter to Charles Lyman, written from Amherst, August 4th, 1829, gives the appropriate introduction to the new scene. After some remarks upon pecuniary matters, he says:

"It is difficult, I find, to tell what is the path of duty. It has been a question in my mind of late, whether I ought not to wait a year or two before entering the theological school, on account of my age, being only nineteen and two thirds. But my heart's desire is to go forward, though not if it would destroy my future usefulness. I have, I believe, thought too much of these things. For the future it seems to me best to inquire what shall I do *to-day*, and regulate myself to-morrow for the duties of *that* day, as circumstances may seem to direct. If I finally conclude to go to Princeton and go this fall, I shall probably see you on my way. * * *

"I felt, when we were declared candidates for A. B., like a vessel without a pilot, just let out upon the broad ocean. Blessed be God! He has taught me where to look for a pilot, and a compass. If Jesus is only ours, we need fear no storm."

TO HIS PARENTS

ANDOVER, *October* 12th, 1829.

DEAR PARENTS:

Of my safe arrival, journey, etc., I suppose you have heard through Mr. Strong. I am settled as pleasantly as I could wish. I have not been sorry for a moment that Providence so ordered events that I was compelled to come here. I do believe "'tis all for the best." I need, I think, the Andover discipline. I feel confident of having pursued the course which will best fit me for the responsible office toward which I am looking.

You will be astonished when I tell you I have begun my public labors, *though without* authority. I preached yesterday all day, and held a conference in the evening at West Haverhill, eleven miles from the seminary. The minister was ill, and they could get no one else, so I went; and as they were all strangers, they did not know but that I could preach. I had no notice of it till two o'clock Saturday P. M., and started off immediately, returning this morning. Besides three services, I attended a Bible class. I spoke—extemporaneously of course—from Luke xviii. 7, in the morning, and Hebrews ii. 3, in the afternoon. In the evening I took a portion of the first chapter of Isaiah. The benediction, of course, I was not allowed to pronounce, merely saying, "the exercises are closed." I felt humble enough in the Bible class, when I asked a gray-headed old deacon a question, and he rose from his seat with all reverence to answer me. I never performed a harder—still it was a pleasant—day's work. The effort of speaking, especially of speaking extempore, and the anxiety, are greater than any one can imagine who has not tried it. If I were only looking to the ministry as a *business*, I would never again open my books. No, were it not for the love which I feel for my Saviour and my fellow-men, and the hope that, feeble as I am, I can be the honored instrument of saving their souls, and building up His kingdom, I would prefer to leave my studies and labor on a farm. There is nothing but this that can compensate for the toil, and anxiety, and responsibility of the station. It is indeed an awful thing for one weak worm of the dust to take upon himself to direct his fellow-creatures to everlasting happiness. I need, as I trust I have, your constant prayers, that God would glorify Himself in and through me. I could not help thinking yesterday, if it is so hard to labor one Sabbath in this goodly land, where Christian friends are many, and where there is plenty to supply the temporal wants, what would it be to toil all my life, in privation and want, among the heathen, if God in his holy Providence should call me there. Since I have been here, I have concluded to take up the question as to the part of the vineyard I shall occupy, soon after the term commences, so as not to be influenced by any popular excitement which there may be among the students. I should like your views on the subject when you write. I feel that I am equally ready for New England, the torrid zone, or the frozen poles, if the Lord says: "This is the way; walk ye in it." Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

HENRY.

TO CHARLES LYMAN.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *November* 13th, 1829.

* * * Verily, the Lord's "ways are not as our ways," or I should not have been privileged to date a letter from so holy, so consecrated a spot as this. It is good to observe our heavenly Father's dealings with us. It has seemed especially so to me in meditating upon the manner in which, in His merciful Providence, He hath brought me hither. But here I have arrived. I have given up myself, with all my unworthiness and unfitness, to spend and be spent in the holy office. I have taken upon myself a responsibility under which Gabriel might well tremble—"how much more, then, man who is a worm;" and how much more still, such an one as I, who am as yet but as an infant in the school of Christ. I ask more than ever for an interest in your prayers. I want to be made more heavenly-minded. What is

the use, dear cousin, in our groveling along on earth, when we are bid to "taste, and see that the Lord is good?" Is there any such thing as concentrating our affections in Jesus? I verily think, with Baxter, if it were "only the exercise of the body, the moving of the lips, the bending of the knee, men would as commonly step to heaven as they would go visit a friend. But to separate our thoughts and affections from the world, to draw forth all our graces, and increase each by its proper object, and hold them to it till our work prospers in our hands; *this*, THIS is the difficulty." I find I must keep *drive*, *drive*, *drive* all the time, pell mell. If I stop to take breath, "in slips the devil."

Andover, though a heaven on earth, is not *heaven*. It is not out of the world. I find I felt not my wicked heart at college, but rather seem to be more than ever given over to its influence. (See Saints' Rest, p. 216.) I quote Baxter because it is so *apropos*. Verily it is a treasure. It is a mine of gold in which, when you have cleared one vein of rich ore, you strike upon another. I think of you more than once every day when I peruse this and the other excellent books you have added to my library. "The blessing of many ready to perish" be upon you.

In a letter to his uncle, D. S. Whitney, Mr. Lyman, after many expressions of humble gratitude to God, says: "I mentioned to you the subject of my offering myself to the A. B. C. F. M. My feelings strengthen toward it every day. Some friends, who have been conversant with my character during my college course, encourage it. Do you know any thing concerning me why I should not submit myself to their disposal?"

It is sometimes imagined by those not personally acquainted with missionaries, that, being men of cold, unsocial temperaments, they suffer less than others would, in their separation from home and kindred. The following letter will show the warmth of Henry Lyman's heart:

TO HIS PARENTS.

ANDOVER, *November* 22, 1829.

DEAR PARENTS:

Having written three or four letters this evening, and S. Hopkins intending to take an early start in the morning, you will not expect a long communication. Still a few words I will write, and have reserved it till the last, that I might have the best to wind up with. Especially do my thoughts turn this evening with peculiar pleasure to the authors of my being, for to-morrow numbers a score of years in my life. I should be worse than a brute, could I, on such an occasion, forget all your care and anxiety on my account;—care and anxiety too, which, having been so often forfeited, it seems a wonder to me that your patience has not been a thousand times exhausted. Still your fostering care has preserved me, under the smiles of a kind Providence, till I have arrived at two sevenths of the age allotted to man, and, as I fear, to half of all the time which will be appointed to me on the earth. I would not limit Providence, but would it were so, if I could finish the work He has given me to do ere that time. The sooner we enter upon our eternal rest the better for us. Welcome death, if we can only sing that triumphant song, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" Thanks to God that we obtain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I could wish, did not duty prevent, to be present in the family circle, on the approaching joyful anniversary.* However, as far as the *thanksgivings* are concerned, I see not why we may not mingle in them though separated by such a distance. Still it would be pleasant to make one around the family altar on that day. That I shall be remembered there makes up for all. What reason we have for real, heartfelt thanksgiving! Many have been the changes in our family, yet, for aught we can see, all in mercy. Death, though he has been very near, has not been permitted to enter *our doors.* Though the life of one was endangered, God said, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further," and he is recovering. One has left home, but for a new home, concerning which we could all say, "Depart in peace."

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* The annual "Thanksgiving Day."

As for temporal prosperity, what more could the Lord have done that He has not done. So far His dealings have been in mercy. Though there have been seasons of darkness, no doubt, we are all ready now to praise the hand of our heavenly Father.

How do Sabbath Schools flourish now in Amherst? I teach in the west parish, two miles from the seminary. There are three hundred scholars of all ages and both sexes, from five years old up to sixty. In this parish there are four hundred and fifty of the same ages, and sixty-three teachers.

Letters to E. J. and J. accompany this. I suppose they will all be at home on the 25th.

Your affectionate son,

HENRY.

ANDOVER, *January* 7*th*, 1830.

DEAR FATHER:

I hasten to answer your kind and highly interesting letter by Kidder. The books I shall probably need, go where I will. A missionary must study *every day* as well as ministers at home, for this is the only way in which he can "bring out of his treasures things new and old." It is impossible for a man to continue to interest his fellow-men as a teacher or minister, unless he is improving his own mind and learning something new himself.

You mention many failures, and some of them truly unexpected to me. I can not say, however, that I am sorry. Among whom have they happened? Are they not men of this world? men who have been laying up treasures "where moth and rust corrupt?" And are these not afflictions sent in mercy to lessen their confidence in the perishing things of time and sense, and to induce them to look to Him, whose love nothing can take away? (Rom. vii. 31-39.) I believe these failures are a means which God has used for promoting his own cause. Revivals have not been more numerous for some years than they are now in our churches and at the missionary stations under their care. New revivals and increase of old ones are reported frequently at our meetings. Individual Christians were too strong, too rich, too much increased in goods, and were saying to their souls, "Take thine ease," etc., but God, in the plenitude of His grace, instead of saying, "Thou fool, this night *thy soul* shall be required of thee," has only said, *thy property*, and is thus bringing them to Himself.

I find occasion to bless God daily, that He has so placed me that I can pray for you. The light of God's countenance is what all need to bear them through external troubles. With this every thing seems right, because every thing seems ordered by Him who has said, afflictions for the present seem "not joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness." "For, whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," etc. Moreover, we have the example of Job, who, when stripped of all his earthly comforts, said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." It is hard work to trust when all is dark and gloomy, and there seems no way of escape; but is not this the very time in which our faith in God is called into exercise. We do not use the reins for the horse when he is standing still. It is only when he is running that they are required. So faith is not exercised when we see the way clear and all is prosperous. But when all is dark, and there is, to our view, no way of escape, then it is that we must trust the Lord. You say, "It is not best to borrow trouble before it comes." I believe that a great part of our misery here consists in the *anticipation* of evil. The Lord will not send more than we can bear. Still it is best to be prepared for the worst. Even the very worst, after all, what is it? It all, I believe, lies in our own feelings whether it shall affect us unpleasantly or not.

The above was written at odd times—do n't know as you can read it. Love to all.

As ever, yours,

H. L.

For the first two months, Henry Lyman's Andover diary is filled with lamentations over his want of earnest longing for the influences of the Holy Spirit, while the joyful record of revivals here and there, his growing watchfulness over self, and earnest devotion to the work of saving souls, would give the impression that he was day by day growing in grace. Still before his mind was more prominently placed than any other subject, the great question of the missionary work. He writes in his journal, under date of October 6th:

"Had the privilege of attending a conference this evening, with three or four of the brethren. It showed me, in some little degree, that I feel not the value of the soul. I must condemn myself in all I have done to-day. And why be constantly condemning myself? Because I have been sinning; because I am constantly sinning. Have felt to-day more my own inefficiency. Felt as though I did not want to do any thing but to love God and to be swallowed up in Him—wholly conformed to His image. This has been the burden of my prayers of late. This P. M., while viewing the idols formerly worshiped by the Sandwich Islanders, I received a fresh impulse to spend and be spent on heathen shores. It seems to me this is the Lord's will. I asked Him to-day to continue these desires for their salvation, even if He had ordained I should labor in some other part of the vineyard.

"*Thursday Evening, October 8th.*—Have thought that I was something, and that I wanted to do something till this evening: visited brother Schauffler,* and oh, how small and insignificant did I appear to myself! How little love! How much worldliness! What am I? what am I?

"*Monday Morning, November 23d*, 1829.—To-day is the anniversary of my first drawing breath in this world of sin.

"To-day reminds me that I have lived *a score of years.*

"To-day reminds me that I have passed two sevenths of all the time allotted to man on the earth.

"I have had something of a conflict in my mind as to duty: † study has seemed so pressing here in the Institution. After prayer, I have determined, God giving me strength, to look back upon the past year and seek His guidance for the future.

"10 o'clock, A. M.—As I look from my window, the clouds roll past in the west in awful grandeur. There is a constant mingling of black, deep black, blue, deep blue, light, white, heavy, fleecy.

"Though engaged in reviewing my life, I can not but stop to reflect thereon. Now they ride and clear the western hills. Now the hills are enveloped in them. Now the opposite houses are almost hidden from view. Again they break, and light appears. Again all is shrouded in twilight-darkness. 'Can any understand the spreading of the clouds?' 'Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds, the wonderful works of Him who is perfect in knowledge?'

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* Rev. W. G. Schauffler, D.D., missionary to the Jews at Constantinople.

† It was Lyman's custom to spend his birth-day as a time of special devotion.

"'Who can number the clouds in wisdom, or who can stay the bottles of heaven?'

"'Bless the Lord, O my soul. Oh Lord my God, thou art very great.'

"'Who maketh the clouds His chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind.'

"'Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praises upon the harp unto our God.'

"'Who covereth the heavens with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth.'

"'Who hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet.'

"They are glorious as being the throne on which the Lord Jesus will make His appearing in the last great day, when he 'cometh in his glory and all the holy angels with him.'

* * * * * * *

"This eve had a good class meeting and finished review. Comfort in intercession for my parents this evening. In social devotions and in class meeting, not that heart work in prayer which constitutes its very essence. I have pleaded to-day for deadness to the world and the flesh. This is essential to *keeping* a day of fasting and prayer. It was such observances which gave the prophets power, and strengthened the hands of the apostles. It was a Brainerd's strength, a Hallock's support. In short, where are the holy men or holy women, of olden or present time, who have not made this a means of great communication with Jesus. O, my soul, *do thou likewise.*

"*Friday Evening*, 27*th.*—In P. M. brother Schauffler called, on the subject of missions. Good visit. I felt ready to go, only waiting for friends' advice. Was privileged to hear from my dear family to-day. The letter which most interested me was from father, saying that he would not *advise* me to go to the heathen, but still wishes me to decide for myself.

"*Lord's Day, November* 29*th.*—Sabbath School peculiarly interesting. Sufficiently so, and infinitely more than, to repay me for four miles' walk in the snow and water, and two or three hours' wet feet. Have taken the missionary class, and the Lord prevailed upon four or five, through my instrumentality, to listen to the truths of His word. Have to mourn over indulgence of appetite. After tea, Sabbath School teachers' meeting. Had a visit and prayers with brother Clarke, especially on missions. My heart was enlarged for perishing heathen; also with brethren Schauffler and Hathaway a very interesting conversation. O, it was precious to talk over the wants of Jesus' kingdom and consider the promises. Had an uncommonly delightful season of prayer. My desire was for the heathen, especially for those who have not the bread of life, and that I may be privileged to go and tell them of a dying Jesus. Sweet season of intercession in social devotion to-night, especially for the heathen and for more of Jesus' love in my heart. O that my countrymen were awake to this subject! O that they would take one soul and count its worth, and then look at the millions that are perishing for the word of life, and then see if there is not a motive for exertion! What is the church, from its foundation, but a missionary establishment? If a soul is added to it in any part of the world, is it not increased? Why not then send the Gospel to those who have it not? Must the church first be increased at home? Then why not wait till *every* soul at home is converted? Is there no encouragement to labor for the heathen? The promises are vast. They have been in an eminent degree fulfilled considering the little exertion the church has made. Oh! church of Christ, I entreat you by the love you bear to perishing souls; by Jesus' bloody sweat; by a Saviour's sufferings; by a Redeemer's dying groans; by your own professions; by your own constant vows; by all that you hold dear on earth and in heaven; by all you hope to shun in hell; by the promises of God; by the commands of Jehovah; by the threatenings of the Almighty, I beseech you, if you have *any* grace, any love, send the bread of life to the perishing, dying heathen!

" *Tuesday Evening, December* 1*st.*—This evening had interesting conversation with brother Hubbard concerning missionary consecration. Found him revolving the subject in his own mind, as to duty. My heart burned within me as I talked with him; so grand, so beautiful, so sublime, so holy, so glorious, did the work of evangelizing the heathen appear! How a contemplation of the subject expands the mind and heart! I had almost said, well might the Son of God die to save a lost world! O may he soon 'see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied!'

"*Monday Evening, December 7th.*—After prayer for guidance and walk with brother Lane, I concluded not to give up my studies [for a regular day of fasting and prayer], but to take less food than usual, and to MEDITATE AS I HAVE OPPORTUNITY UPON THE CONSEQUENCES ATTENDING MY DECISION OF THIS MOMENTOUS QUESTION. And what are they?

"I. *Provided I go, and afterward find by bitter experience that I am not in the path of duty.* It seems to me this would be more than I could bear. It would be an injury to Christ's cause. It would dishonor Him who has done so much for me—so much for a dying world. It would injure the cause at the particular station, and at home.

"At the station. Look at that little band, who for so long a time have been laboring and toiling against error, superstition, and depravity. All has as yet been confusion. Order and system have not been attained. But many of these obstacles have begun to disappear. The forest has been cleared, and the ground broken. The seed is sown, though yet among stumps and stones. The blade has sprung up, and now the prayer is for another laborer. Apparently in mercy one arrives, but the Lord is not with him. From enthusiasm or some worldly motive, perhaps to get a name, he had determined to offer himself for the service. Or possessing naturally a roving disposition, he was not sufficiently earnest in the cry 'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?' He labors awhile. No souls are converted. He grows dissatisfied and impatient. Conscience will not allow him to remain, and pride will not allow him to return home. Perhaps he walks disorderly. His brethren are grieved, and the enemies have a new reproach put into their mouths to cast in the teeth of those who have long been endeavoring to teach them. And in short, he undoes all that had been done; or he finds it was not the field designed for him, and at last is obliged to return home. But what is the effect produced at home? The confidence of the Board in their missionaries is lessened. The confidence of the public not only in him, but in the Board, is diminished. The enemies triumph—the treasury is injured. Is this all? He wastes the Lord's money gleaned with so much labor from His children. He wastes his own time and talents; above all, souls are lost who might have been saved, had he been at home laboring where he ought. Now all this is the result of an imperfect examination of the leadings of Providence, and a self-sufficient choice as to the field of labor. O that I could feel something of this evil as I seem to see it in all its ramifications. Money, time, talents, are too precious to be wasted.

"II. *Provided I stay at home when it is my duty to go to the heathen*, I should be—what? I could not look to God for His blessing on my labors; or even if I should, He would withhold it, and I should be a dead, inactive minister—a burden to the Church—a dog in the manger—a possessor of the keys, not entering in myself, nor suffering those who would, to enter in. Besides, many heathen might be perishing through want of my instrumentality. 'But then you can try it at home and afterward go.' True; but what would become of the heathen in the mean time, and what of my *desire* to go to the heathen after that had been laid aside to try the experiment, or had gradually cooled and died away amid the thickening, seducing pleasures of the world.

"Such is the view I have taken to-day, and do I not need care and anxiety? Ought not my prayer to be constant and earnest, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' Still I have not that anxiety which Parsons, Fiske, etc., had. The way seems so plain that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.' It seems plain as daylight; yet this very thing makes me doubt, and say there is no need of argument to convince me. The Lord guide me. Had a good monthly concert this evening and exceeding much enlargement in prayer; in evening, devotions for the perishing heathen.

"*Tuesday Evening*, 8*th*.—The question which I have had up to-day has been, 'What are the claims which my own country has upon my talents?' In other words, what is the moral condition of the United States?"

Then follows, occupying several pages of the diary, a review of the religious condition of his native land.

"*Wednesday Morning*, 9*th*.—To-day, with the assistance of Divine Providence, I propose to meditate upon *the condition and prospects of the heathen, and their claims upon my labors.*

"*Evening*.—Verily a world lieth in wickedness. This is enough. That five eighths of them never heard of Jesus is all we want to show us their present condition. But to bring the picture nearer to our eyes. Take one of our New England parishes, say this one; here we behold twelve hundred people, civilized, educated, refined, pious, surrounded by all that can make life dear and pleasant—friends, social fireside, houses, lands, the comforts, and in many instances the superfluities, of life. But more than all, they worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and the direction of His word, in the full enjoyment of Sabbath and sanctuary privileges, with their train of attendant blessings. Now, suppose this society should forsake God, the sanctuary be demolished, the minister be dismissed, the Sabbath blotted out, and all the attendant blessings of religion be cast with it into non-existence. Still, though they should retain their refinement and all temporal blessings, would we not say from our hearts, 'How are the mighty fallen!' Verily it is heart-rending to behold so much sin and wickedness!

"But, further, suppose their temporal blessings to remain, but the people themselves to have fallen into all kinds of vice, and to have sold themselves to commit all manner of iniquity. Drinking, gambling, stealing, murdering, all are countenanced. How would our hearts bleed to see them thus living, and their children thus educated, every new generation, one more remove from the knowledge of God than the preceding, till finally the name, the existence, of God is unknown. Would you not mourn to see them in such a case? But I have not yet done. Look at them once more. They have made gods which, 'having eyes, see not,' etc. Yes, they have taken a huge block of wood, without form or comeliness, and have set it up as their god, before which they bow the knee, and to which their prayers ascend; and not only this, but they sacrifice their friends and children to appease its imagined wrath. They lay themselves before its altar, or throw themselves before the ponderous wheels of its car, that thus they may go—where? The widow, too, in the bloom of her youth, reckless of her infant orphans, voluntarily commits her body to the flames, that thus she may rejoin her departed husband. Does not the heart sicken at such a sight? Would we not give all, yea, hold not our own life dear, that we might win them to Jesus, knowing that to be the only way of escape from this thralldom of sin and Satan. Now, there is not only *one* parish thus, but five hundred thousand just such parishes as this are on our globe in this condition. Behold them naked, or, at most, with the skin of some wild beast thrown around them, living in huts, or, perchance, in holes of the rocks, or caves of the earth, herding together like beasts of the field, feeding upon the reptiles on which we are accustomed to look with so much disgust; on *living* flesh, and even see them devouring one another. And is this the height of their misery? Stand at the bar of God when all nations under heaven shall be gathered before His throne. See them under the frown of the judge, taking their places on the left hand. Listen to the sentence, 'Depart,' etc. Then behold them driven away to 'blackness of darkness,' to 'the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,' with only one exclamation, Why did you not warn us? Why did you not send us the Gospel? And after thousands of years shall have rolled past, see still the smoke of their torment ascending up forever and ever, bearing upon it the question, Why did you not send us the Gospel? Here there is misery, consummate misery; tremendous misery. And have they no hope of emancipation? Have they no one to teach them the good news of salvation? Has nothing been done for them? There are, perhaps, six hundred teachers. But 'what are they among so many?' While here in New England we have one preacher to every one thousand of the enlightened and Christianized inhabitants, they have but one to one million. But the labors of these instructors are confined to one million. There are five hundred millions who know not that there is 'balm in Gilead and a physician there,' nay, who see not that they are covered with 'wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.' Some effort has been made to send them the Gospel. As yet, however, the church has taken but one step toward the commencement of the labor. There are five hundred millions to whom it is to be carried ere 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.'

"Now where are greater claims for my labors in the cause of Jesus?

"*Thursday Evening, December 10th.*—To-day have meditated somewhat on the *success of missions.*"

Seven closely written pages here review the course of missionary enterprise and its success in different parts of the world, but as it is presented in a condensed form in the letter to his father, we omit it.

"*Saturday Morning, December 12th.*—I was obliged to carry 'The Success,' etc., so far into yesterday, that I was unable to investigate, as I had intended, *The Promises of God Concerning the Heathen*, together with the encouragement or discouragement from the Bible, to engage personally in evangelizing the heathen, any further than the first part. I have found them abundant: Gen. xviii. 18, xxii. 18, xxvi. 4, xlix. 10; Ps. ii. 8, xxii. 27, xlvi. 10, lxviii. 31, lxxii., cii. 13–15; Isa. ii. 2–4, xi., xlii. 1–12, xlix. 1–16, li. 5, lii. 9, 10, liv. 1–10, lix. 19, lx., lxii. 1, lxv. 17–25, lxvi. 7, 8, 18–24; Jer. xxxi.; Mal. i. 11; Dan. vii. 1–27; Micah iv. 1–7; Zeph. ii. 11, iii. 8–10; Hab. ii. 14; Zech. ix. 9, 10, xiv. 9; Matt. vi. 10, xxiv. 14, xxviii. 19, 20; Mark xiii. 10, xvi. 15, 16; Luke xi. 2, xxiv. 47; Rom. xv. 12; Gal. iii. 8; Heb. viii.; Rev. v. 9, vii. 9, xiv. 6, xv. 4. The promises are truly rich.

"*Encouragement, etc.*—'Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you, and *lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.* Amen.' What need have we of further witnesses? None. Yet there is encouragement and duty set forth in the following among many other passages of holy writ: Mark xvi. 15; Luke xiv. 26–33, xvii. 29, 30; John xii. 26, 27; Rom. viii. 31, 32, 35, 39; Gal. i. 15, 16; Heb. xi.; Luke x. 1, 2, xxix. 37."

The remainder of this examination is rather an act of special pleading, than a fair and candid investigation of the subject. We have hesitated to introduce it, yet, few things could more decidedly show what a passion with Lyman was the missionary work, than what follows. There are two letters referred to repeatedly: the one we here introduce, that it may be borne in mind, without again interrupting the narrative, the other can not be found. It was from a beloved room-mate, D. T. Lane, of Sterling, Connecticut, who had intended himself to engage in the missionary work. But it pleased the master to say to him, "Come up higher," and he "entered into rest" in 1832.

LETTER FROM REVEREND S. PECK, D.D.

AMHERST COLLEGE, *November* 15, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Your letter of October 14th, did not reach me till several weeks after date, and since then I have been prevented from answering it by a variety of engagements that could not have been conveniently set aside. It is with real pleasure, and not without prayer to God for you, that I avail myself of the present opportunity to give a candid, though very brief reply to the questions you have proposed, reminding you, however, not to attach too much importance to either of the opinions I may express, founded as they must be, on an imperfect knowledge of your character, yet bearing on a subject of so vast importance.

To your first inquiry I can reply, with Christian sincerity, I know of no trait or traits in your character that forbids your offering yourself to the Board, nor have I learned from a recent conversation with the President, or from conversation with others at different times, that any of your acquaintance here entertain a contrary opinion. We cherish the hope, indeed, that if God shall grant you the distinguished privilege of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, He will pour out upon you such an abundant measure of His grace, and will so accompany your ministrations by the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, that it will not at any *future* time become a question of distressing uncertainty whether you had entered on the work which was assigned you by our Lord.

With like sincerity I would say in answer to your second inquiry, that while I know nothing of a moral or religious nature requiring animadversion, I think it *highly* desirable that you should make it a *constant* and *special* aim during your connection with the seminary, second *only* to the cultivation of your *own* heart, to *discipline* and *furnish your mind to the highest possible degree by laborious application and entire faithfulness* in all the departments of theological study as they are there pursued. I was very desirous you should go to Andover precisely on this ground. No place, I believe, furnishes greater facilities, or lays one under a more direct necessity to cultivate his intellectual powers, and on one of your age and character, I believe, also, it is peculiarly calculated to exert a salutary influence.

In regard to the *time* of offering your services to the Board, I think the reasons you have suggested for preferring an early occasion after determining the question in your own mind, are entitled to great consideration. Not only will your friends become more fully reconciled to the course, and impediments of any other nature more easily and entirely removed, but your own mind will be more at rest, and your preparatory studies will be stimulated and modified by the habitual contemplation of the great object to which they are all subservient. Objections to this measure there may be, but I am not aware of any of a very serious magnitude.

And now, my dear brother, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace. May the great Head of the church Himself be your counselor and guide. I doubt not that you are daily at His feet, endeavoring to learn of Him. Nor do I doubt that in due time he will distinctly say to you, "This is the way." In His strength, and under His protection, may you go forth, and may His good Spirit enlighten, sanctify, encourage, and comfort you in the faithful performance of His will, whether on Christian or heathen ground.

With much affection,

Your brother in Christ,

SOLOMON PECK.

"*Saturday Evening.—My Qualifications* is the question which to-day I have thought of considering.

"*Piety.* This is the great thing. This is the foundation of all. Here my wicked heart, sins of omission and of commission, want of love and faith, come up, but what have I to do with them here? If I should attempt to enumerate them, it would keep me writing not only all night, but all my life. If I regarded these, I certainly should not go. Let me then look a little at the other side.

"I can not, I will not doubt, that Jesus has redeemed, by His blood, this soul from eternal burnings. I rejoiced, when first He showed me the Father, to be in His hands, to be any thing for Him. I saw the terrors of Sinai removed. I beheld—all love, all mercy. It was nothing but 'come, come' and 'take of the waters of life freely.' Ever since that time I have rejoiced in Jesus. I have never for the least part of a moment doubted that 'I am thine, thou art mine.' It has ever seemed to me that all I had to do was to go on and labor. I was safe with Jesus: I need not care for myself. I have, when desponding, tried to realize my hopes, but never could succeed. The voice has always been, 'Work for Jesus. He has done enough for you.' Whenever I have been down-hearted, it is because I have swerved from the path of duty; have been unwilling to cut off a 'right hand,' or pluck out a 'right eye.' I don't know that I have ever lost sight of Jesus, though often He has been so far distant, that I was scarcely able to discern whether it was He or not. I have been wanting in a *deep*, *devotional*, *prayerful*, *teachable* frame of mind. The Bible, ever since I have been brought 'out of nature's darkness,' has seemed to me more and more lovely, desirable—yea, I would rather read it, than do any thing else on earth. Jesus has been increasingly all my hope and desire; just the Saviour I want, and the way of salvation the most glorious and efficient and desirable that could be provided. The justice of God I can rejoice in; yea, should He send me to hell, I would still spend my breath in exalting it, and though cast away myself, would still rejoice that so many souls are saved through Jesus. My closet, especially since I have been here, has seemed more and more pleasant to me. I have often *longed* for the hour of secret prayer and reading God's word. I do not feel enmity toward any one, but as though I could shake all the world, high and low, rich and poor, by the hand, and hail them as brethren. I have loved Christians more than the impenitent, yet for the impenitent I have often felt distress and anguish of soul. All has been prosperous with me as yet. I can not tell what adversity may do. But—'Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to deliver?'

"*My desires for the salvation of the heathen, and love of the work.* My inclinations, my feelings, my taste, every thing urged me to the ministry. I seemed to go forward to it instinctively. Just so plain has been the duty, or I would rather say privilege (for it has always seemed to me the greatest possible privilege that could be conferred on me), to go to the heathen. It seems to be the only place for me. All the wealth of the Indies would not tempt me to swerve, though I do not know what temptation would do, if God should leave me to myself. My soul is engrossed in this. It is, and has been for more than two years, my darling object. The fact that so many millions are perishing without the light of the Gospel, has touched a chord of my heart which only the chill of the grave can cause to cease vibrating. But I can not express my feelings. Suffice it to say that the greatest trial that I could be called upon to endure, would be to settle over a New England congregation. Nothing but a clear conviction of duty, amounting almost to immediate revelation, could induce me to stay. I have often thought that if the A. B. C. F. M. will not send me, I can apply to some other Society. If none in this country will, and none in England will, then my last resource will be to work my passage out as chaplain, and throw myself on the charity of the natives in some dark corner.

"*Little points in my character*, such as temper, etc. These I can not stop to consider. I have only to say, I see nothing in the way of my laboring as successfully among the heathen, as at home, even more so, *ceteris paribus*. Besides, friends whose advice I have craved have said go—as Professor Peck and brother Lane.

"*Obstacles in the way.* There is not one, or a sign of one, that I can see. My attachments to friends and country have always seemed to me as nothing when looking at this subject. I have for two years been praying the Lord to make a clear path. So far the sun has shone in meridian splendor. My beloved father advises not, but still does not object. Indeed how could he, when he dedicated me to God's service, as a preacher of the Gospel, the night I first opened my eyes in this revolted world. I would not care if all my friends 'weep and break my heart;' I would not care 'if there were devils in the way, as many as the tiles on the houses.'"

Talents, fortitude in danger, and perseverance in toil and hardship, habits of life, and health, are all considered in the same way. The result is summed up in the letter which follows:

"*Lord's Day Evening; December* 13*th*, 1829.—Having attended at the communion table this day, and resealed my vows to the Lord, before his people; having set apart the latter part of the day as a season of fasting and prayer; having reviewed last week's work, and the letters alluded to; and having again and again called upon God, and committed my way to Him, I have with much fear and trembling, on account of my liability to err, and the consequences thereof to Jesus' cause, said, 'Lord I will go to the heathen, provided thou dost not close the door. And here now, O God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I consecrate my talents, my time, my all, to carry the Gospel to the destitute heathen. May I never lose sight of this consecration. In my trials and temptations, blessed Jesus, remember I am but an 'earthen vessel,' and fulfill thy blessed promise, 'Lo I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' Amen and amen.

"HENRY LYMAN."

The following letter is that in which the decision, above recorded, was announced to his parents. The father proposed, in reply, sending it to the *New York Observer* for publication; and the son consented, merely altering dates, that its author might not be suspected. No doubt there were in the original manuscript some sentences which are here wanting; but as that can not be found, we are compelled to insert it just as it appeared in print:

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, * * * *February* 10th, 1830.

DEAR PARENTS:

I embrace the present opportunity of answering yours of the 19th ult. I have employed my leisure time the past week in considering the great question to which I have alluded in former communications, and which was the principal theme of your last letter. I have considered, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me;" "and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me;" "he that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal;" "if any man serve me, him will my Father honor;" also, "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession;" "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God;" "the isles shall wait for His law, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God;" "but whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved;" "how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" also Christ's command, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

I have also examined, 1. *The moral condition of my own country.* 2. *The condition and prospects of the heathen.* 3. *The success of missions;* and 4. *My own talents, character, and feelings, etc.*, and I can find nothing in the way of my going to the heathen, and there spending my days in building up Christ's kingdom, unless the Lord should, in His holy Providence, place some obstacle in the way.

1. I can not here give in full my thoughts on the above topics, for want of room, and will only say concerning the first, our country contains only one sixty-

sixth of all the inhabitants of the world. It has one evangelical minister to every two thousand inhabitants (and New England has one to one thousand). Its influence is on the side of piety; it has Sabbath Schools, Bible classes, etc., etc.; and in two years the Bible will be placed in the hands of every family. Verily we may say of the United States of America, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them!" But, it may be said, "allowing one minister to one thousand inhabitants in New England and the middle States, it will leave the South and West very destitute." They will not suffer, however. The country is awake to this subject, and our young men are flocking thither. In twenty years that region will be as well supplied as New England now is. Now we have no right to confine the Gospel to this little portion of the world. Christ has said, "The field is the world;" and when one asked Him "Who is my neighbor?" he pointed him to the man in *want*, and said, "Go and do likewise."

2. As to the second topic, suffice it to say, five hundred million souls have never heard of Jesus. Now the whole object of Christ's mission to earth was to save souls. Hence, if we are possessed of His spirit, we shall give our lives, our talents, our wealth, our all for this object. Our happiness is not here; "we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

3. *The Success of Missions.* This, and the first

topic, I have examined more critically, on account of suggestions in your letter. I find that success has, in every instance but two or three, attended them. At the Nicobar Isles and in South America the missionaries were unsuccessful, but thousands have been hopefully converted in Asia, Africa, and North America. The friends of missions hardly yet look for fruits of labor, on account of the time necessary to be spent in learning the languages, and translating the Bible, etc., and yet there are as many converts, on an average, on heathen ground, take the world through, to each missionary as there are to ministers of the Gospel at home, and, if the truth were known, I believe there would be found to be more. This, however, will make the numbers small when compared with five hundred millions, for there are not more than six or seven hundred missionaries in the whole world, and the number of students in this seminary now, is greater than that of all the missionaries that have ever gone from this country. Add to this the influence these have over others, for we must consider half the work done in *getting a footing* among the heathen. Missions have raised the standard of piety at home; have added to science and literature. Even men of this world say that "the geographical knowledge obtained through missionaries will repay all the lives lost, time spent, and money expended, in the cause." Commerce, too, has been aided. In short, missions have given an impulse to science, literature, the arts, and the business of life, besides extending the Redeemer's kingdom, and saving souls.

4. I see nothing in my talents, etc., in the way. To be sure, I have nothing to boast of, but then somebody must go. Better men wait A poor hand is better than none; besides, the cause calls for all kinds of men, as much as the ministry at home. Why then should not I go? Concerning my *feelings*, I would say, this object has been before my mind, as much as the ministry, ever since I had hope in Christ. It has been "growing with my growth, and strengthening with my strength." If ever I have had any pleasure in contemplating the future, or enlargement in prayer, it has been concerning the heathen. They have seemed to me to be in such a wretched condition without the Gospel, that I have always been constrained to say, "Here am I, send me." Indeed my future happiness is dependent upon going to them with the news of salvation. Their darkness and prospects have touched a chord in my heart which will not cease to vibrate while life remains.

You see that in my decision I endeavor to follow Paul's example concerning "preaching among the heathen." "I confer not with flesh and blood," Indeed why should I? We live in an age when consecration to the service of Christ must be so entire as not to stop for trials of this kind. We ought certainly to be willing to endure as much as the ancient worthies in the latter part of Hebrews xi.

"Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

Think not that I have looked only at the pleasures and happiness of a missionary life. I have seemed to see myself separated entirely from the tender watchfulness, and solicitous care, and kind advice, of my parents, exposed, perhaps, like Brainerd and Martyn, to the inclemency of a stormy night, with naught but a tree for a bed, and the canopy of heaven for a covering; or, like Judson, to prison and death, or burning sands, or driving snows, or inhospitable climes, or inhuman savages—yet, what of it? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The treasure is committed to earthen vessels, that the "excellency of the power may be of God and not of us," and Christ says, "Lo *I am* with you *alway* even to the end of the world." The cause is the Lord's. It is to build up Zion, of which he has said, "Behold! I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." Perhaps I may meet an early grave, and what if I should? "It is better to wear out than to rust out." I shall soon be free from sin, and serve God without weariness and without end. Though I should have rejoiced, had Providence so ordered my lot that I could live near my parents, and enjoy their society, and do something to repay the immense debt of gratitude I owe to them, and, if I should survive them, to smooth their passage to the tomb, yet, the path of duty is too plain to be mistaken. If I regard the first passage of Scripture which I have quoted above, I shall have no hesitation in going. It is not as though I left them destitute. They are surrounded by offspring who will, probably, be more faithful in caring for them than I should. Did I say *leave?* How can I *leave*, especially to go and endure the trials of a missionary life without their blessing? I hope my parents will not only be willing, but rejoice to have me go, if Providence should so order it, for I have not only now made myself willing, but ready to go, if the Lord should call me. These are the feelings of

Your affectionate son,

HENRY LYMAN.

A part of the father's reply is subjoined.

FROM THEODORE LYMAN.

"AMHERST, *December* 22, 1829.

"DEAR HENRY:

"I received your kind and interesting letter of the 13th instant, in which you informed us of your decision as regards your future destination. You have decided just as we expected you would, and, if the feelings expressed in that letter are yours, just as we should *wish* you to. Although it may be a painful and severe trial to part with you, yet, the thought of your being in the service of our Lord and Master, in that part of His vineyard where you think you can do the most good, and where you can be most happy, will alleviate, in a great measure, the trial. The sufferings of a missionary are great, especially a foreign one, yet the Lord can and will sustain you. How precious His promises are, especially those to His children, and to those who devote themselves and their all to His service! May you always enjoy the light of His holy, reconciled countenance, and be supported in all your trials, is the prayer of your affectionate parents."

* * * * *

"*Wednesday*, *December* 16*th.*—In the evening was introduced to the "brethren." How solemn it seemed to take the place of Mills, Hall, Judson, Fiske, Parsons, etc. There was a sacredness about it. To think I was a member of the Society which is the mother of the American Board, American Bible Society, etc., etc., branches of which are now established at Auburn and Princeton. Jesus Christ and His angels watch over it."

In the "Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem," page 84, will be found the first published account of this Society. It is deeply interesting. The association was founded by Samuel J. Mills, at Williams' College, 1808. "Its record is on high."

V.

The Hill Difficulty.

But chiefly *ye* should lift your gaze
Above the world's uncertain haze,
And look with calm, unwavering eye
On the bright fields beyond the sky,
Ye who your Lord's commission bear
His way of mercy to prepare;
Angels, He calls ye; be your strife,
To lead on earth an angel's life.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—ST. PAUL.

V.

"If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me," said our Lord Jesus Christ. This passage our young theological student received literally, and in attempting to follow it, perhaps went to an extreme which might, in time, have seriously impaired his constitution. The keeping under his body formed no small part of his daily efforts in the Divine life. His seasons of fasting were frequent, and one by one he relinquished the use of many articles of food to which he had been accustomed, and of which he was fond, but which he fancied prevented him from enjoying the spirit he so much desired. As he had a large frame and took a great deal of violent exercise, both by working in the students' carpenter's shop, and in walking, it is, perhaps, true that his rigid abstinence was injudicious. It certainly rendered him thin, and sometimes "wan," but however we may doubt the judgment, none can help respecting the piety which urged to such sacrifices. Nay, it is possible that some of those who so sorely dread, and so carefully avoid asceticism—a trait easier to ridicule than to imitate—might be benefited by following at a humble distance the self-control sought and practiced by Henry Lyman.

Fancying that "should the Board see fit to send him to Greenland," he must learn to bear the rigor of the climate, he laid aside the use of flannel. The first year of the trial at Amherst he accommodated himself to the change without difficulty. But at Andover the piercing winds had nearly proved fatal to him, until, after having suffered for some weeks from a succession of colds, he yielded to his mother's wishes, and once more equipped in warm clothing, decided that the polar regions would scarcely suit his constitution.

He complains one Sunday of having slept in church, "owing probably to excess in eating," although he had confined himself at dinner to "plain bread and butter." But it will be seen that as he advanced in the conflict, these things assumed their proper place, while the strength matured by self-conquest was most valuable.

One of his sisters writes:

"I well remember in one of his vacations, how much Henry talked to us about our dress, reading to us 'Dr. Judson's Letter to the Females of America on Ornamental and Costly Attire.' Every unnecessary button or superfluous bow was the subject of his animadversion, until one of us laughingly told him that he was engrossing our attention with our costume, and that we had bestowed more thought upon it during his brief visit than in all our lives before. No ridicule moved him, however; and when again we met in the spring of 1832, we were surprised to hear not one word on the old point. At length, A—— remarked to him, 'Henry, you do not talk so much of dress as you did;' his reply was, in effect, this: 'No, sister, I have learned that there are things of more importance, and if the heart be filled with love to Christ, such things will adjust themselves.'"

We resume the extracts from journals. That of January 2d, 1830, is a review of all the Sabbaths of 1829, with a memorandum concerning each, as, for example,

"*Amherst*, *March* 8*th.*—Solemn, prayerful, of course, profitable Sabbath.

"*Amherst*, *May* 3*d.*—Communion—best I ever had—spirit of prayer.

"*Amherst*, *May* 10*th.*—Good spirit of prayer, and profit from sermon.

"*Hartford*, *May* 31*st.*—But little spirituality.

"*Amherst*, *July* 12*th.*—Not much life in private all day.

"*Amherst*, *August* 30*th.*—Assistance from God in the performance of duties."

The whole concluded with a summary of the proportion of Lord's days profitably, and those unprofitably spent.

"*Wednesday, January 20th.*—After breakfast, brother Thompson proposed a walk to Boston, to witness the departure of Messrs. Dwight and Whitney, with their wives, as missionaries to the Armenians. I accepted the proposition, and started with him and brother Lane. I think the scene removed somewhat of enthusiasm, and presented the work more as a reality; but my desire to go was not lessened, but rather increased. I felt more than ever, 'Without me ye can do nothing;' but 'through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things.'"

February 1st, 1830, is recorded as a day set apart by a few of the students as one of fasting and prayer on account of missions. "Have never," he says, "enjoyed so much, such a day."

"*Saturday Evening, February 6th.*—Yesterday and to-day have seen something of my selfishness. When, O Jesus, shall I be conformed to thine image, and engrossed in thy love? In 'brethren' meeting this evening, felt that I wanted to be more entirely the Lord's, that I had not been half given up to Him, in the cause of missions. My desire this evening was, to give up *all* for Jesus—to select some hitherto unattempted field, and tell the church how much a mission was needed there, and that they *must send* me and another companion, perhaps brother Lane, to establish a mission there.

"*Wednesday Evening, February* 17*th*.—The Lord was graciously pleased to favor efforts to form the missionary brethren in our class into an association, and adjourned to meet next week in the room where the immortal Mills held all his meetings. Sacred place! Jesus will be there, for it is 'sanctified and meet for the Master's use.'"

The following is an extract from a letter to a little brother:

"You say you are ten years old. That is just half as old as I am. I do not feel much older than I did ten years ago. Time passes away very rapidly; so you must improve it every day. It will only be a little while, if you live, before you will be out of college. And what will you do then? I want you to come here, and be a minister. You can not tell how pleasant it is. I wish you would think every day about it. You will like it better than any thing else. Before you can be a minister though, you must do as it says in Deut. vi. 6; and in Lev. xix. 18."

To another brother of about twelve years of age:

* * * "When you are as old as I am, you will wish you had begun now to study. But there is another thing you will wish more than this, dear brother, if you neglect it, and that is that you had begun now to love the Lord Jesus Christ. Every year you put it off it will be harder and harder, until finally you will take up with wishing you had attended to religion when you were young. Besides, I

hope you will make a minister if you live long enough; you must think about this every day, and be determined you will be a minister at any rate, and you will always wish you had become pious when you were young, so that you might have had a longer time in which to overcome the wickedness of your heart, and be prepared better to labor.

"I have just returned from preaching in a conference meeting, which I attend, with D. T. Lane, every Sabbath evening. We had about thirty in to-night. It is in the factory village—the people rather worse than those at Shepherd's factory in Northampton. We hope, however, to do them some good. I will tell you how I have employed my time since tea last evening, which is a specimen of the manner in which I spend every Sabbath. You will see it is the most laborious day in the week.

"Immediately after tea last night, I attended a prayer meeting; after that a missionary meeting (the brethren), and at ten o'clock another little prayer-meeting up in Mrs. Emery's parlor, where I go every night at that hour to pray for a revival here. There has not been one in this place for more than twenty years. After breakfast this morn studied my Sabbath School lesson. At nine o'clock, attended the prayer-meeting for colleges. At ten, church; as soon as that was over, Sabbath School at the next parish two miles off. We have to run to get there, and then run back to get our dinner before afternoon service, which commences at a quarter to two o'clock. After church studied subject for the conference in the evening, attended there at half past six, a mile off, and was back here at eight, when I ate my supper; and having just finished that, and having a letter to scribble to —, and the meeting in Mrs. Emery's parlor yet to attend, and withal, being a little tired, I bid you good night, hoping you will not forget your brother,

"HENRY."

"*March* 12*th.*—A special season of prayer. I was bowed down under a sense of my past unfaithfulness, and more especially from the consideration, 'Can you be the Lord's and feel like serving Him, only when He smiles? Can you only return gratitude for gifts?' The natural man does this. Here I found myself in a great error. I have always thought I was doing well, because I felt gratitude to my heavenly Father for His mercies, and a desire at every new expression of His goodness to spend and be spent in His service and to do more for Him than heretofore. I should have served Him with increased alacrity when He frowned, knowing that He chasteneth for our good. Lord Jesus, my prayer is to thy throne. Make me more entirely thine.

"The last thought at night and the first in the morning must be upon God, in order to one's growth in grace."

LETTER TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *March 17th*, 1830.

Yours of the 8th, cousin Charles, which arrived last Sunday, ought to have received an earlier notice. It certainly deserved it. I have had not a little to do, or I should have attended to you. I spent Saturday morning in studying Hebrew. Evening in a missionary tour in behalf of my class in Sabbath School. Visited among the rest the parents of Mrs. Bardwell, formerly of the Bombay mission; also a Mrs. Morril, who, though she has not walked a step for fourteen years, nor helped herself for half that time, is *almost* in heaven, and rejoicing in the mercy God has constantly manifested to her.

Saturday evening attended a missionary meeting.

* * * * *

Monday night watched with a man, who, though "guilty of a skin not colored like our own" was *not* guilty in having neglected his Saviour in health, and is rejoicing in Him. On the verge of Jordan he fears no ill. His "rod and His staff" they comfort him. It was a room about fourteen feet square and seven high, warmed by a little sheet-iron stove, being not only the nursery, but the parlor, kitchen, sick-room, in short all the rooms they had in the house; for it was the house itself. In it was a boy of twelve years, sick in another bed with the measles, and beside the child lay the man's mother, while under the table a dog slept. Yet the Lord I trust was there. I made out, by dint of a little fire and two windows partly open, to keep the air tolerable. * * *

Yesterday evening visited an old saint whose years numbered upward of threescore, who has been confined two years with the dropsy, and with whom the Saviour has deigned to hold constant communication, "except" as she says, "when a dark cloud comes across for a few moments," although she can not boast of a white skin or immense riches. This morning, immediately after study, an interview with Mr. Anderson of the missionary rooms, who is up here with his drum, beating for recruits.

The receipt of your "old bachelor's present" caused me to rejoice and weep; rejoice, that the Lord hath hitherto helped me; that He has raised up so many who take a deep interest in my welfare, that His mercy has constantly attended me; weep, because of my unfaithfulness and hardness of heart, and blindness of mind, and unwillingness to serve Him and to be all the time at the foot of the cross, learning of Him and obeying *all* His commands. All I can do is to praise God for His grace. It is *all* of grace. I can see nothing, which ever I have done, or tried to do, that has given me the least claim. Oh! do not forget me when at the throne of mercy.

The reason why I have not advised with you on a subject involving such momentous consequences as the choice of my field of labor, you have stated in your letter. For my views, etc., I refer you to the *New York Observer*, February 17, the day on which I last wrote you. The letter, as you will see by the style, was not prepared for the public eye. I wrote it one night two or three hours after I ought to have been sleeping, but as father expressed a wish to publish it, I did not object, hoping the Lord would do good with it. Besides, it would save me the trouble of writing some things again to my friends. You are at liberty to put it into the hands of any one who cares so much about me, and so little about the Lord as to object to my going, and if that won't satisfy them I will take the trouble to write to them. There are *facts* enough on the subject to answer any man who will be converted by reason. Tell —— there is no need of his fears: I know of naught but the Holy Spirit that has '*prejudiced*' me thus to decide. Ever since I indulged the hope that I was Christ's, you have seen that it has been uppermost in my mind.

"*Journal, March 27th.*—Two more arguments for the heathen; the first drawn from Luke xiv: 15–24. When proud sinners reject the Gospel, as here in this country, then it is our duty to go out into the 'highways and hedges' (*i. e.*, heathen lands) and compel the poor starving souls to come in. Secondly, we can not expect, even if we keep our young men at home till there is one minister of the Gospel to every hundred souls, to do away with all error and sin. It will abound till the millennium comes. That will not come in this country *first*. No, it is not possible that we should have an *entirely holy people* while all the rest of the world lies in the grossest darkness. 'A nation shall be born in a day.' It will come over all the world at the same time, but it must be gradual all over the world, *i. e.*, the Gospel must be introduced gradually. Bibles can not rain down, neither will the Holy Spirit without the Bible. It is not to be accomplished by miracles. The heathen must have a preacher. He must preach. Christians must send him."

The following entry is interesting as our first introduction to Henry Lyman's colleague and fellow martyr.

"*April 4th.*—Interesting conversation with brother Munson on the subject of missions on our way to Sabbath School."

Mr. Munson the next year became the occupant of the same rooms with Mr. Lyman, replacing his beloved friend Maxwell. Those familiar with the course of the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. know something of their care and pains in the selection of missionaries, and of the wisdom displayed in their designation to different fields of labor. Rarely however has more discrimination been shown than in the arrangement which united these two brethren. It was the delight of the younger man to honor his senior. He considered Mr. Munson's talents superior to his own, and his diligence in study greater. This is perhaps the most suitable place in which to introduce a sketch of this valued associate, and we take the liberty of extracting one from the much admired pen of Dr. Cheever, as given in the "Missionary Memorial."*

"The conversion of Samuel Munson took place at nineteen years of age. He was born at New Sharon, in the State of Maine, in the year 1804. He had been left an orphan at ten, but had been religiously instructed by parents, both of them the subjects of the grace of God. His native qualities were a winning frankness, sweetness, and cheerfulness of temper and disposition, a kind and sympathizing heart, joined with a quiet decision of character, an accurate judgment, and great perseverance and patience in the application of his powers. He was modest, unassuming, and conscientious; and his religious character, developed in his college life at Bowdoin with beautiful harmony and consistency, manifested the traits requisite for a patient and devoted missionary.

"He received his theological education at Andover. From the outset his attention had been turned, through the whole of his religious experience, to the work of the Gospel among the heathen; but just before entering on his theological course, he seems to have received a new impulse in the same direction, by a missionary sermon preached to the students at Bowdoin College by the Rev. C. Stewart from the Sandwich Islands. His career of study at Andover, and of progressive intellectual improvement, was thorough, systematic, and, at the same time, more varied than usual. The development of his piety continued, as from the first, deep, earnest, habitual; and his intentions toward the work of foreign missions were constantly ripening to an intense, unalterable, determination. Yet he analyzed with great care his motives, his feelings, his views, and was anxious to admit nothing merely imaginative, but to be filled with the sense of duty, and the love of Christ. The year after leaving Andover, he studied medicine in Boston and Brunswick, in order that he might go forth with a fuller and more abundant preparation for usefulness among the heathen. His sermon, before embarking for the missionary field, was from Acts viii. 4: 'Therefore they that were scattered abroad went every where, preaching the word.' It was published by the American Board as one of their missionary papers.

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* The "Missionary Memorial," by H. W. Pierson. New York: Harpers.

"Its author had been made by the Saviour to drink deep himself into the spirit of primitive Christianity, and, like the early disciples, he went forth on no romantic expedition, nor with any fitful or transitory impulse, but in the solemn and habitual dedication of his whole life to the service of his God and Saviour. It had not been without great struggles that he gained his education; hardships had to be borne, difficulties overcome, strong faith exercised; and from the outset his heart had been set on the work of missions."

The entry of April 19th, shows us the reason for Lyman's minute watchfulness over his conduct.

"Evening very unprofitably spent. My levity has been returning to-day. *It may do* for others *to associate together* and *talk about this and that*, *but it will not do for me.* My heart is still so prone to every thing that is light, vain, and worldly, that I injure the cause of Jesus. Watch, O my soul, watch and pray.

"*Friday*, 23*d.*—Attended yesterday an ordination at Billerica. Had good missionary talk by the way with brother Munson, and good season of prayer in the woods."

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO D. S. WHITNEY, ESQ.

"I was sorry you allowed your train of thought on stability and principles of action to be interrupted by the thought that you were 'addressing one studying for the ministry, and drawing his knowledge from the fountain-head.' Such advice from Christian friends is very much needed. The more the better. The dangers incident to a student's life are greater here than in college, for this reason, that in college we always put ourselves under restraint while reading profane authors, and pursuing studies merely of an intellectual nature, while here we feel a licence to give ourselves up to them, arising from the fact that they are connected with the Bible. Now, the Bible can be studied like any other book, without in the least affecting the heart. So notwithstanding I am at Andover, I have not got out of the way of a wicked heart, the world, or the devil. Notwithstanding I am 'drawing from the fountain-head' (of sacred literature), I am not the less in want of good, plain, Christian advice, warnings, reproofs, exhortations; and I trust my dear uncle will still continue to point out those landmarks which he has set up in passing over the ground, that one just commencing the journey may be enabled to steer clear of difficulties which otherwise might give him great trouble.

"You say I did not ask your advice as to giving myself up to the A. B. C. F. M. I am sure I asked and received advice last fall before I left home. But then, if I did not, what more do I want to know than 'whether there is any thing in my character objectionable?' If there is nothing, what right have I to stay at home? That the call of the heathen is *greatest* is *beyond all dispute.* The only questions are, Am I willing to go? and then, Is there any thing so objectionable that the church can not place confidence in me? However, ere this you have, doubtless, learned my determination from father. In this determination I grow stronger and stronger every day. I long to be off. However, if I am wrong in my decision, my daily prayer is that my eyes may be opened.

"Give love to grandfather, aunts, to C., etc. I shall not, probably, see N. H. till fall vacation.

"Your nephew,
"HENRY LYMAN."

"ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *April* 14*th*, 1830.

"FATHER, MOTHER, SISTERS, BROTHERS:

"I am very well, and hope these *few* lines will find you ditto. This I write to all as a sort of apology for not showing my face in the midst of you the coming vacation. I do not remain here because I have forgotten you, or because I do not love your company as much as ever, but because I have something else to do beside visiting. It will, probably, not be a great while before I am separated from you *forever*, and I must get broken away from home now. I have often, especially within these two or three weeks past, imagined to myself the shaking of hands, and hugging, and kissing, and cordial welcome I should meet with; and even have seemed to see S. running out with the question, 'Brother, has not the *chunk** come?' And I have let my mind run on till I have almost felt your hands and heard your voices, and seen your glad countenances, but when I awoke from my reverie I found myself still at Andover. However, if I get too lonely and low-spirited, you may possibly see me pop in upon you some evening with my pack on my back.

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* The child's mistake for *chum*, three years before.

"But, though far from home and my family, I am not yet away from friends, for a merciful Providence has been kind in raising them up for me here. I have sometimes thought my heavenly Father wanted to show me how much mercy He could bestow upon a great sinner; that He wanted to contrast my wickedness and ingratitude with His mercy and love. Boundless mercy it is! Boundless love it is! Should we not consecrate soul and body to His service, all that we are, and all that we have, for time and for eternity? I have half a dozen invitations from families here, to drop in as occasion offers and take tea with them. Then I have to visit my Sabbath class at the west parish. I shall have conference-meetings in abundance to attend, as but few students will remain. I shall visit Newburyport, shall spend part of a week at Salem, and anniversary week at Boston. The rest of the time I shall probably board myself. I find I can live on bread and water night and morning. I have drank milk all winter, till a few weeks past I have come down to cold water, as have some thirty or forty of the students on account of the injurious effects of tea and coffee, and no one can tell how much better we feel.

"I have likewise given up the use of *butter*, which is also injurious to the system. But you little ones are all ready to laugh at Henry's nonsense, and inquire 'How do you get along?' Why, I never enjoyed my breakfast and supper so much in my life, as now, eating bread and drinking water. You can not only get along without these, but your health will be better, your life be prolonged, and you will be happier. But that is not all. You can give the money these things cost to send the Gospel to the poor pagans. I suppose you know that while you are enjoying your tea and coffee, a great many children in Asia are thrown by their parents into the sea, or to the wild beasts, or out into the streets. The parents think it is right to do so, and that it will carry them to heaven; and all this is because they never had the Bible to teach them about God and Jesus.

* * * * *

"*April* 16*th*, 6 *o'clock* A. M.—Have just returned from Prospect Hill, an eminence about two miles from the seminary, from which there is a fine view, extending about a hundred miles to the north, forty west, and bounded by Salem and Boston on the coast. Our object this morn was to see the sun rise. As he came up out of the ocean, the waves began to change their blue, until they became so bright that we could distinctly see them run." * * *

The letter continues in journal form to a very great length.

The preceding letter to his family brings into view the young student's vacation employments. His excursions and journeys were almost entirely pedestrian;

and this for two reasons, the one economy, and the other preparation for the tours in a foreign land which might be necessary. A little note-book, a few inches square, carried in his pocket, received the jotting down of his doings. On the fly leaf was written, as was the case with all his later journals,

600,000,000
ARE PERISHING!!!
Calvary.

This last word was added for the first time in May of this year.

He often walked between forty and fifty miles a day. Sometimes a friend's house would form his home for the night. Some of his entertainers remember well the fervor of his prayers in the family. As he trod his solitary path, the wayfarer who joined him had a word in season given him, and a tract was offered to those who would receive it. "The solitary place" was his Bethel. We have already seen his friend Munson and himself turning aside into the woods for communion with God. Another of his most tenderly attached friends reminds him in a letter of their social prayer on the top of Mount Monadnock. Many a pine grove has added to "its soft and soul-like sounds" the murmur of his intercession for perishing sinners. Many a stately tree has been the witness of the young missionary's wrestling with God for grace to fit him for his work.

When the time of Henry's probable arrival at home, on foot, was known, his little brothers would surprise him with the horse and wagon at the last village on the route; and glad indeed was the dusty, weary traveler to avail himself of the services of even the old horse whom he boasted of outwalking. How well the younger members of the family recall the watchings at the window, the running to the gate, when, all fatigue gone in a moment, Henry would spring from the carriage, and with one on each side of him, and "little Helen" in his arms, stride up the front yard to meet his father's welcome, and his mother's kiss. How joyful was the greeting, how pleasant the chat, how great the astonishment of the "tinies" to see "brother" refuse mother's dainties, and take a bowl of bread and milk, resisting even the tender, "My son, after *such* a journey, *do* take a cup of tea."

They saw, too, their brother's unremitting attention to their parents; and though the cause might not be quite comprehended, they could perceive that their father's step seemed lighter during Henry's visit. The skill acquired in the seminary workshop was exercised in constructing a box for his mother's hydrangea, or he trained her honey-suckles, and weeded her flower beds. One of the four fir-trees is still standing which he set out before the house, turfing a little mound around each. Heartily did the youngsters reciprocate Henry's regrets when the vacation did not take him to Amherst, for in nutting or berrying, fishing, skating, or sliding down hill, he was a delightful companion, while the lessons, above all that for the Sabbath, were by his aid rendered easy and pleasant.

In the spring of 1830, stern self-control kept the student at the east. We read of his day of fasting and prayer for direction as to his vacation; "a good season of prayer with brother Schauffler before setting out;" of his accomplished visits, and his self-chidings for neglect of duty, and levity of manner. On his return to Andover, another day was set apart for devotion in view of the coming term, feeling it a "bounden duty to keep heart, mind, and body in such a state as that I can improve to the utmost the exalted privileges I here enjoy." Some of his errors of last term he attributed to his "*want of decision.*" Then he guards himself against neglecting his studies from indulging his *feelings.* "I must," he says, "improve every lecture, and make the most of *every* recitation. No slight thing must prevent thorough hard study every day."

"*Wednesday, June 8th.*—Have had many good seasons of prayer with brethren, as one after another they have returned and called at my room: but still have wanted the constant 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness.' *Faith* has been wanting. *Faith,* O my want of faith!! Had my feelings called forth to-day on the subject of missions. It seemed to me as though I was away from *home* till I set my foot on pagan shores."

But later in the season, and most unexpectedly to him, a family meeting summoned Henry home, and the following letter to his sister is the first written after his return to the beloved seminary:

PART OF A LETTER TO HIS ELDER SISTER.

"Andover Theological Seminary, *June 27th*, 1830.

"Dear Sister:

"I left home as you know, ere you had ceased giving a little more 'sleep to your eyes, and slumber to your eyelids,' though not till the sun had for some time illuminated 'Pleasant Valley' with his life-giving beams. I labored under a *very* great depression of spirits all the time I was with you. The cause I suppose to be as follows: I started after a long confinement in my room, over my books, and traveled fifty miles the first day, and nearly forty the second, both as hot days as we have had this season. Add to this, the anxiety to get home—which prevailed in spite of me—and the change of diet, which produced a little fever. I was not myself. I wanted to speak of a thousand things and ask ten thousand questions, but I did not feel like saying any thing to any body. However, I saw that you were alive and well; saw how you looked as a mother, and how I looked in the capacity of uncle; and if I did not add any thing to the pleasure of the family meeting you must take the will for the deed and hope for the future. I started, as I before said, low-spirited; but in the afternoon having again entered upon my exercise, and cold water system, I began to brighten, and had half a mind to return home and finish my visit. However, duty constrained me and kept my face like a flint eastward till I arrived at Stirling at half past seven o'clock, having traveled the distance an hour and a half quicker than 'Old Graves'* did when we came down last fall. Thursday morning started at half past four o'clock, and arrived at my room (by way of Concord, forty-eight miles), at nine o'clock in the evening. Took my last morsel of gingerbread the second day at noon. Cost of journey back, *fifty cents.*"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO AN AUNT.

"ANDOVER, *August* 19*th*, 1830.

"I was at Boston three weeks since at the embarkation of the missionaries for Bombay and Burmah, Messrs. Hervey and Read. As you have ere this seen an account of the exercises, I will only say that I was one of the thirty who accompanied our beloved brethren and sisters nine miles down the harbor. They were full of joy and gladness at the prospect of being privileged to carry the Gospel far hence to the heathen. When we left the ship I took Hervey's hand. Said he, 'Good by, or rather *good night*, for we shall see each other again in the morning!" My only regret on parting with them was that I could not accompany them to the end of the voyage. Yes, I was ready to bid a last farewell to the shores of New England. Witnessing their departure divested the subject of enthusiasm, and made it appear more a reality. But the nearer it comes to reality, the more the spirit is willing to go, though the flesh shrink the more."

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* An old horse.

The journal says:

"I sorrowed most of all, not that they were to leave me, but that I was to leave them and return to New England. * * *

"Left Boston at five in the evening, accompanied by brother Parker;* attended monthly concert at South Reading, and arrived (at seminary) at half past one on Tuesday morning; and well paid too for the night's work, for I never attended a better concert. The Lord sanctify it to those present.

"*September* 1*st.*—A brother yesterday remarked that you could not go into a house within five miles of Middlebury but what every old woman knew and would talk about the influence Fiske and Parsons exerted on them, and they made their labors in vacation tell. As for me, I am such a sinner that the Lord never has, and I don't know that He ever will, let me do any thing whereby any would remember me as the means of their spiritual good. All my vacations have been, and are likely to be, spent in inglorious sloth.

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* Probably Rev. W. Parker, missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

"*September* 17*th.*—Last night sinned very greivously in conversation with two or three. I told over some of my former life, and especially some few of my evil deeds, in a boasting way. What! boast that you had served the devil! What! tell the devil's subjects how cunningly you used to work, that they may learn from your experience! And all this when you are a sworn enemy to the father of lies and all his host of myrmidons! Had a season of sorrow, bitter sorrow, ere I gave myself to sleep.

"Motto for vacation: 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.'

"*November* 23*d*.—*Birth day.*—How solemn the thought, I am this day to be turned over from *boyhood* to *manhood.* Yes, I have at last arrived at the turning point. I stand to-day balancing on the line of demarcation traced out by the world. My imperfections for past years, I have cloaked under my youth, but thanks to God that can be no longer. However I may look upon myself in future, my fellow-men will regard me as a *man.* They will expect from me the actions of a man. I am then to consider this day what boyish things to renounce and what characteristics of manhood to assume. It has seemed to me of late that my habits were *rapidly* forming. To what then have I been prone in times past which should now be corrected? It seems to me *all* my habits have been forming according to the state of my heart. I wish then to attend solely to the condition of my heart this day." Then follows a long self-examination.

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

AMHERST, *October* 16*th*, 1830.

DEAR COUSIN:

I arrived at the family mansion Tuesday evening last, in two days from Andover on foot, where I found yours of September 24th, containing sundry valuable papers, and Thursday found at Northampton an epistle bearing date October 9th.

It is needless and impossible for me to express to you the obligation under which I feel myself laid. Suffice it to say, I will endeavor ever to bear in mind that you have consecrated this portion of your substance to the Lord, and not to Henry Lyman, and my prayer is that I may be made more holy and be enabled to live according to the increase of my responsibilities. * * *

Verily, your Society are doing *well* in the tract and education departments. But, dear cousin, wherefore raise up more ministers to send abroad, when the A. B. C. F. M. must withdraw some of their missionaries, and break up some of their stations? I, last Thursday, attended the anniversaries of the Hampshire county benevolent associations, and there heard, *not* for the first time, a great cry as of much distress, lest these United States of America will not be supplied, every family, with a Bible "within two years," and lest every individual in the Mississippi valley will not have a tract placed in his hands in the course of six months; and lest every five hundred inhabitants in the western wilds should not have a minister, while the claims of the *world* are passed by in comparative silence. To see all these home operations carried forward would rejoice my heart and lead me to say "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." But what if it should be even six years before every family in this Protestant land should be supplied? What if it should be a year before a Sunday School should be established in every hamlet in the west? What if every individual should not receive a tract? Would it greatly retard the great movement? Would it dampen the ardor or diminish the faith of him who is praying, "Thy kingdom come?" Christians of our land seem to feel so; and all the charities of this Christian country have been for the past two years flowing into her own bosom. But the stream which merely flows back into its own fountain, can not widen and deepen in its course, and increase as it proceeds, till it grows into a mighty ocean covering the whole earth. I believe that Christians must not neglect that *ascending* command, attended with the *ascending* promise, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the Gospel to *every* *creature*," "and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." The American Board comes short in its receipts this year $20,000, and taking into account that it ought to have increased $20,000 upon last year, we have a deficiency of $40,000 in the receipts of this corner-stone of benevolent Societies —the one, and we may say the *only one*, founded directly in obedience to the last command of Jesus, our Saviour and Redeemer.

And ought these things so to be? Shall Meigs, or Poor, or Richards, or Temple, or Smith, or Dwight, or Read, return? Shall a school be given up, and the half-reclaimed idolaters be suffered to return to their images or superstitions in Bombay, or Ceylon, or the Sandwich Islands? Shall the press, which is teeming with its thousands of Gospels and of tracts, scattering light and heat through the dark domains of sin, and infidelity, and paganism, be stopped at Malta, or in that nation which is just emerging from idol worship, and where forty thousand pupils in the schools are crying for "*books, books?*" Yet this *must be done* or the Christian public must pray more at the monthly concert, must pray more in the family, must pray more in the closet, must contribute more of their substance to this work, must labor more to save *the heathen*. Talk about *withdrawing* aid from the old stations! Every people under heaven, except the Mohammedans, is now in a state for receiving a mission. The voice of God in His providence is saying, "Go *forward*, go *forward*, go *forward*," and yet we are going backward. Do we in thus doing look unto the great "Captain of our salvation?" The disciples did not stop to convert every soul in Jerusalem, although they were there to *begin* to *preach*, before they proceeded to another city. Paul did not stop short of Rome. Jesus Christ confined not his labors to the Jews, his own countrymen, and shall we see every soul in this land converted before we go to the heathen? Will the millennium come here while all around are the habitations of sin? No, no. Let us plant the Gospel standard in every nation, and let us go to work to convert *every soul* in *every nation*.

But I am filling up my letter with what you no doubt already know and feel. Forgive me for so doing. You see by the appearance of it that it has been run off from my brain without form or comeliness in its eagerness to escape.

All well, and unite in love.

Yours truly,

HENRY LYMAN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MRS. C.

"I suppose you have heard from Amherst since I left, which was three weeks since. I performed my journey home on foot in two days, and back again, walking nearly all the way, in the same time. I walked last vacation about two hundred and fifty miles, and rode one hundred and fifty: the latter, however, was the hardest part. When I go to M., if ever I do, I shall try walking. I can easily travel forty miles a day.

"To-day has been a fast in the American churches on account of the profanation of the Sabbath. We have of course observed it in the seminary. It seems to me, the week, in spiritual things, is according to the Sabbath. If we slight the Lord's day, woe be to our souls for the remainder of the week! I felt the want of Sabbaths very much last term.* I used to go to Wilmington Saturday evenings, six miles, to superintend the Sabbath School there, at noon, and in the afternoon go to Reading, two miles, and hold a conference in the evening. But my school closed last Sabbath, and I shall now have only to see to the conference, which will be sufficient, as there seems to have been a little increase of attention within a few weeks, and we are looking to see the 'little cloud' come in sight. Pray for us, dear aunt. It is a desolate place, and the inhabitants scattered, yet eighty or ninety impenitent come together every Sabbath evening to hear what I have to say. Last Sunday was the most interesting service we have ever had. Private Christians hardly realize how much they enjoy in having holy time quietly to themselves as *hearers*. The influences of the day are almost lost to preachers—I mean that profit arising from meditation."

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* Is not this a want which many Christians feel now? Sabbath schools, tract distribution, and public worship, so engross their time as to compel them to acknowledge that

"Sunday dawns no Sabbath day to them."—Ed.

The next letter which will be given is a family one, too long to present in full. Some extracts follow:

"ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *November* 18*th*, 1830.

"BELOVED PARENTS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS:

"Four weeks have now elapsed since I left home. However long the time may seem to you, to me it is but a dream, yet, many and many a time have my thoughts been hovering over the family mansion, endeavoring to conjure up in my mind your looks, and words, and actions. And I have not unfrequently found myself conversing with some one or more of you, although a hundred miles separate us. I have loved to indulge in these illusions, as they have carried me home, or brought home to me.

"* * * As my stay among you last vacation was so short, I suppose you would like to know what I did with my five weeks. So I will endeavor to let you a little into the mystery, premising, however, that if you are likely to weary before you have waded through my ponderous tome, you had better commit it to the flames ere you begin, as a story half told is just no story at all.

"Well, to commence. It was on Thursday, September 23d, that the cage was set open, and we had to try our skill in obtaining our own food. It was a joyful, yet solemn, day to us all. We were, to be sure, freed from a four months' confinement with the patriarchs, prophets, sages, and fathers, who have successively appeared, added one or two to the rays of light given to illuminate the moral, intellectual, and spiritual darkness of our world, and then laid aside their tabernacle of clay, and wended their way upward, to commence their existence as disembodied spirits; yet, we were to go forth among those who were looking to see 'the sons of Levi' purified from the world, and 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' We separated, one to the north, and one to the south; this one to the east, and that to the west; one to join the domestic circle, another to enjoy a tête-à-tête with ——, who had been anxiously waiting for the dawning of the long wished-for day, while another, perhaps fatherless and motherless, friendless, houseless, penniless, entered upon this or that sphere of labor to replenish his exhausted treasury, and gratify the feelings of a benevolent heart.

"A few, unwilling, or unprepared so soon to venture forth upon the wide world, lingered about the now deserted halls. Among these you might have seen Maxwell and his chum, for on that morning, ere the sun had gilded the eastern sky, they were busy as ants and gay as larks removing the household stuff from their last year's residence to a more commodious and pleasant situation. But methinks that little black eye looks up and says, 'Mother, I wonder what kind of a room Henry lives in at Andover; is it just like this?" If it will be any gratification, I will describe it and let you see how comfortable we are, and how much reason we have to thank our kind heavenly Father for temporal mercies. Our study-room is almost as large as 'Pleasant Valley' parlor, handsomely furnished, on the lower floor, facing the west, and supplied with a good stove. On the right of the fire-place is a book-closet, containing our libraries, except those volumes in daily use, which lie on our desks: on the left is a large closet containing wood, lamp, washing apparatus, etc., etc. On the north side of the room are two sleeping closets. The furniture consists of a complete fire set, two desks, four chairs, a bureau, and a looking-glass. These rooms are thus comfortably provided through the benevolence of 'old father Bartlett.' * * *

"I, as is my custom, went on Saturday afternoon to Wilmington, and so on Sabbath morning I set off for meeting in a drizzling rain, shielded, however, by Dr. B.'s surtout. But this mile-and-a-half walk was almost in vain, for I found only twelve people at church, and one boy at Sabbath School.

"* * * Lodged at a house which, like many others in this vicinity, was 'anti-masonic,' or in other words, destitute of lath and plaster, and overhead but a single floor. I slept in one of the lower rooms, which was used as kitchen, drawing-room, dining-room, parlor, bed-room, and china-closet, and the young man, his wife, and two children, were overhead. And here was the benefit of the one tier of boards between us. Had it not been thus, I should have been deprived, yes, *utterly deprived* of the cheering music of one of the little folks, to keep alive my spirits, and wile away the tedious hours of night!!

"*November 26th.*—Morning came at last; the cock crew, the day dawned, the sun rose, not, however, till I had been braced by a warm breakfast, and had made half an hour's headway toward the sea-coast. Arrived at Salem (fourteen miles) at 10 A. M. The road is like all other roads that are not specially interesting."

We omit the description of Salem and Marblehead, with a journal of visits.

"Returned after dinner by way of N. Reading to Wilmington, and arrived at Dr. Brown's about eight o'clock. The next morning attended a church conference at Woburn (seven miles). Four churches were represented. The meeting was very solemn and interesting. * * * Returned same night to Wilmington, to Mr. ———. After joining the old gentleman in a flowing bowl — of baked apples and milk—I sought to take rest in sleep, and found it amid a pile of feathers up garret

"Awoke bright and early Thursday morning, partook of a plentiful breakfast, left this hospitable mansion at eight o'clock, visited all the school districts in town, set half a dozen ladies at work collecting money for the enlargement of our Sabbath School library, and arrived at Andover about half past seven, having made about twenty miles.

"*Friday, October 1st.*—At four P. M. started for Wilmington. Took tea at Dr. B.'s, lodged at Mrs. E.'s (twelve miles). Mrs. E. is the mother of Mrs. Allen, missionary to the Choctaws. She is a pious, devoted, intelligent, energetic, benevolent, go-forward woman! Sabbath morn attended meeting, afterward started for my conference (three and a half miles); supped at ——, and after conference rode home part of the way, and arrived at nine o'clock, having beguiled the tediousness of the latter part of it by transporting myself on imagination's wing to 'Pleasant Valley.'"

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *December 2d*, 1830.

DEAR COUSIN:

As this is the evening of a *Thanksgiving* day, and I have had occasion to call to mind the temporal mercies of the past year, I could not but remember those who have been the second causes in bestowing these blessings. And I must give up to my own feelings and devote a few minutes to one who has had not a small share of the burden to bear.

I have just come out of the meeting of the Society of Inquiry. The dissertation read was on "Thibet and Lamaism." What a picture of sin does that religion present, and how wide-spread its ravages! Two hundred and fifty millions, or one third of the human family, bow to a fellow-man, and worship flesh and blood like their own, believing it to be inhabited by the omniscient, omnipresent Jehovah. "Kings are his nursing fathers and queens his nursing mothers." As for the number of his servants, or inferior Lamas, they are as numerous as the locusts of Egypt, and no less voracious. Twenty thousand reside on the holy hill, on which his royal temple is built. There is one to almost every family throughout the whole of Thibet. There are one million in China, and they are not less numerous in other parts of Asia. The King of Burmah annually contributes to the support of these temples more than eighty thousand pounds of silver. Crowned heads fall prostrate before the Grand Lama, and all in authority bow themselves nine times in the dust when they approach into his august presence. But enough, for you have doubtless read the history of this abominable idolatry. Two thoughts irresistibly urge themselves upon my mind. First, we must emulate the heathen in our self-consecration to *our religion* and worship of the true God. Secondly, we must do more for the salvation of a *world* lying in darkness that can be felt, *horribly felt*, painfully felt. Let the pagan world be divided equally among Christians, and every Christian has seventy-five souls for whose salvation he is to pray and labor. Let one missionary be sent forth to every twelve thousand heathen, and fifty thousand ministers are needed. What is to be done? One is almost led to cry out, Lord, hast thou promised, wilt thou not fulfill? A door of entrance is opened into almost every country on the habitable globe. Even the lofty wall of China begins to totter. *But* the American Church, which God seems to have raised up to do this work, is asleep, or nearly so; I mean the great body of it. The Board must drop their schools or withdraw some of their missionaries, when the increase of their funds ought to be going forward in geometrical ratio. Twenty or more in this school of the prophets stand ready, as soon as sufficiently fledged, to fly to the utmost verge of day to tell the story of Jesus. But, alas! because some have "kept back a part of the price" they must tarry at home, or, at least, spend a portion of their precious time to solicit aid to embark from their native shores.

We pity the heathen, and wonder at their feasting on the bodies of their fellow-men. Let us rather turn our thoughts homeward? Do not Christians sometimes, I will not say feast on their fellow-men, but RIOT ON THEIR SOULS? How many thousands of dollars were needlessly wasted in this and the neighboring States last week!* Would that I could ask some thousands of Christians, Will you sell the soul of a fellow-being for a plum pudding?

But these things are no doubt inscribed in glowing colors on the walls of your closet, and I am wasting time and paper.

Messrs. Tinker and Dibble, of Auburn, destined for the Sandwich Islands, preached here last Sunday with very happy effect. Quite a library was collected for them the next day. Last Sabbath brother Schauffler, who graduated last fall, and is residing here another year to fit himself further, to carry the Gospel to the Persians, preached all day on "the duty of Christians to consecrate their property to the Lord." Last evening we had an uncommonly interesting monthly concert. Revivals were reported from almost every part of New England and New York. Reports from all the missionary stations encouraging.

We are endeavoring to live more temperately in this evil world. At the commencement of the present term the brethren voted the following bill of fare for commons hall: Breakfast, porridge or warm milk and bread, with baked apples.† Dinner, one dish of meat and vegetables—water for drink. Supper, same as the morning, except butter in place of baked apples. No pies, puddings, cakes, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, cheese, or butter, except at night, or any other article of dyspeptic food is now admitted. A few, who are disaffected, and can not give up the flesh-pots of Egypt, have gone out to board, where they can get something besides "*this manna;*" but we trust the King will find at the end of the term that those who have "lived upon pulse" are "better favored" than all others.

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* At the annual "Thanksgiving."

† Many a student of Andover will smile as this excitement is thus recalled to him.

As to spiritual things, our meetings have not been so full, nor solemn, nor interesting as now, since I have been here. I believe there is more real closet religion than last year. Yet how far are we off! How far am I, for one! My easily besetting sin is, giving way to appetite. The more I fight against it, the more it seems to rage. All effort seems vain. I have been almost ready to exclaim, What profit is there in prayer? I thought to-day I would try a new way: think no more about it, try to do the work the Lord has given me to do, and let Him take care of my appetite. Is this right? Were you ever assailed on every hand by so powerful an enemy? If so, how did you manage him? "Pilgrim," as *his* last resort, betook himself to "the weapon called all-prayer."

You speak, I believe, in one of your letters, concerning the Roman Catholics, or infidels, or at least uncle L—— does. Now the only way to get rid of this host is, *to send missionaries abroad.* Satan needs no effort to keep quiet possession of the heathen world as long as Christians are inactive; and, having nothing to do there, he comes into *our* very camp to give us battle. Let missionaries go forth, and attack him in these secure retreats, and he will soon be alarmed, and draw off his forces from this country, in order to maintain his cause abroad. The world will never be converted so long as we attempt to drive out the prince of darkness from one spot, while all around is his own. No, we must scatter the heralds of the cross from the Arctic to the Antarctic, "from the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same." We must scatter his forces as much as possible, and with the Lord's help, we will make him an easy conquest. Pray for the world. Pray for your

COUSIN HENRY.

TO HIS FATHER.

December 29*th*, 1830.

DEAR FATHER:

I read yours of December 6th, with mingled pain and pleasure—pain, that you have had so much trouble with your worldly affairs, and pleasure—yes real heartfelt pleasure it gave me—that your afflictions have been sanctified to you, and especially that this latter trial has proved for the furtherance of your growth in grace. * * *

But the word of God speaks more than I can express concerning sanctified affliction. I will here note several texts, which I would write out fully had I time. Job v. 17, 18; Ps. xciv. 12, 13, cxix. 67, 71, 75; Prov. iii. 12; Rom. v. 3; 1 Cor. xi. 32; 2 Cor. iv. 16, 17; Heb. xii. 6, 11; Rev. iii. 19.

I have long felt much for you under your multiplied troubles. I console myself with the reflection that this life was not made for us all to live peaceably and smoothly in. It is but a state of probation. Trials must be looked for, expected. Indeed we ought and do pray for them every time we pray to be made more holy and more conformed to the image of God. I often wish I could be afflicted in some way, so that my pride would be abased, and my depravity subdued. This *accursed pride* is stubborn. It will not be brought into subjection by kindness and mercy. These only feed the flame, and cause it to burn the fiercer. I feel as though I must have some sore chastisement or other before I can be useful in the vineyard of the Lord.* Our cares and our troubles we can not manage ourselves. The Lord is ready to take them; and "we must walk by faith, not by sight." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Lam. iii. 33; John xvi. 33. I should be glad to pursue this subject, but am obliged to desist.

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* Mr. L. forgot that our Saviour's prayer was, "*Sanctify them through thy truth;* thy *word* is truth."—Ed.

VI.

The Ordination.

Within this temple, Christ again, unseen,
  Those sacred words has said;
And his invisible hands to-day have been
  Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
  The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
  "Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

LONGFELLOW.

For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—ST. PAUL.

VI.

Theological Seminary, Andover, *January* 16*th*, 1831.

Dear Cousin Charles:

I have been employed, during the past six weeks, in investigating "The Condition of Females in Heathen Countries." I finished my dissertation—of forty-six pages—yesterday, and expect to read it before the Society of Inquiry next Tuesday evening. Although it has been laborious, having been obliged to visit Boston, and ransack book-stores, and the library at the rooms of the A. B. C. F. M., and to neglect all my correspondents, yet it has been profitable to me. I was never before so fully convinced of the woes and miseries of paganism. I have been fully confirmed in the missionary faith. I have also found that facts fully substantiate the latter part of the first chapter of Romans. The women are, of degraded tyrants, the more degraded drudges. They are as debased as the African slaves. Nay, more, they are as impure as impurity itself—as immoral as the imagination can conceive. As for virtue, it is an unmeaning term with them. I might relate facts which would make decency blush, and debauchees of Christian countries hang their heads. This we might expect from the ignorance in which they are kept. A mental "darkness that might be felt" is extended over them: not one in a million can either read or write. In such a state of things do we wonder that the mother can stifle the cries of her prattling babe in the river, or expose it to the beasts of prey, or dash its tender head against a stone, or, with her own cruel hands, draw its flowing blood, or check its gentle breath, or stamp its little body under her feet, or cover it in the cold grave while yet it is screaming for protection? In such circumstances are we amazed that she prefers for herself the flaming pile or the living tomb rather than drag out her miserable existence on earth? Again, she has nothing to dread hereafter. She is taught either that she has no soul, or that such a death is the certain and only way of insuring heaven for herself or her husband. Then follow these deluded creatures into eternity. But enough. I can not longer dwell at this time upon this interesting, though horrible subject. I have only one inference to draw.

How shall I, in view of this subject, and of the judgment-day, when I shall meet these wretched idolaters, answer the question in your last, "What think you?" (concerning a Congregational church in T.) Shall I say, "Go forward, and draw away a missionary from those stations?" If so be that

Christ is preached, what matters it whether it is by Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, or Methodists? Go to one of the anxious sinners by whom you are surrounded, and ask him whether he was convicted under the preaching of a Presbyterian or a Congregational minister. Would he not say, "O, tell me what I must do to be saved." And in full view of the danger of sinners, of death, judgment, and eternity, ought we not to be snatching them as brands from the eternal burning; and worship with whatever denomination of *real* Christians there may be in the place where, in Providence, we are located. If you have room for all church-going people, this is all I have to say in answer to your question.

Providence permitting, I may possibly have occasion to visit Troy during the spring vacation. My present intention is to take an agency for the *Missionary Herald*, and spend five weeks in getting my soul more enlisted in this glorious cause.

A happy New Year, and much love to all the friends.

From your affectionate

COUSIN.

TO A YOUNG SISTER.

"ANDOVER, *January* 21*st*, 1831.

"* * * Were you to sit down to the examination of a difficult sum in arithmetic you would give up your whole mind to it. You would be free in your thoughts from other things, ready to receive the truth as soon as you had finished. So must you receive Divine truth. You must be willing to be convinced of your sins."

The considerations urged in the following letter to D. S. Whitney, Esq., are not now less important than when they were written:

"I suppose you and others about you have your eye on the day of fasting and prayer for colleges which is approaching. It will be an interesting occasion for Zion, no doubt. An immediate supply of ministers we must have. For them we have nowhere to go but to the youth in our colleges. The Lord has heard the prayers of His children for this object in days past. His ear is not now heavy, nor His arm shortened. A revival of religion in college—why, what is it? Twenty, thirty, or forty young men are sent immediately to the theological seminary. Old Christians are revived, and the hopes of the church are raised, which gives her an onward impulse. When a young man in college hopes in Christ, the question arises, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' He has no property to consecrate. Nothing is left him but his education. He says, 'Lord, here am *I*, send *me*.' He does not then go out to scatter firebrands, arrows, and death through the land. He goes, in the name of Jesus, to win souls to Christ;

those win others. He also, perhaps, leaves behind him a 'Dairyman's Daughter,' or a 'Rise and Progress,' or a 'Saints' Rest,' which tells upon distant nations at remote ages. Amherst has now (1831, it will be recollected,) five foreign missionaries in the field, two of whom loved not Christ when they entered college. She has also forty of her sons at this seminary, one fourth of whom first learned the language of the upper world in college: one fourth of them design to spend their lives among the heathen.

"Indeed these are the fountains which send their streams over the earth. Shall they leave traces of devastation in their course, or shall they fertilize all around, and make the earth what it should be, the garden of the Lord? Let us pray for the salt of Divine grace to be cast into them that they may be for the healing of the nations.

"Love to all at grandfather's. I often think of him these cold days. How does he stand the winter?

"In haste,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"HENRY LYMAN."

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *February*, 28*th*, 1831.

DEAR SISTER:

It is needless for me to say, I was gratified exceedingly at receiving your dateless letter in the family package. Especially did it rejoice my heart, that you expressed yourself so freely concerning your feelings on the subject of religion. And now you wish me to answer it immediately, and tell you "what to do." I might reply by asking, Why come to me? Why not go to your Bible, the only sure guide to heaven? I might tell you to follow the apostle's direction to the trembling jailor, when he asked the same question: "Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This, you say, you know already, but "do not know how to set about it." Now, how can you set about being sorry for *any thing?* What does the seventy-seventh Village Hymn say? What says the fifteenth of Luke? How did the prodigal son set about being sorry for what he had done? Did he sit down and reason with himself thus? How *shall* I be sorry? How shall I feel my sin more? I do not yet feel it enough to want pardon from my father? No; he did not stop for this. He was starving; and he says, Why need I starve when there is sufficiency in my father's house? No, "I *will* arise, and go to my father, and say, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." He thought nothing about making himself better before he went. He felt his sin, made confession therefor, and "his father had compassion on him." So in your case, you can never make yourself better—more acceptable in the sight of Christ—if you pray and read your Bible all your life. You think these would be the means of your *feeling more* your sins; and if you could only feel, then you could come to Christ, and He would accept you. But, dear sister, you never can make yourself better—never can merit salvation. Read Village Hymns 43, 44. "Stop, and think," then, what is your condition. You are a sinner against an infinitely holy God, and an infinitely merciful Saviour. You are every moment in danger of being cast into the lake "where the *worm* dieth *not*, and the fire is not quenched." Still there is a heaven of everlasting happiness in store for you, and sovereign mercy is calling yet with open arms, "Come unto me, and I will give you life." Think what it is to be *lost* and *lost forever*. Think what it is to glorify God and enjoy him forever, then arise, and go to Jesus, confess your sins, and throw yourself upon His mercy. If He has compassion upon you, give Him the praise; if He casts you off forever, acknowledge His justice in so doing. You have *no* merit, no claim. If ever you are saved, it will be by infinite mercy in Jesus Christ. Remember, "I can but perish if I go," and "if I stay away, I know I must forever die." You are looking *too high*. You think you have some great work to do before you can have salvation. *Lower* then your views, simplify them, bring them down to the level of the Gospel, and trust in Christ. There is a high wall which you are endeavoring to climb over; and all you want is to creep through a hole there is close to the ground. To repent, is to come to Christ and acknowledge your sins; to believe on Him, is to resign your immortal soul into His hands—to be at His disposal, believing that He will do that for you which will be for His own glory. If this letter finds you still at enmity with God, let me beseech you, dear sister, no longer to delay this. Every thing is at stake. This world is all a shadow and vanity; in a moment you will be at the judgment, where no one but Jesus can be your *friend;* and oh, what if He should be your *enemy!*

Your brother,

HENRY.

In April, Henry received from his father a letter full of thanksgiving. A powerful revival, which commenced in Northampton under the pastorate of the Rev. I. S. Spencer, had extended to Amherst, and two of Mr. Lyman's children were rejoicing in Christ. There are many who recollect the manifestations of Divine grace at that time, when, in numerous places, the whole population seemed with one consent to turn to the Lord. These were chronicled by the young student, in his letters and journal, with exultation, while he was unceasing in his efforts to stir up others to pray for those in preparation for the holy office; as, for example, in the following extract from a letter to D. S. Whitney, Esq.:

"I hope, too, you will remember this seminary. Do Christians generally, in our country, feel the need of being *much in prayer* in behalf of the rising ministry? We must at any rate have a purifying in this fountain, or we shall send out a lukewarm stream—one neither cold nor hot—one which shall not refresh nor purify. There have been revivals of God's work in other theological seminaries of our land, and we have been passed by. If we can not pray for ourselves, ought not the Church to make prayers without ceasing unto God on our behalf."

As a manifestation of Christian love in giving and receiving reproof, the following notes are introduced. They were written about this period.

HENRY LYMAN TO * * *

My Dear Brother ——:

Christian faithfulness is a virtue in which we are all wanting, especially in reminding one another of little things, easy to be corrected, but which, left to gain the power of habit, will prove, in a greater or less measure, an obstacle to our usefulness as ministers of the Gospel. I fall short in this thing myself; no more, however, than others do in their duty to me. If I now take the liberty to mention something I have noticed in you, which, though small in itself, I am confident in some circumstances of future life, might, in the more refined part of the community, excite prejudices against you which would be remembered even when in the sacred desk, I hope you will be as free with me in detecting any little irregularities of a like nature. I have reference now to table etiquette.

Your own good sense will preclude the necessity of any thing other than this gentle hint; still, as I have commenced, permit me to mention two or three things I have observed, such as helping your neighbor to meat with your own fork, when a carving fork was at hand, cutting vegetables with your own knife, sticking your own fork into two or three pieces of meat before being able to suit yourself, reaching over your neighbor's plate, etc., etc., etc.

Allow me one further remark, hoping still it will be received in Christian kindness. We are all prone to take care of *self.* I feel this in my own case every day. Some have much of this, but so manage themselves as not to have it appear to their neighbors. Others are not conscious of loving self too well, who still so conduct as to carry the appearance of it. I hope in your case the manifestation is the result of heedlessness. I refer to appropriating this or that particular thing to yourself, without regard to messmates. I am aware this is a point in which most, if not all of us are prone to err in "Commons Hall," but if we could only bring ourselves to observe the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it would give us true politeness at all times. I hope you will be as faithful to me, and receive this in Christian love, from your brother,

HENRY LYMAN.

FROM * * * TO HENRY LYMAN.

DEAR BROTHER LYMAN:

Your letter was received as a kind and friendly admonition. I must commend you for your Christian fidelity and return you my hearty thanks. In regard to those who give me friendly hortations, I feel myself bound to adopt the language and sentiment of the apostle in 1 Thes. v. 13. I am ever grateful for any suggestions which will tend to my improvement, either as a gentleman or a follower of Christ. When such suggestions seem to be prompted by a Christian spirit I can not receive them otherwise than with kindness.

Your remarks in regard to "table etiquette" in general I feel to be just, and my irregularities such as require correction. I am aware that my manners at our Commons-table, have often been unseemly, and unlike the manners of polite circles. It has arisen partly from inadvertence or heedlessness, and partly from a habit brought from college, where little other ceremony was used, than that of helping one's self as well as he could. At first I was disgusted, but soon fell in with the customs of the Commons-table. This, however, I do not offer as the least apology, but it tends to show the power of habit, and the importance of avoiding such things at all times, in all seasons, and in all places. For had I always been careful, it would have cost me less attention to be so now. It is with me, in this matter, as it is with some swearers, who can easily refrain from oaths while in serious company, but among their companions throw off that very necessary restraint which they ought always to wear. I do not so sensibly feel your reproof in regard to "taking care of self," as I do in respect to the others named. Nevertheless, it may have seemed so to others, if not to myself. I hope I shall in future avoid not only the sin, but even the appearance of it.

I trust also that I shall give good heed to your friendly suggestions and receive more of them when it shall seem to you that occasion requires; not only in regard to "table etiquette," but on any other subject. We should all, I believe, make more rapid improvement, and eventually be far better ministers of the Gospel, did we faithfully follow the injunction of the apostle to "admonish one another daily." Had your letter breathed any other than a Christian spirit, I should not probably have received it kindly. Let brotherly love abound, and instances of Christian fidelity be multiplied between us, and around us, and believe me

Yours in the purest bonds of Christian love,

—— ——.

FROM A LETTER TO MRS. C.

"*November* 30*th.*—I am now in the midst of writing my first sermon, and have chosen that precious theme which occupied the pens of the sacred historians and prophets; which inspired Israel's bard and stayed the heart of the Gentile apostle; which caused the morning stars to sing together for joy, and now leads heaven's holy choir to one united, universal symphony of praise—*the love of Christ.* It seems almost preposterous to one who knows nothing of this love to attempt to speak of it. I fear I may be-little the subject. Still who can forbear making this the theme of his first discourse? Who that is privileged to stand up before his dying fellow-men, a herald of salvation from God, can avoid commencing his proclamation with a theme so commanding, so enchanting, so infinite! Truly, if one can not speak well on this subject, he is fit to speak on none! I think a plain and obvious inference from this subject is that Christians should be ready to perform any duty their Lord may assign them; however small, however great. They should especially do all in their power to spread abroad a knowledge of this love. Christ's love to man forbids every thing like *selfishness.* A benevolence higher than heaven, deeper than hell, longer than the earth, and broader than the sea, glowed in the breast of the Son of God. This same spirit in kind is implanted in every one of His real children, and in degree according as they are more or less consecrated to His service. How then can they help laboring to disseminate this love and to bring others to a knowledge of this salvation?

"O, aunt, how long shall it be ere we are able to give up *all* for Christ? I say give up ALL; not keep back a part of the price. How long ere the church will rejoice that they may have the privilege of contributing of their substance; of pleading in their closets; of giving up their friends, or of going in person, that salvation (O the joyful, joyful sound!) may be proclaimed to the poor, benighted, ignorant, deluded, earth-sorrowing pagan?

"Let us say with the sainted apostle, 'The love of Christ constraineth us, that we henceforth live, not unto ourselves, but to Him who died for us and rose again.' Whatever work the Lord has for us to do, 'Here we are, send us,' should be our language. We may in doing so be called to forego the gratification of self; but what of it? Can *He* not, and will He not make us more happy in a course of self-denial for His sake than in the possession of all earthly good. O the stings of a guilty conscience! O the blessedness of a 'conscience void of offence towards God and towards man!' Give me the latter, and come life, come death, I care not, for then I shall be ready at any time to 'depart and be with Christ' where I shall see as I am seen and know as I am known.

"O, dear aunt, there are few privileged with the blessedness of being constrained by the love of Christ. It is but a few who have the luxury of doing good. The world knows not of it. If, in the Providence of God, we are permitted to be of the number, let us *do* with our might what our hand findeth to do, for the night is approaching when we can not work."

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *December* 21*st*, 1831.

DEAR SISTER:

I hope the extreme frosts of the winter do not have the tendency to pinch the soul. They certainly will not if you do two things, viz.: pray much, and read your Bible much. I suppose you have begun the Christian life with a resolution to be a *whole Christian* or none at all; of course you have learned to pray. Prayer is, indeed, the Christian's soul—his life. The 289th Village Hymn expresses what I wish to say of the utility of prayer—especially the second verse. But I will mention one thing for which I wish you to pray: that God would show you something of *your own heart.* You are but little aware what a sink of pollution that is. You are sanctified, if at all, but in part. There remains yet very much depravity to be rooted out, which can only be done by Divine grace. You should also pray much to be kept from temptation and to be preserved in the hour of trial. Then it is that the Christian is proved whether he is the child of God or not. If he can not resist sin, and is not inclined to look upward whence cometh help, how can he believe himself such? In reading the Bible look much to God for the holy Spirit to enlighten your mind. (See Luke xxiv. 45, and Acts xvi. 14.) If you read any books besides the Bible for your spiritual growth, you will find none to exceed John Newton's works, Hannah More's, Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' These bring out the heart more, and better detect its deceitfulness than any others with which I am acquainted. Aim not only to keep along respectably in a profession, but to go forward and set an example. Never let another's failings be an excuse for yours. Always be in the habit of reproving sin whenever you see it. Be determined, whatever others may say or think, to be an *active Christian.* Resolve you will never leave a person you meet without their feeling that you have been with Christ. Always endeavor to introduce religious conversation, and always support others who do. Much more I would say, but good-by, and the Lord bless you evermore.

HENRY.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *January* 31*st*, 1832.

DEAR SISTER HELEN:

Though you are "the baby," you have grown so large by this time that I suppose you will not like it if I do not send you a letter as well as the rest of the girls. Father wrote me that you were very sick and the doctor did not think you would live. This made me very sorry, because I thought if Helen should die I should never see her again in this world, and could not give her a kiss when I get home the next time.

So I went away by myself where nobody could see me but God, and prayed to Him that He would spare Helen's life. But this was not all. I thought if she should die now, what would become of her afterward, for she does not love the Lord Jesus Christ? So I prayed more and more that the Lord would make that sickness the means of leading her to the Saviour, so that she might always afterward love God while she lives, and when she dies go to heaven and live forever and ever, with her father, and mother, and sisters, and brothers.

Now, the reason, my dear little sister, why God sent this sickness upon you is, that you do what displeases God and He, in this way, has been punishing you, to keep you from doing these bad things, and to make you love Him all the time; just the same as father does. You know when any of the children do what he thinks wrong, he punishes them so as to make them remember to obey him. He never does it because he likes to see them suffer pain or to hear them cry. It always gives him more pain than it does them, but he must do it for their good to make them better. God does not love to give pain to any of His creatures. He takes away the property of some, and sends sickness upon others in order to make them love Him; for every one that does not love God does wrong. God sent sickness upon you to make you love Him, and to pray to Him every day. I want to have you think of this. You can begin to love Him now a good deal better than you can by-and-by. You should go away by yourself and pray that He, by His holy Spirit, will show you what to do, so that you may love Him all the time, and may not do any thing else that will make Him displeased with you.

I can not now write any more. Though you can not answer it now, I hope one of these days, if I live, and you live, after I go across the great ocean, that you will write me many long letters.

From your affectionate brother,

HENRY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO D. S. WHITNEY, ESQ.

"ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *February 4th*, 1832.

"* * * I am more and more impressed with the necessity of a *thorough preparation* for the ministry; not in mind only, but also in *heart*. A minister, above all men, ought to be dead to the world, and have entire control over the things within 'that war against the soul.' I despair of ever doing this. I sometimes think it my heaviest curse that I was so profane and dissipated before the Lord had mercy on me and snatched me 'as a brand from the burning.' These sinful habits which have become so firmly inwrought with my constitution, are a continual occasion of my falling. I begin to see and feel a little the force of what you and aunt H. E. urged so continually upon me the first vacation after I indulged a hope in Christ (though at the time I saw no occasion for the caution), viz., that the Christian's life was a continual warfare. I begin to find it a terrible contest. Sometimes, *e. g.*, by a day of fasting and prayer, I am enabled to get away from the world, and all appears vanity. I feel willing to resign all to Christ, and to trust entirely in Him. In an unguarded moment, however, I find myself again involved in sin, and my heart is polluted, my conscience is defiled. And so it is, up and down, up and down, all the time. At times I am almost discouraged; but a momentary glimpse through 'the shepherd's glass,' toward the celestial city, inspires fresh courage, and I try to move on again. My life seems to be a continual round of promising, and breaking promises; and, what is worse than all, I do this directly in the face of motives which I urge upon the sinner, and think sufficient to take from him all excuse.

"Must this be so always? In what way can the heart be purified? How can we lead a devout, holy life *all* the time?"

"*April* 22*d*, 1831.—Christian self-denial conversed upon. I have in days of yore been very fond of purchasing little knick-knacks, and the habit still remains to some extent. A brother, after the meeting, mentioned that my example had eased his conscience in the same things in several instances. The Lord save me from this and every evil practice, and help me to be 'an ensample to the flock' in all things.

"*June 4th.*—I do a great deal of injury to my fellow-students and get still more by so much light and trifling conversation. Let my theme, then, be for this term, '*Christ and Him crucified.*' Let me speak if it be but 'five words' in the language of Canaan, rather than a great many 'in an unknown tongue.'

"*June 20th—Evening.*—Blessed be thy name, O, thou chief among ten thousand, 'and altogether lovely.' How glorious it is, once in a while, to break away from earth, and feel a freedom with Christ, a freedom in prayer. It is like the rising of the sun in a cool, clear June morning, after a week's easterly storm. It diffuses a joy and serenity through the whole frame, and seems to compensate *fully* for the days of darkness. O, for a childlike, *humble* spirit, that will take hold of Jesus, and with filial confidence look up and say, 'My Father,' in all times of *apparent* darkness!

"*June 23d.*—The apostles could not face death in the cause of Christ till the Comforter was sent! So it is now. Without the Spirit of Christ, man can not face a Felix and an Agrippa. With the Spirit, 'Come life, come death, I am for Christ.' So is a man's courage according to the degree of the influences of the Spirit in the heart. How important that I be *diligent* and *earnest* in cherishing the secret influences of the holy One, and avoid every thing tending to drive Him away!

"*June* 24*th.*—It is one thing, I found last evening, to talk about *Christian self-denial*, and another thing to practice it. It is no self-denial to do this thing or that thing, because it suits *our taste*, though it may appear self-denial to others. It is no self-denial to give up a thing because we have an aversion to it, though it may appear so to others. Doing real good to others, and in order to it, denying one's self, *is* denying self. Overcoming a fit of drowsiness or laziness, in which we love to indulge, while the fit is yet upon us; this is denying self.

"*August* 6*th.*—I would this morning devote a few moments to a consideration of the manner in which Fiske and Parsons lived in this seminary, in order that I may ascertain wherein I can do better than hitherto.

"The first thing that meets my eye from Parsons is this: 'When I walk with my fellow-students I would have devotional and interesting subjects employ our time.' (1st ed., page 47.) Again (page 48): 'It shall be my constant prayer that I may be preserved from wicked conversation, from the appearance of vanity before my fellow-students.' What a depth of piety runs through the whole of Parsons' journal, while a member of this beloved institution. What fervor of soul he ever manifested! What an entire consecration to God is apparent! What a constant meditation on heavenly and Divine things shows itself! Did Parsons live thus? Was this the breathing of his soul? O, how small does it make me appear! How does a perusal of his life cause me to shrink back from the bright light which shows me so clearly my own darkness! I would fall down, *down*, *down* into the lowest dust. Do I number myself among the children of God? Have I a part in His *love?* and is that love shed abroad in my heart? When it operates thus upon another, why is it so weak in me? O, the depth of my depravity! O, the hardness of my heart! Dear, blessed Saviour, come take possession of thine own. Come fill me with thyself; make me holy. O, I have but a *spark* of grace.

"*February 8th*, 1832.—I have this day accepted the appointment of the A. B. C. F. M."

In reply to the Secretary's announcement of this fact, Henry Lyman writes:

"In accepting this appointment, I do it with trembling, yet willingly, joyfully; for while a great treasure is to be committed to an *earthen* vessel, it is a consolation that God has so ordained it, 'that the excellency of the power' may be of Himself, and not of man. The addition of my influence in the cause, I feel to be less than a drop to the ocean; yet such as I am, I have consecrated *all* unreservedly to this work. So clear are, and ever have been, the convictions of duty, that I can say, 'Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel' to the *heathen*. I do most earnestly request that the committee, in assigning my particular field of labor, will weigh well my imperfections, and send me with some one in whose judgment I can place confidence. My desire is to be of the greatest *possible* benefit to the souls of dying millions, whatever of toil or suffering may attend it. I feel as though to accomplish this, I ought to have an associate of age and maturity of mind to whom I could look for advice, although I have laid down the principle in every question of duty, however trivial, to look first to the Lord.

"In thus surrendering unconditionally my future location, in the vineyard of the Lord, to the committee, I do it, not because I am indifferent and careless on the subject, but from a conviction that they are better qualified to judge, and will give, if called upon, sufficient reasons for the assignment they may make; and, with earnest prayer to the Holy Ghost, that He will so guide them in judgment that the greatest glory shall redound to God, I subscribe myself

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY LYMAN."

In the spring of 1832, Mr. Lyman visited his sister in Montreal, preaching, and delivering his address on the Condition of Females in Pagan and Mohammedan Countries, as he had opportunity. *Forty-two* times was this thrilling display of the degradation of woman repeated before he left America. And there was need of it. The state of the heathen was not then so thoroughly known as it is now. Twenty years have so multiplied books, tracts, and newspapers, that the necessity which then existed for such an array of facts can scarcely be comprehended by the rising generation. Nor was Lyman alone in such efforts. The missionary brethren, then at Andover, were instant in season, and out of season, in diffusing information concerning the fields they were to occupy. Thus they became "known by face to the churches," and a mutual interest was established.

The following extract of a letter will show the arrangements for the winter:

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

Andover Theological Seminary, *July* 27*th*, 1832.

My Dear Cousin:

I have been delaying a letter, from the expectation, every day since my return, of receiving something definite from the "Rooms." Be assured you were not forgotten during all the long time that has elapsed. I have been appointed, with class-mate Samuel Munson as colleague, to south eastern Asia, especially to the Indian Archipelago, for exploration. The committee have decided also that we shall remain in this country during the winter, in order that we may attend lectures on medicine and surgery, saying they "believe it will abundantly compensate for the delay, by rendering you so much more useful and successful in your contemplated explorations. You are already aware of the value of the healing art to the missionary in certain parts of the heathen world, and particularly in that to which you are destined; how it multiplies facilities for intercourse with the people, secures confidence, enables the missionary to gratify his benevolent desires toward the sick, and supplies, to some extent, the absence of the miraculous gifts of healing."

The courses (of medical lectures) at Boston and Brunswick, Me., are so arranged that we can attend both. Boston commences the last of October, and Brunswick soon after that closes. * * * If I take two courses of lectures I shall probably stay at Amherst from anniversary here, September 12, to my ordination, which will be at Northampton at the annual meeting of the Hampshire county benevolent societies, October 11; President Humphrey is to preach the sermon.

TO A YOUNG BROTHER.

"ANDOVER, *August 28th.*

"* * * How do you now prosper in spiritual things? Do you love to pray and to read your Bible as much as you did last spring? Do you continually ask God in prayer what you shall do, and entreat him to help you fulfill your duties? You will find one thing indispensable: that you guard against *the first sin.* If you give way once it will be easier the second time, and easier still the third.

"Have a regular time to pray and read, and read the Bible a great deal at other times, always asking for the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind, and to teach you that you may understand its truths.

"When with Christians, ask them how you shall grow in grace. To become more holy and to love God more, should be the great and first business of life. You should say, 'What are a few earthly pleasures in comparison with the salvation of *my soul?*' You must not suppose that because you think you have been converted, that you have secured salvation. You may after all be deceived. Your only evidence now can be in your still loving and serving God. You must thus be securing your eternal interest every day you live. * * * Always, when about to do those things which unfit you for prayer, think of 'the *end* of those things.'"

TO A YOUNG SISTER.

"*August* 10*th*, 1832.

"* * * You say you are not in a state of soul-prosperity. You want something to rouse you. Have you lost your Bible. Prayerfully read a portion of God's word every morning and evening, and as much oftener as you have time, and if your soul does not prosper, *pray more earnestly*. Reading the Bible, self-examination and prayer, are the foundation of our advancement Zionward. Make *conscience* of performing these duties. Read Doddridge's Rise and

Progress, especially Chapters 13, 16, and 19–21, and forward as you have time. Also read Baxter's Saints' Rest. If they are not in the house they *ought to be.* Ask yourself, and answer the question *honestly*, Do I wish to make my chief business to advance in holiness, and save my fellow-men? This you will do if you have given yourself *wholly* to the Lord. All the time endeavor to keep in a praying frame, asking the Lord to preserve you from temptation, especially from your easily besetting sins. Ask him to guide your thoughts, and direct your feelings, and stay up your soul on Him. The *business* of religion, always remember, is one thing, and its spirituality another. Five minutes' prayer at one time will avail more than half an hour at another. See that you are not only attending to outward duties, but also to the *heart;* that you seek to glorify *God.* Aim at eminence in holiness. Be not afraid of the world. Read Hebrews xi, and xii. Be willing to be known as a spiritually minded Christian. Be willing to have your influence *felt.* That you may always 'seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness' is the prayer of Your brother,

"HENRY."

October 11th, 1832, in the old church at Northampton, the same in which the infant had been consecrated to God in baptism, the man was set apart to the sacred office of proclaiming Christ to his fellow men. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College; the charge was given by Rev. Dr. Brown of Hadley; and the Rev. Mr. Maltby of Sutton, Mass., gave the right hand of fellowship, and acted as colleague with Mr. Lyman in representing the A. B. C. F. M. at the anniversaries of the benevolent societies of Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin.

VII.

The Chaplet for the Dead.

Let those below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

C. Wesley.

That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.—John, xvii. 21.

VII.

When the compiler of this memoir had reached the Andover period of the young missionary's history, it was felt that to complete the picture of the seminary life the impressions of others were needed. One of Henry Lyman's family therefore addressed letters to some of his former associates, requesting from them their recollections of the brother who so long time ago had been connected with them. Scattered up and down in the earth, they have responded heartily to the call, and with no doubtful note comes their testimony in favor of their friend and class-mate.

The individual who produced on the minds of such men an impression so permanent and vivid, that twenty-five years have not impaired its strength, possessed a power of character which surely authorized this attempt to gather up the fragments that remain, and to re-produce the youthful warrior as an example worthy of imitation.

No apology is needed to our readers for presenting them with communications from those "whose praise is in all the churches;" every word from whose pens is treasured, who have been sustained by their Divine Lord in bearing "the burden and heat of the day," gladly toiling on, and envying not the crown and palm branch of the young martyr.

Long may it please the Lord of the harvest to continue them each a rich blessing in His field of labor—guides and counselors to their brethren, while themselves "in labors most abundant." Every year makes their lives more precious to the church, and our faith staggers at the thought that the time will ever come when we shall be ready to hear that they have entered "into the joy of their Lord." A glorious constellation truly, will the society of "brethren" form in the celestial firmament, yet we still need their light here. Bright with precious gems will be the crowns they can cast at Jesus' feet.

FROM THE REV. JUSTIN PERKINS, D.D., MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, *June* 10*th*, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN:

Your letter of February 28th has just come to hand. The "Missionary Memorial," to which you refer, I have not yet seen. I rejoice that a sketch of your brother, the missionary martyr, has a place in it, and that it was prepared by so competent a hand as that of Dr. Cheever, which is a sufficient warrant that the work is well done. I anticipate reading that volume, "the Memorial," with great interest, whenever it shall reach me. Some, very dear to me on earth, who are now in glory—and your brother among them—will thus be brought fresh to my remembrance. I trust a portrait accompanies a sketch of him.*

Your announcement that a *memoir* of your brother is also to be prepared, is exceedingly gratifying to me. Few are more worthy than Henry Lyman to be held in cherished remembrance, and, though his bright career was so brief, there must still be ample materials, if you can recover them, for a full, very interesting, and very useful volume.

It affords me sincere pleasure to comply with your request to furnish a few paragraphs from my recollections of your brother while a student, the only period of my acquaintance with him. He was my class-mate in college; and though he was one of the youngest, and I one of the senior members of the class, we soon became intimate; he ever seeming to regard me somewhat in the light of an older brother, and I gladly reciprocating the fraternal feelings of my esteemed young class-mate. I well remember how our acquaintance commenced. He one day entered my room, soon after our class came together, and modestly proposed to purchase a share in my wood-saw. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, the tall form and manly features of that fine boy of fifteen, as he then stood before me. Using the same saw alternately, from day to day, naturally threw us at once together, and other relations soon enabled us to read each other's character. It would be easy to detail many incidents along the path of our college course, exceedingly grateful to his relatives and friends; but I forbear, and hasten to the period of the most momentous event of his life to him personally and to the church of God—his hopeful conversion. This occurred in the spring of 1827. Your brother had then nearly attained the height of manhood. The strong traits of his noble character were also rapidly developing.

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* The picture in the "Missionary Memorial" is, unfortunately *no* likeness of Lyman.

Naturally possessed of extraordinary ardor and energy, he was an object of peculiar interest to all of us; and his eminently social and generous disposition might now have endangered him, amid the manifold evil influences incident to college life—inclining as he was to become somewhat *wild*, though still very reluctant to throw off the hallowed restraints of paternal instruction—had not the mighty hand of God been stretched out, at that important crisis, to transform him suddenly from the bounding young lion to the subdued, quiet lamb. The ever memorable revival in Amherst College, at this period, was a blessed epoch to many, but to none more so than to Henry. From the commencement of that wonderful work of grace, your brother was the subject of many fervent prayers on the part of his pious classmates, probably more so than any other individual in college.

I find a few notices of him in my journal of that period, which will of course be a more *accurate* record, though very brief, than any I could make out from memory after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century. They are the following:

"*April* 17*th*, 1827.—I attempted to converse with Lyman, and found him arrayed in opposition to all that pertains to religion. He is made a subject of special prayer in my class.

"*April* 18*th*.—Every countenance is expressive of solemnity. Lyman, of my class, is borne down with a sense of his sins. Little interest has been taken this evening in our literary society meetings. The voice of prayer is heard from room to room.

"*April* 19*th*.—Some one knocked at my door soon after I returned from breakfast. I opened it, and found LYMAN trembling, and inquiring, '*What shall I do to be saved?*' We soon afterward had a meeting at my room for all who belong in the entry. Several of the impenitent were in.

"Every thing indicated the presence of God. A more solemn meeting I never attended.

"Lyman visited the president in the course of the forenoon. He was much cast down. About three o'clock in the afternoon he resolved to *seek no longer*. He went from room to room announcing his determination to give up the concerns of his soul. All were filled with deep anxiety for him.

"*April* 20*th*.—Lyman has again resolved to seek the salvation of his soul.

"*April* 25*th*.—Cases of conversion are frequent. The pious students devote much of their time to prayer, self-examination, and conversation with the impenitent. This evening our ordinary society meeting was converted into a season of prayer. *Lyman* attended our little meeting at nine o'clock, and told us of his joys, in the hope of having made his peace with God.

"*April* 27*th*.—This afternoon we had a very pleasant assembly at my room. Some of the converts took a part. O, is it possible that *Henry Lyman* has become a *Christian?* Yes, we hope he has. Never were my feelings more deeply affected than when he rose and addressed his former companions in sin on the great subject of salvation. O, what hath God wrought?"

These incidental allusions to your brother, which I find in my journal, give, of course, but a faint view of the pungency of his convictions, of his dreadful struggles with the great enemy of souls, his *agony* by day and by night, until he at length found deliverance and joy at the foot of the cross. At the time, during his convictions, when he resolved to *seek no longer*, and was going through college, proclaiming his determination to that effect, his look of desperation struck terror to the hearts of the impenitent, and did much to quicken the progress of the revival. He stated his purpose, also, to write his father and mother, and request them to stop praying for him : I am not aware whether he did so. Almost overcome with solicitude for him, I called on President Humphrey, and informed him of his case, and my fears, on which the reverend man turned to me with a smile, and calmly said, "I trust God will take care of His own work in Lyman, if Christians only keep on praying for him."

From the hour of your brother's conversion, his peace was like a river, and his path from that time onward to the end of his college life, was that of the just, shining brighter and brighter. His face was radiant with heavenly serenity, while his zeal in the cause of that Saviour, who, he deeply felt, had purchased him with His own blood, never tired. In subsequent seasons of religious interest in college, he was ever active and useful, being unwearied in labors and prayers, both among the impenitent and the hopefully pious. Indeed with him there seemed to be an *uninterrupted revival.* The strong and universal impression in college, from the time of his conversion till he finished his course, was, that he was a very holy young man—an impression which I hardly need say, the sequel of his short life fully confirmed. Not long after his hopeful conversion, if I mistake not, he decided to become a missionary, and never afterward halted or wavered in his consecration to that work.

On leaving college, your brother went to Andover to commence his theological course, while I lingered a year as an instructor in Amherst Academy.

On joining the seminary at Andover, the next year, I found that your brother held gloriously on, in his luminous course as an active and devoted Christian. He had improved much in general manliness and stability of character. He now stood very high among the missionary candidates, whose number was then quite large—I think larger than at any other period during the history of that missionary nursery, owing probably to no earthly influence more than to his example and efforts. The cause of missions was as his life, his standing theme at all times, and in all connections; in his walks with beloved brethren, in the social meetings, and at the public altar; and formed as he was by nature to be a *leader* in whatever enterprise he espoused, it is not strange that he held such a place in the estimation and the hearts of his fellow-students—most of whom were much his seniors in years—especially in the cause of missions. And while he did so much to promote it at Andover, as he had also done in Amherst College, he in turn was not a little indebted to that sacred cause. The reciprocal effect of the missionary spirit which he so ardently cherished in his own soul and diffused among others, was very apparent and striking in its elevating, expanding, and hallowing influences on his mind, and heart, and entire character.

Not the seminary alone felt the power of his whole-souled consecration, and his fervent appeals. The churches of the town also, and of the surrounding towns, where he visited, and held prayer-meetings, received a strong impression of his ardent devotion to Christ and the cause of missions, and many were stimulated to action by his influence.

Your brother was fruitful in inventing ways and means for advancing the cause of missions while a student. I distinctly remember his delivering an address before the Society of Inquiry at Andover, on the Condition of Females in Heathen and Mohammedan Countries, which he had prepared with great labor, and which produced a strong impression at the time. With some modifications, that address was afterward published as a tract. He was always careful to be furnished with missionary tracts, and other "words in season," to dispense in all companies and on all occasions for the advancement of Zion, and especially for the promotion of the cherished cause of missions.

One of the last interviews I recollect to have enjoyed with your brother was just before he left Andover. A beloved college class-mate—a Baptist brother—who was a very sweet singer, had come from Newton Theological Seminary to Andover, to pass a Sabbath with us just before one of the glorious summer sunsets, so celebrated on Andover Hill; as the hallowed hours of that Sabbath were drawing to a close, a few of us assembled at your brother's room for a prayer-meeting. When about to separate, dear Henry said, "Now, brother Chapin, sing that sweet hymn,

"'Our souls by love together knit,'

just as you used to sing it at Amherst." The hymn was sung by brother Chapin in his melting style—the rest of us who could sing following him—while a flow of Christian fellowship, affection, and holy joy, swelled every bosom, not often surpassed in this vale of tears.

Your brother left Andover, and spent a few months in attending medical lectures, and making other preparations for his missionary work, and then boldly set his face toward south eastern Asia, as an explorer, with the intrepid Munson, ready to be offered there, where he at length fell a prey to the cannibals of Sumatra—a very precious sacrifice on the altar of missions—only to be thus the earlier ushered into the high and holy employments and enjoyments of heaven. How blessed are the parents who have trained a son so worthy to be a Christian and a missionary martyr!

I in due time made my solitary way to distant Persia, where I still live and labor, now in my twenty-first missionary year, anticipating—may I not say *longing* for?—the day, when I shall join your sainted brother, and other loved ones gone before, in the realms of glory, to be separated no more forever.

I am very respectfully, and most truly yours,

J. PERKINS.

FROM THE REV. H. B. HACKETT, PROFESSOR IN THE NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

NEWTON CENTER, *June 4th,* 1853.

DEAR MISS LYMAN:

I regret that your letter should remain so long unanswered. It has been contrary to my intention, and in spite of my efforts. I was not, as you supposed, a class-mate of Henry's either in college or at Andover, though like every one else, who was at either of those places while he was there, I was quite well acquainted with his character and history. The change in him was so marked, and his influence so decided, that no one who had enjoyed only general opportunities for knowing him, could fail to retain distinct recollection of an individuality so peculiar. You may remember that Rev. S. F. Smith, pastor of the Baptist church in this place, was a member of the same class with your brother in the theological seminary; I therefore placed your note in his hands with a request that he would perform the office for which his more intimate connection with our common friend rendered him so well qualified. His testimony will be the more acceptable to you inasmuch as Smith is well known to the public as the author of several of our most popular religious hymns. The Missionary's Farewell—

"Yes, my native land I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well"—

is from his pen. It was composed, I think, during the period of his intimacy with your brother. His employments interfered with a prompt compliance with my request, and it is this chiefly that has occasioned the delay. I can join heartily in every word that he has written. Henry has always stood before my mind as one of the most signal examples of the transforming and elevating power of the Gospel that I have ever known. He was a whole-souled Christian: every one who came in contact with him felt that he was a man above the common stamp. He kept none of his powers back from the service of his Lord and Master. No one doubted but he would face death in any form sooner than desert the faith. He seemed born to be a martyr. Distressing as his fate was, it always struck me as being in singular harmony with his bold, energetic spirit. His moral qualities had something answering in them to his imposing exterior: they may be thought to have shaped his manly, expressive countenance, and his commanding form. Not one of the hundreds who knew Henry Lyman at college can ever fail to associate with his name a distinct image of the mind and physical man. That image will live in their minds as a source of no ordinary religious fervor.

It will come back to them, from time to time, as long as they live, full of stirring energy; full of reproof for reserve, inaction, half-heartedness in religion; and full of admonition to the indifferent and the irreligious. The manner in which Henry has connected himself with the remembrance of so many of his youthful associates should be taken into account in forming an estimate of the value of the result of his brief but efficient career.

I am very respectfully and sincerely,

Your friend,

H. B. HACKETT.

FROM THE REV. S. F. SMITH.

I take pleasure in contributing a share to the memorial of my esteemed friend and brother Lyman.

Munson and Lyman were my class-mates at the institute in Andover. I was intimate with Munson, as we were for a considerable period fellow-boarders in a private family. Of Lyman I knew less, though I often saw him; and always with pleasure. There were, however, in his character, peculiarities which stood out, so as to be obvious to the most careless observer. I knew the history of his conversion, and could easily read, by a slight inspection, the prominent elements of his mental constitution. I was impressed with the fact that every thing in him was perfectly consistent, perfectly in keeping with all that nature had done for him, and with what grace had wrought in him. As the natural characteristics of the great apostle were visible in his acts and bearing subsequently to his conversion, so it was with Lyman. One who saw him in his converted state could easily conceive what he was in his unregenerate state. A natural energy and force were constantly active within him. He had a courageous spirit, not readily shrinking from danger, nor turned aside by difficulties. It was precisely the spirit required for the success of an enterprise such as that in which he lost his life.

He was eminently and habitually cheerful. On the morning on which he sailed from Boston, his colleague, Munson, playfully bantered him in reference to his cheerfulness, saying, "Do, brother Lyman, for once, put on a sober face." Care sat lightly upon him, and when he saw his long cherished hopes so near the point of fulfillment, he had no place for sorrow. True, he had a heart that could feel. But he had taken leave of most of his early friends and kindred previously, and now saw before him only the broad ocean, and beyond that ocean the end for which he lived, and the accomplishment of the wishes which had dwelt for years in his heart.

Yet, notwithstanding his cheerfulness, he was a man of fervent piety. He was always ready to exhibit the Christian. Often in a casual conversation he made it manifest on what subjects he delighted to dwell, and what interests lay nearest his heart. He fell into religious discourse as the most natural thing in the world. He delighted in prayer. None that ever heard him could fail to be impressed with the fervency of his manner. His prayers were *pleading with God.* None that ever heard him could forget the tones of his voice, the evident ardor of his spirit, the variety and suitableness of his language, the wrestling with the angel of the covenant, in which soul and body seemed to be alike engaged. A person who knew so well how to pray, must have had much communion with God, and it was in such communion that he acquired the fitness for his great work.

I remember Mr. Lyman as a person of extraordinary openness and sincerity of temper, and of an unsuspicious disposition. He acted freely and naturally, with the utmost innocence, speaking out and speaking on, in his own way, as if the question "What will others think of it?" never crossed his mind. He was kind, affectionate, affable, an ardent friend, and free from censoriousness. But the most prominent characteristics of his nature, as they appeared to me in the period of my acquaintance, were his frankness, his cheerfulness, and his piety.

S. F. SMITH.

BEBEK, CONSTANTINOPLE, *April* 18*th*, 1854.

DEAR MISS LYMAN:

Your name reminds me of one of the most intimate and precious friends I ever had. He was in the junior class in the theological seminary in Andover when I was a member of the senior class; as I staid in Andover a year beyond the regular time, Henry Lyman and myself had two years to cement our fellowship as Christians and as missionaries of the cross, which we had fully resolved to become.

I well remember the time when he entered the seminary, together with his room-mate, David T. Lane, brother to the present Mrs. Dwight of our mission at this capital. Both these brethren were fully resolved as to their duty to the missionary cause, and it was by *their* influence that a kind of missionary inquiry meeting was commenced among the members of their class, which was to be continued till every man should have come to a satisfactory result before God, whether it was his duty to go to the heathen, or to labor at home. I was invited to come into these meetings as an older brother, who was also preparing for the missionary work, and who, in fact, had already been on missionary ground. It was in one of these meetings—and most solemn seasons they were—that I saw and conversed with Samuel Munson, the fellow-martyr of Lyman. That good, conscientious man was not yet resolved what his duty was, but cherished a spirit of solemn, honest, unflinching inquiry, ready to follow duty *wherever* it might lead. I shall never forget the solemnity of that evening, and especially the anxiety with which brother Munson put the question to me, how a man could know that he was called to the foreign field?

Brother Lyman, on the other hand, enjoyed the most perfect and settled conviction of duty, and was happy in the prospect of his missionary life. The following year the junior class then entering, followed the noble example of their older brethren. That year I left America myself, but I believe the practice continued through several years, each class entering being anxious to settle the solemn question.

From the time of my leaving America to the day I heard of the death of our brethren in the Batta country., I exchanged no letter with either of them. They left a year after me, I believe. *We* were then struggling with the many and stubborn obstacles existing in this country, and being almost two thirds of the year in the midst of plague, were hardly ever out of imminent danger of life. When I heard of the death of these two good men, Lyman and Munson, I was thunderstruck. It appeared to me more mysterious than any providence I had seen for many years. But I could not deny that the more inscrutable God's ways are with us now, the more glorious they will be in a world where we shall see as we are seen—know as we are known.

I might now enter at large upon what my grateful memory has preserved of the character of our dear brother. I have a clear recollection of his personal appearance, and I might almost hear him talk. But these are all things far better known to those who were with him from his youth, and after I left the western shores.

But let me not close these lines without expressing to you my satisfaction in knowing that a memoir of Henry Lyman is being prepared. May the good Lord guide its compiler. The memoirs of missionaries are not too many as yet by a great deal, and they may always have a *special*, and *permanent*, and *general* interest, by being so closely and so naturally connected with the history of the *missionary field* where the individual has lived and died.

May we be made faithful unto death to be at last admitted among those who have not counted their lives dear unto themselves, but have lost their lives for Christ's sake, that they might gain them!

Yours most truly,
W. G. SCHAUFFLER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *July 4th*, 1854.

DEAR MADAM:

I was a class-mate of your sainted brother, Henry, both at Amherst College, and at the theological seminary, Andover. Well do I remember the days of his first love of Christ; and that ardor which distinguished his first consecration of himself to the Lord, continued in a remarkable degree through his subsequent course. His zeal for the cause of Christ, and especially for missions to the heathen, glowed always bright. Whatever dark hours he passed through in his own personal experience—and who does not pass through dark hours?—he always came out strong *in* Christ and *for* Christ.

Having been absent from the seminary during large portions of the first and second years of the course, I am not able to give particular reminiscences of that period. My impression is that his dedication of himself to the missionary service dated from the beginning of his theological studies. A zeal like his could not be satisfied with home service. Nothing could satisfy him short of *doing what he could*, and this, in his view, required, or rather permitted, engagement in the foreign field.

When, during our second year, we were earnestly engaged in the examination of theological questions, always interesting, sometimes very exciting, it was his habit to view every thing in its bearing upon his chosen work. While others would be studying them in a more abstract and general manner, he would often raise the question, How does this or that bear upon preaching to the heathen?

Your brother did not, however, *so* look abroad as to prevent an earnest interest in perishing souls at home. He felt that he who does not seek *first* the kingdom of God at home, is not fit to go abroad, and will have no more genuine zeal for Christ among the heathen than he has in a Christian land. Both before and after being licensed to preach, he was earnest in seeking and improving opportunities of attending meetings and laboring for the universal revival of pure and undefiled religion. This earnestness led him to go to the utmost limits permitted by the regulations of the institution, and sometimes perhaps even to transgress the letter of them, when he thought there was an opening for doing good to immortal souls.

He was not unaware that the ardor of his temperament led him into some danger of imprudence or impatience; and it was pleasant to observe, toward the close of his seminary life, how artlessly and affectionately he spoke of the aid and advantage he hoped to derive from the somewhat opposite qualities of his prospective associate. Mr. Munson's room was just opposite mine; and this gave occasion to much pleasant intercourse. He was a man of deep and steady piety, in temperament sedate and cautious. He, too, was equally aware of the advantage to himself of being associated with your brother. The one needed a spur, the other a check; and both were prepared to furnish these aids to each other in the spirit of Christian meekness and love.

When we parted, nearly twenty-two years ago, I to proceed to south eastern Europe, and he soon to follow to the more distant region of south eastern Asia, your brother gave me a card which I have preserved among mementoes of departed friends, and it is before me while I write. On the one side he has written my name and his own, with the year (1832), and on the other these solemn words from James v. 20: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall *save a soul from death*, and shall hide a multitude of sins." The spirit which animated him was manifest in the choice of this text, and the object toward which he looked with longing was equally evident from the words which he had underlined: "*save a soul from death.*" May his short and striking course prove in the great day to have been the means of saving many souls from death; and may we be prepared to join him in that blessed world where "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

I remain yours,

In the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,

ELIAS RIGGS.

FROM THE REV. IRA TRACY, WISCONSIN, FORMERLY MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M. IN SIAM.

"* * * My first and only acquaintance with Henry Lyman was at Andover, except that I met him for a few moments at Springfield, after leaving the seminary. He was an early member of a little company that had resolved to devote their lives to the missionary work, and a most regular and interested attendant of their meetings. His heart seemed always alive to the interests of the Redeemer's cause, and he was ready to do whatever he could for its promotion. The buoyancy of his spirits, and his Christian cheerfulness, made him a pleasing associate, and I think we all felt that he was one of our most esteemed members. He seemed to love prayer, and to rejoice to hear of the progress of the Lord's cause in any part of the world. He prepared several articles on missionary subjects while in the seminary, one of which was on 'The Condition of Females in Heathen Countries.' This was heard with much interest, and it was proposed that it be prepared for publication by some member or members of our missionary circle. It was put, I think wrongfully, into the hands of a committee, of which he was not one. This was, of course, trying to him; but such was the strength of his Christian feelings and principles that it produced no alienation between him and the brother who was chief actor in the matter. I mention this incident to show his meekness of spirit. I have always, in recalling the circumstances, felt that it was a noble exhibition of piety, for which I loved and admired him.

"He was very regular in all the duties of seminary life; and seemed to be pursuing that course of alternate mental and physical labor which best disciplines and informs the mind, without the diminution of strength to work with, and to make a man useful to a dying world. He was a teacher in a Sabbath School, probably all the time he was at Andover; I think most of the time in the next parish. The labor of going thither did not weigh much with him, when there was a prospect of doing good. He walked to neighboring towns to attend meetings occasionally; and probably as often as any one in the seminary: such was his vigor and care of time that he once walked to Boston, twenty miles, attended to business there with several persons, and returned the same day. As a student his standing was respectable, I think above the average; but he seemed a man for active, rather than sedentary life; for going forth to speak the truth, rather than for searching for it by deep and continued study.

"As a speaker, he was heard with much interest, and I recollect that his address on missions seemed to awaken new zeal in the breasts of many.

"I will add that I have never seen any justification of the course pursued by these two martyr missionaries, that seemed to me to present the matter as I would like to have it shown. Had they turned back when told that there was danger in their course, it would have been said by most people, that they had acted the part of fools and cowards. What could they expect but that the natives would endeavor to dissuade them from going? Could they take all their sayings for truth? No one who has any considerable acquaintance with the heathen will answer in the affirmative. When the natives told them of danger it did not prove there *was* danger. They had no means of learning the state of the country before them. The two or three attempts made to prevent their advancing into it, would, if they had yielded to them, and turned back from their chosen course, have been regarded as altogether insufficient motives for giving up their plan of exploration; and they would have been considered cowardly men, and unfit for the work to which they had been sent.

"I hope these remarks will suffice to give my view of the case, and that the writer of the memoir will set the matter in a strong light, so that the readers of it will feel that the brethren are not to be regarded as having been rash, as they would seem, had they been where the words of men can be relied upon."

A missionary lady, in the course of a most interesting private letter, in which she attributes to her friend Lyman's influence, her own determination to engage in the missionary work, says:

"It is with pleasure I call to mind the precious interview we had with him in Boston, when on our way to 'these fair ocean isles.' He rejoiced in our prospects, and felt that he had a long time to wait, ere he could say *farewell*, to his native land. A friend said to him, 'Supposing the Prudential Committee will not send you on a mission.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will work my passage on board of some ship, for, the Lord willing, I am determined to go.' At the same time he expressed himself strongly in regard to entering a new field. I regret that I can not recall more of his expressions, so as to give a correct version of them."

FROM THE REV. D. B. LYMAN, MISSIONARY TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HILO, HAWAII, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, *August* 5, 1853.

DEAR MADAM:

Your welcome favor of March 4th, came to hand a few days since. Why it was so long on the way, or by what conveyance it came, I do not know.

Probably the contemplated memoir will have been fully prepared for the press, if not published, ere this reaches you. I regret this the less, however, from the conviction that what I might be able to say would only be the testimony of another witness to points which had before been clearly established.

It is in reference to your brother's course at Andover you request me to write. I fear you will feel disappointed that I am able to say so little of one whose remembrance is so much cherished. I hope and trust, however, you have applied to those who, from their previous acquaintance with him, and close intimacy, are able to present a more full and complete view of his whole course at the seminary than I can give.

When your brother and myself were at Andover, the number of students was large. We were in different classes, and in different divisions of the Rhetorical Society. I was never in any other institution where close study occupied so large a portion of the time; and our hours for exercise were mostly spent at the bench in the carpenter's shop. This, though favorable to health, and tending to prepare the poor minister to endure poverty at home, or in a foreign field, gave little time for forming new acquaintances. I can hardly say that I had any intimate personal acquaintance with your brother till the last six months of my residence at Andover.

He entered the seminary comparatively young. But we soon learned from his college acquaintances that he was a man of decided character, and one that might be depended upon for the foreign field.

Though a warm-hearted Christian, and eager to be engaged directly in the work of winning men to Christ, he rightly judged, that in the seminary, his first duty was, by diligent improvement of the means offered, to qualify himself to go forth "a workman needing not to be ashamed." In looking back upon his course it seems to me he was unusually free from all appearance of wishing to attract attention to himself. There was no effort to seem to be a leader. Enough for him that the great object was effected. Like Paul, he ardently desired to preach the Gospel where Christ had not been named. But this was not to gain a pre-eminence; he would that all his brethren could enlist in the same work and become even as himself.

He had a warm and feeling heart. But his feelings were little exhibited, except in noble, manly, judicious action, in the sphere of labor to which he was best adapted. So far as it came under my observation in the seminary, for a man of so warm feelings, uniformly at his post, and in the unexceptionable discharge of every duty, his course of action was remarkably unobtrusive. I think he exerted an influence, rather than appeared either to himself or others to exert it.

The same reasons, probably, which led him to choose the foreign field, for the labors of his life, led him in no ordinary degree to make efforts to awaken a missionary spirit in fields less cultivated than the seminary. In doing this, though he had something for all, and was not backward to address the meeting for conference, or the more public assembly, yet private personal efforts with individuals, were those which he seemed to have most at heart. In these efforts he was patient, persevering, hopeful, and, I may add, successful. To awaken an interest by a public address, and so increase the contributions of a church to the missionary cause was a thing not to be despised; but to lead one, two, or more members of that church to go themselves to the heathen and thus open a fountain which would flow on and be perpetual, was the object at which he specially aimed. With this object in view, it was easy for him to perform a journey of three hundred miles on foot, in a short vacation, and to follow it with correspondence till he had seen, in consequence of his efforts, two or more fairly enter the missionary field.

You are aware, probably, that I was not at Andover during the last year of your brother's seminary course. I much regrêt, therefore, that it has been impossible for me to confer with Mr. Parker of our mission, who was his class-mate both in college and in the seminary. But this is impossible, Mr. P. being absent at the Marquesas whither he has gone to assist in the location of a new missionary sent out from these Islands in June. The particulars of this interesting movement at the Marquesas you will have learned from the publications of the day, ere this reaches you.

Your brother in the Gospel,

D. B. LYMAN.

FROM PROFESSOR MAXWELL, MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.

MARIETTA, *September 5th,* 1853.

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN:

Your note needs no apology. With pleasure will I answer it, though time forbids me to go into detail, and my own *feelings* will not allow: for although more than twenty years have gone by since we met, *tears will blind my eyes whenever I think of him.* We were, as perhaps you know, class-mates in college, and class, and *room-mates* at Andover, so that after an intimate acquaintance of more than six years it is not strange that I should feel strongly attached to him. Henry was a very devoted and active Christian, and entered warmly and heartily into every good work. He was active either as teacher or superintendent in the S. S., and with his friend Munson held one or more meetings every week. He was one who took the *lead* in such affairs, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom lay very near his heart. I used often to feel reproved by his activity and zeal.

As a student he was a close one, though he did not *always take* the *course marked out*. When he prepared that very valuable paper, "The Condition of Females in Heathen and Mohammedan Countries," and from which a tract has been published, he devoted nearly all his time day and night for several weeks to the exclusion of almost every thing else, and when I once said to him, "Brother Lyman, will not that infringe on your regular studies?" he replied, "I don't know but it will, but it will do *others more good* than the *lectures will* me." So the event proved, as I fully believe. He seemed to have been moved by the Divine Spirit to perform that work and thus to open the eyes of the Christian world to a sight hardly dreamed of before.

I rejoice that a memoir of him is in progress. I think it is due to the Church. His name ought to be in lasting remembrance, and I wish I could do more than this brief sketch, toward rescuing it from forgetfulness among mortals. I know it will never fade from *one memory* till hope shall be lost in bright and glorious fruition.

Yours, etc,

SAMUEL MAXWELL.

VIII.

The Voyage.

Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress
Pain, hardships, famine, heat and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm,
Wild beasts and wilder men;—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal wo;
Nor will they faint; nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.

MONTGOMERY.

Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.—ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

VIII.

THERE is little of incident to record in the time that intervened between Mr. Lyman's ordination and his embarkation. The study of medicine engrossed the missionary party both in Boston and Brunswick, Maine. His letters will supply all the necessary details, though these were less frequent, as medical studies pressed heavily upon him. A few extracts, which follow, from some of these, show that the ruling passion was still the same.

TO AN AUNT.

"BOSTON, *November 2d*, 1832.

"* * * Methinks you must be somewhat lonely, now that Lucy has left. However, since she is gone in our Master's service, you will have not a word to say. It will not do for us all to 'settle down on the old farm.' We should be as narrow-minded as old E. D. This scattering of families not only brings the ends of the world together and enlarges our minds, and extends our knowledge, but it binds together the family of Christ. It leads us to a deeper interest in, and of course to more earnest prayer for, the prosperity of the distant branches of the great Vine. When will the members of the Church have their hearts thus enlarged? When will all the followers of Jesus Christ feel that when He said, 'Go ye into all the world,' he meant them in particular? O, that the mantle of the Master might fall upon His disciples! If Christians only knew how much real happiness they lose by not praying more fervently for the universal spread of the religion of Nazareth, they would no longer remain in this state of apathy. I verily believe that he, who by his prayers shall be the means of a revival of religion at one of our missionary stations, will do more towards rousing the church at large to action, will do more for the actual conversion of the world, than the missionary who goes forth and merely labors, or the man who only contributes his thousands of dollars. O, that I could pray! If I could only take hold of the promises of God, I should think I could accomplish something."

"BOSTON, *December 24th*, 1832.

"DEAR SISTER:

"* * * I have seen just enough of disease and death to make me loathe life. All my time is employed in visiting the sick, witnessing surgical operations, and hearing descriptions of the ten thousand diseases to which flesh is heir. It seems as though there was nothing in the world but sickness and distress. Oh, the woes, I often exclaim, that sin has brought upon us! But I can assure you, dear sister, these scenes have not made redeeming love appear any less valuable. More and more they lead me to cling to the Saviour, and to feel that in Him alone is help and strength. I think it enables me to preach on the Sabbath with greater zest: for I am led to feel more forcibly the misery of those who have no Saviour to whom they can flee.

"I was truly rejoiced to hear that you had come out from the world and separated yourself. I would have you call to mind your responsibility, by recollecting how you looked upon those who were professors before you indulged a hope, and remember that others will watch you, and any wanderings from the strict path of Christian duty will be marked against you. And what then shall you do? The only way to live unimpeachable in the sight of the world is to live so in the sight of God. Aim then to glorify God in all that you do. Let your standard be high. Do not think it enough that you give negative evidence of being a Christian. This is insufficient for the nineteenth century. Aim to be a *Christian—wholly* a Christian. Strive to lead the minds of others to the contemplation of Divine truths. To do this you must be a devout, humble, closet Christian. Pray much, read your Bible much, read other good books, meditate upon holy things. Especially read that chapter in Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' upon 'Holding communion with *God* all day long,' I think it is. That you may be enabled to overcome this wicked world, and at last stand 'purified, and justified, and sanctified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God,' is the prayer of

"Your brother,

"HENRY."

TO A YOUNG GIRL, WHO ASKED HIM "HOW CAN I FIT MYSELF FOR A MISSIONARY?"

BOSTON, *January* 16*th*, 1833.

As to the main question of your letter, it deserves more attention than I can possibly bestow at this opportunity. Suffice it to say, in brief—be much in prayer. Set apart seasons of prayer and meditation on this subject. Put full confidence in God that He will guide you aright. Look to Him for direction. Aim to talk less about trifles that do no good to yourself or others. Be more active, physically. Be more regular in your habits. Form a set of resolutions in which you guard against your easily besetting sins, and engage to perform the most obvious duties. Examine yourself frequently by these resolutions, and whenever you have broken them ask help of God, that you may do so no more. Follow these directions, dear ——, and you will fit yourself for any station to which God in His providence may call you. Yours, etc.,

HENRY.

FROM A LETTER TO CHARLES LYMAN.

"BOSTON, *January 12th*, 1833.

"Last Lord's day I preached at Reading, and spent Monday there (annual day of fasting and prayer for the conversion of the world). The church entered into the spirit of the occasion. The prayer-meetings were like those where a revival of religion prevails.

"This church has sent forth two missionaries: Temple, of Malta, and Parker, now on his way to the Sandwich Islands. They have a great deal of the spirit that acknowledges 'the field is the world.' Old Mr. and Mrs. Parker are full of joy. They think 'Christians must send off their children and then they will know how blessed it is to pray for the heathen.' O, if we could all the time possess a spirit of anxious desire for the salvation of the whole world, how full of joy should we be! There is something so ennobling in embracing all the human family in one's prayers, and spreading their case before the throne of grace, as would lead one 'to be often there.' When we let ourselves and the little things of time dwindle away into their own insignificance, and grasp all the heathen world, how it expands the soul! I think the first Monday in January had a good effect upon those churches that observed it."

Under the same date, in writing to his parents, Lyman says, in regard to the fast at Reading:

"It seemed like a revival season. O, could prayers, thus fervent, continually go up for me, what should I have to fear even among the most barbarous savages? To see those of God's people who remain at home thus alive to this great work, and sympathizing so deeply in the trials of missionaries, and commending them thus fervently to Him who can do all things for them, is enough to encourage me onward with a firm, unyielding purpose. None seemed so joyful there as the father and mother of Mr. Parker. Mrs. P. wished me to give her love to my mother, and tell her that she would be amply repaid for all the sacrifices made of her own feelings for the good of souls; that she might be thankful that she was permitted to be the humble instrument of raising up children to go forth in this glorious work, and to win souls to Christ. 'O,' said she, 'you can not tell how full of joy I have been since Wyman left.'"

TO A SISTER.

"MEDICAL SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK, MAINE, *March* 12*th*, 1833.

"* * * The prospect now is that I shall remain here till about May 10th, then proceed to Boston, attend to the 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' and leave the same day for Keene, Peacham, Montpelier, Troy, Amherst, etc. However, when these things are *decided* on I will write you forthwith. * * *

"One of our number was yesterday called to Massachusetts to pay, probably, his last visit to Miss ——, whom he expected to take with him to S. E. Asia. She is not expected to live long. So you perceive, dear sister, that our health and life are not *our own*, even if we live in America under our own father's roof. Three of my fellow-students who intended to sail this season, to preach Christ to the heathen, are no more. Messrs. Barr, and Lane, and Packard were not permitted, in the mysterious, but all-wise Providence of God, to rear the standard of the cross among the heathen: the two latter were my Andover classmates, and one my room-mate. I noticed briefly the character of Mr. Lane in the *Recorder* a few weeks since, and have sent an obituary of Mr. P. to that paper for this week. We are apt to think we are not so much dependent on God when surrounded by friends. Herein, *I* think, is the *glory* of missionary life. It makes us feel more our dependence, and resign ourselves more implicitly to the Lord for safe keeping.

"And how do you, and your husband, and little Emily flourish this winter? I regret not having had more opportunity of becoming acquainted with him.

"I suppose as you both advance in life you feel more and more the responsibility resting upon you as heads of a family. In reference to many things I can not say any thing better than recall to your mind the manner in which father's family was conducted when we were children. I would not hold it up as a model in all points; but in its excellencies it was *truly excellent*. For example, the manner in which the Sabbath was observed was, you know, worthy of imitation. The principles that were instilled into our minds were *good*. Remember how permanent they are, and how they now influence our conduct; and that you too have little immortals under your care, whom you are training up, and whose minds you are forming. *Form* them *for the Lord*, and when He calls for them give them up *willingly*."

A postscript informs his sister that "Northampton and Northboro' people are at work for my especial benefit; also Bowdoin-street church for Miss P."

The unconverted state of many of the medical students pressed heavily upon Lyman's mind, not only because "we need pious physicians at our bedsides, but we need medical men as missionaries;" and he concludes the subject in a letter to his cousin Charles, with the appeal, "Brother pray for us."

Again in a letter to a friend:

"How rich is the Lord in mercy toward us. He says, '*Ask, and ye shall receive.*' Make known to Him our wants, and like a kind father He will bestow upon us to the extent of our necessities. If we see ourselves deficient in any thing, especially in spiritual strength, He stands ready with a thousand mercies to bestow as soon as we make the request. Let us then, dear E., never cease our importunities. Let us ever come to the throne of grace like little children, with the simple prayer, 'Lord teach me what to do; Lord instruct me how to grow in grace,' and then we shall be guided aright.

"We often pray for ourselves, E., that we may have 'the light of God's countenance.' What is this 'light?' Is it not an entire succumbing to the will of God? It seems to me there is nothing half so sweet as to get a frame of mind, humbled and BROKEN DOWN into the dust at Jesus' feet. It is sweet thus to live. O that it were so with my soul always. O, for a humble, contrite heart that esteems others better than itself, and that knows its own depravity. When in your closet you bestow a thought upon your absent friend, dear E., there is no greater boon for which you can petition heaven in his behalf than this. It is such a frame that leads one to bear the apparently adverse things of life with a happy resignation to the Divine will, to which the worldly-minded and self-sufficient Christian is an utter stranger; that leads one to that holy, childlike resignation, 'Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight;' that feels 'it is all for the best' even should we be called to resign that which appeared to us eminently calculated to promote our happiness. So long as our self-sufficiency and pride prevail, we forget to look at an *over-ruling Providence*, which though it dashes the cup from our lips when about to drink a delightful draught, yet does it for our profit; and though we can at the moment see no good reason for it, yet subsequent time reveals that there was poison in it."

We give a few extracts from the journal of this period:

"*April* 14*th*, 1833.—I feel from day to day stronger in the Lord; and the things of religion are more and more delightful. It is more pleasant to be spiritual, than to be carnal. Still I want an earnestness, an unction, a moral courage, a humble boldness in the Lord's service. O, I want to be swallowed up in the thoughts of eternity; to be supremely devoted to God. I want that God should be all in all with me. Come, O, Holy Spirit, and take up thine abode in my heart never to depart therefrom. Come, Lord Jesus, and make me entirely thine."

"*April* 16*th*.—O, to sit all the time at the feet of Jesus. Thanks to God that the pursuit of holiness has been so delightful, increasingly so, since I have been in Brunswick.

"This morning Chase was taken to heaven. Lord, why was not I permitted to go? But I will not repine. So long as thou dost see fit, I will stay here and toil. I desire to lie in thy hands like a little child. I give thee a blank with my name signed, and pledge myself to acquiesce in thy filling out. Thou knowest best. I have no wish but thine. Only, I pray thee, keep me from sin."

"*May* 1, *Evening.*—It has been a day in which I have been joyful, though not enough in the Lord. Our destiny is decided, and we are soon to embark for the heathen. O, Lord, of what avail any happiness unless thou art in it! Prepare me for the great, the arduous work, upon which I am so soon to enter. I pray for thy Spirit to be with me in the changing scenes which are so immediately before me. Two short months and the farewell will have been spoken, and the last look taken. Lord prepare thy servant for these things."

May 16th, 1833, Henry Lyman was married to Miss Eliza Pond, of Boston, and after a rapid journey through Vermont, going as far as Stanstead, C. E., they met under the paternal roof all his family save one. A busy season it was. The stores for shipboard which had during the past year gradually been preparing in the household must be packed and forwarded. The mother must find time for the last charges about her son's health. The children must make Henry array himself in his white linen suit, that they might know how he would look in Batavia. It was a time of cheerfulness, yet of sore grief. The parents' hearts were full of sorrow, for though they would not for worlds have recalled their offering to the Lord's cause, they could not but mourn that their first-born son was going forever from them. Twenty years ago the return of missionaries was less common than now. Many months were required for the transmission of intelligence from the East Indies, and though none of the Board's servants had yet suffered death, from savage violence, it was well known that these young men were to encounter fierce animals, and almost fiercer men.

Christian friends commended them to God, and a brother and sister accompanied them to Boston, but the parents abode in their own house, their very heart-strings quivering with the separation.

The instructions to the missionaries were delivered in Bowdoin-street church, Boston. More than one remembers the manly form* and earnest bearing of Henry Lyman as Rev. Dr. Anderson read the following sentences:

"Your labors may be soon terminated by death. But you have given yourself to Jesus Christ without reserve, for the work of missions among the perishing heathen. That work, you know, He regards with peculiar favor; for none is so nearly like His own and that of His beloved apostles. He has pledged to you, everywhere, and in all circumstances, His special presence, assistance, and comfort. 'Lo, I am with you always.' 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I, Jehovah, am thy God, and the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour.' 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' 'For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.' 'Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life.' What need you fear in such a work, with such a Saviour, and such promises! May you have hearts filled with love to Him and His cause, and faith to realize continually His presence, and preciousness, and power, and to trust the wisdom and plenitude and unchangeableness of His love."

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* In complexion, height, and figure, even in the arrangement of the hair, the resemblance of Mr. Lyman to that holy man of God, Dr. Duff, was most remarkable, though the profiles were very different. Mr. Lyman's nose inclined to the aquiline.,

June 10th, 1833, Messrs. Lyman, Munson, Robinson, and Johnson, with their wives, embarked at Boston for Batavia, Isle of Java. The two latter gentlemen were destined for Siam. The incidents of the voyage will be gathered from the correspondence and journals. For his spirit on the occasion we may refer to the letter of the Rev. S. F. Smith, in the preceding chapter.

SHIP "DUNCAN," AT SEA, LAT. 34° 37′ N.
LONG. 36° 40′ W. *June 22d*, 1833.

BELOVED PARENTS:

I commence my correspondence by addressing you. We have not yet been a fortnight at sea, and this may not take a homeward-bound course till it has been wafted some twelve thousand miles eastward. If my lines are not straight, and my letters true, you must blame the winds that rock the vessel and not my nerves. The circumstances of our journey to Boston, the kindness of friends there, in making us ready, the farewell services in Bowdoin-street church, the appearance of our ship, and the pleasing circumstances of our final departure, you have, doubtless, learned from sister A.

I was exceedingly gratified at the joy manifested at our departure. Few tears were shed. This is as it should be. Sure I am, it was a joyful day to me. Not one desponding feeling, not one heart-rending emotion, not even a suppressed sigh was elicited by giving the parting hand to so many friends, and taking the last look of the steepled churches of my native land. I had long looked forward with a kind of dread to parting with my parents. This, I thought, would be a trial. Had we been less hurried at our departure, I know not how it would have been. As it was, the composure of my parents, and the thought that we should soon meet in heaven buoyed up my spirits.*

There were several causes of regret to me in our being so suddenly called to embark. One, and by no means a small one, was that I did not have an opportunity of expressing to you, my father and mother, the obligations under which I feel myself laid, for your ten thousand kindnesses in all my past life. All that I am, I owe, under God, to you: my education, my character, even, in a great measure, my salvation. I wished, too, to ask your forgiveness for all the trouble I have willfully cost you, and to entreat you to help me to praise God for His unbounded grace toward me. You are not, I believe, aware how great a sinner your son has been; how I was foremost among my companions in Northampton and in college, in carousing and profanity. But I will not enter into particulars. It is enough that I rehearse my iniquities in the ears of the Lord, and ask His forgiveness.

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* The author asked one of the younger children if she remembered her brother's parting, and if he wept. "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "the great tears rolled down his face, and father and mother wept all the day after he left.".

Still, during the whole of my wanderings in by and forbidden paths, the voice of parental caution, and the effects of parental prayers, were not entirely lost. No, I have retired from the midnight revel unable to forget myself in sleep till I had first called on God, the Being whose name I had been for hours using in the most profane manner; and this because of the early instruction of those who watched over my infancy. I often complained in my early life of your strictness. Now I thank you for it. I have caused you much trouble and anxiety, and you would have suffered even more could you have followed me to all my scenes of dissipation. All the return I can make is to *pray for you*—a compensation which will neither feed nor clothe you; but, if the prayer is accepted, will enable you to bear hunger and nakedness.

It was in my heart to send you some small, but substantial, token of filial affection, but there were a thousand things at the last which drew away dollar after dollar, till I found it utterly impracticable to do as I desired. The Lord reward you a thousand fold. If you have done all in His name He will reward you. It will be you instead of me whom the heathen will rise up and call blessed, if the Lord sees fit to bless my labors. I will teach them to pray for those who have raised me up and sent me out to do the work.

Be not discouraged, my dear parents, at the waywardness of any others of your children. Methinks you can have none so reckless as he who is now addressing you. Though they may not seem to hear your instructions, yet, "in due season you shall reap if you faint not."

Thus far the Lord has prospered us on our voyage. We have a large ship, ample accommodation, a pleasant, obliging captain and fellow-passengers. Besides our missionary party there are Mr. Hooper of Marblehead, supercargo, and Mr. Carter of Boston, half owners of the ship and cargo. The wind has been favorable. We are now about seventeen hundred miles from you, though for the last three days we have not made forty miles a day. My sea-sickness was very slight. It has been otherwise with Eliza.

She was wearied out when we went on board, and has been much prostrated. She has now only strength to sit up for a few minutes at a time.

I wish you could just pop in and see how comfortable we are in our little state-room. Perhaps A. described it. We have since lined the inside of our berth with white cotton cloth, hung up the looking glass, pictures, etc., and it is as convenient as that little room could be made at the head of your back-stair-case. We are reminded of you, dear mother, every time we eat pickles, every time we use our spoons, etc., etc.

July 26th.—For particulars of our voyage I refer to the Boston *Recorder*. I have prepared letters for that, and what the editor does not print, he is to hand to Deacon Noyes, who, after our Boston friends have read them, is to forward them to you. *This* is only for yourselves to read. I don't want all I write *home* to be "known and read of all men."

Your affectionate son,

HENRY.

Extracts from letters on the voyage:

"As to sea-sickness, Mrs. M. and E. have had, I think, the most serious time. The former quite alarmed us. We watched her one day and night with much anxiety, while her husband was too sick to counsel or aid. Thank God, we are getting better. No one but he who has experienced sea-sickness can duly estimate all the trials attending it. Had it not been for the little extras furnished by the kindness of friends, especially Mrs. N.'s grocery box, Mr. N.'s medicine chest, and brother Edward's fan and perfumery, I know not how we could have weathered it."*

"BATAVIA, JAVA, *October 4th*, 1833.

"MY DEAR SISTER A.:

"The story of our voyage is to me an old one, therefore suffice it to say we arrived in safety with only the loss of a hat or bonnet apiece, and a yard or two from the mainmast, in one hundred days from Boston to Java Head. It was not until three or four days after coming in sight of land that we anchored in the road. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson remained a week and then took ship for Singapore. Mr. and Mrs. Munson and ourselves were most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Medhurst of the London Missionary Society, and remained with his family until a week since when we moved into our 'own hired house.' It is a snug little place, without windows, except in front, without fire-place, chimney, garret or cellar. Our kitchen, or 'cookhouse,' servant's room and store-house are in a separate building. Our floors are stone, or brick, our outside walls brick up to the windows, and bamboo the rest of the way; the roof is of *atap*, a kind of weed used here for thatching. The windows are mere openings with bars across to keep out intruders, and close shutters to lock at night. A verandah runs completely around the dwelling, in front twelve feet wide. A hall, used as a sitting-room, is the first apartment you enter, and on each side is a bed room, and a little room that serves for a study.

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* Mr. Lyman addressed to his missionary brethren at Andover, a long letter giving them the benefit of their party's experience, in "advice for the voyage."

"We live four miles from the business part of the city, on one side of the 'King's Plain,' which is a park three miles in circumference surrounded entirely with elegant edifices. The present is the most unhealthy season of the year, yet I see no great difference between the salubrity of the climate here, and in New England. It is almost certain death, at any rate certain fever, for a European to sleep on the lower floor in the business part of the city."

Mr. Lyman then goes on to give a detailed account of the illness of Mrs. Lyman, who seemed to be a victim to consumption; so that he apprehended a speedy parting. But it was God's will to disappoint their fears. He adds,

"Mr. Munson has been somewhat troubled by the change of climate, fever, etc., but is better. Desolation and moral death prevail all around us. Many of the European residents are very dissipated. A few go to church, but the number is small. We have preaching twice every Sabbath at the English chapel, from Mr. Medhurst, his assistant, Mr. Young, Mr. Munson, or myself. There is one service on ship-board, and there are two Malay services in town. During the week there is preaching once in English, once in Malay."

In a letter to his parents we find the following details of domestic affairs:

"Every thing here costs *money* except servants. *Four* of them cost as much as *one* with you, and will accomplish just about as much work. We have one to cook, one to take care of the horses, one to watch at night, one for the table, and one for the rooms. We give them at the rate of $2.50 per month, and they board themselves. You may be inclined to think us extravagant, yet our establishment is *very* small compared with those around us.

"Then we keep horses. A European would not live three months in this climate, if he were to walk any considerable distance. He *must ride*, or soon be carried to his grave. Our friends here do not allow us to walk or stand in the sun, even a few minutes at a time. Its rays are so powerful as to cause my head to ache in a few minutes. The horses used are small. We gave *thirty-two dollars* for *two* at auction. But if we drive one to town to-day, as I must to carry these letters, we can not use him to-morrow.

"We should enjoy our home much, but we *can not* *trust* our servants. We are annoyed by mosquitoes, who bite us; by white ants, who eat up all our furniture, and by rats; and the lizards are running about our walls all the time, day and night. But we shall soon become used to these things.

"Our field of usefulness is very great. There are hundreds of thousands of natives all around us; a whole village within a stone's throw of our house. In this city are about two hundred thousand Mohammedans, twenty thousand Chinese, and one thousand Europeans, mostly Dutch, and a few Americans. I shall give you a more particular account of this beautiful country, and its terrible moral desolation. This is merely to let you know how, and where we are. My Malay teacher, a Mohammedan hadji or pilgrim, has come, and I must say farewell.

"Your affectionate son,

"HENRY."

"If you see any member of the Social Union of (Amherst) College, say to him that I have already a package of curiosities for them, and am picking up more to send by the first ship to Boston."

We conclude this chapter with a few notes from the private diary:

"*Batavia, Friday, December 27th*, 1833.—I am at last landed in Java. I have arrived at the field of my future labor. I have seen an answer to my long-offered prayer. But what am I, or what is my father's house, that this honor should be conferred upon me, of preaching Christ?

"*Unexpected* difficulties are before us. But can not the Lord cause the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder can He not restrain? O Lord, I know thou canst do all. Grant me then an overcoming faith. Give me such a lively sense of heavenly and Divine things as that I may at all times feel that my hope is in God, and in Him is everlasting strength.

"*October* 25*th.*—Almost a month has elapsed and I have not noted the dealings of God with my soul. Well, it is nobody's loss but my own. Now, that once more I have a study, a place that I can call my own, a corner where I can run away and be alone with God, I am in hopes not only to keep along, but to know *how* I do it.

"O Lord, I consecrate this study to thy service, and pray that often I may here meet my Saviour, and that I may never be left to sin, so as to forfeit my privileges. And, Lord, I need grace to enable me to rule over this household with humility, and in the fear of the Lord. Do thou evermore guide me. Make me this day to live to thy glory. Let me not become secularized by the multiplicity of cares that come upon me. To thee, O Lord Jesus, I commend my soul."

Mourning over his ignorance of the language, Mr. Lyman says:

"It seems as if most of my life was to be spent in preparations to do good. When shall I begin to work?" Again:

"*Sunday, December* 1*st.*—All my life will be spent in preparation to do good! When shall I be able to tell the heathen about Christ? It seems as if my heart would break to be with them so much, and yet not able to talk with them.

"*December* 29*th.*—O that I had more of the spirit of the apostles and primitive Christians. The Lord have mercy upon my soul and cause me to 'awake to righteousness and sin not.' O Lord, come thou, come and blot out my sins, come and take full possession of my heart. Thou knowest my weakness. O, leave me not for the great Redeemer's sake! Leave me not, but fill me with THYSELF."

IX.

The Missionary Household.

[illegible], oft these hearts will whisper,
  That better 'twould betide
If we were near the friends we love,
  And watching by their side;
But sure thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,
  For trusting thee alone;
And sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
  The further we are gone.
Then why be sad? since thou wilt keep
  Watch o'er them, day by day;
Since thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
  And hear *us* when we pray.

MONSELL.

I will be the God of all the families of Israel.—JEREMIAH xxxi. 1.

IX.

THE island of Java lies four hundred and twenty miles from the eastern peninsula of India; it is about six hundred miles long, and one hundred broad. The thermometer ranges from 72° to 84° in the dry season, from April to September, and from 84° to 90° in the rainy season. There are no violent storms and hurricanes, as in many tropical islands, though the thunder and lightning are at times fearful. Earthquakes occur, but never so severe as to destroy the European villas. The wet season has its days of sunshine, and the dry is varied by pleasant showers.

It was the deliberate opinion of Sir S. Raffles that "Java need no longer be held up as the grave of Europeans, for, except in the immediate neighborhood of the forests and salt marshes, as at Batavia and two or three other places on the north coast, it may be safely affirmed that no tropical climate is equal to it in salubrity. From its lofty peaks it possesses the great advantage that in a few hours' ride, any degree of cold may be found." Ice, a fourth of an inch in thickness, has been seen on the mountains.

The ruins found in some places attest a higher degree of civilization in former days than now, and the decaying temples prove that the worshipers of Boodh were once numerous. At present the false prophet holds the Malay population in subjection.

The Chinese do most of the business. They are only industrious when working for themselves. The Malays are less numerous than in other large islands. The Javanese are, according to Raffles, "an agricultural race, attached to the soil, of quiet habits and contented dispositions, almost entirely unacquainted with commerce and foreign trade, and little inclined to engage in either." They are easy and courteous in their manner, respectful even to timidity, circumspect, and slow of speech.

Such, briefly, is Java, where our missionary family first pitched its tent. That household is gone. Mr. Medhurst, too, has left the island, and its multitudes still are going down to death without the light of the Gospel. When shall Satan be there hurled from his throne?

Our narrative draws rapidly to a close. We have followed the young missionary from his loved New England to the spicy groves of the tropics, and we linger around his missionary home, loth to leave the hallowed spot where, daily, the four young Christians worshiped God. Soon time's record is to close for them. Ere twelve months have elapsed desolation is to sweep over that happy circle. Its strongest and wisest are to be taken from it. Will those left behind be able to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in *thy* sight?"

We introduce here an extract from one of Mr. Munson's letters to the Missionary Society of Barnstable county, Massachusetts, which was pledged for his support:

"It is a blessed work, and I wish to bind myself to it by every chord that can entwine itself around a moral being. Every day that I look at the great enterprise before me it appears greater and more glorious, and my prayer is, that it may go on increasing in magnitude and splendor, till it shall fill the whole horizon of my moral vision, so that I shall see, and feel, and be warmed and fired by nothing else. Time will not permit me to state particulars, but be assured I never felt more confident of the final and speedy success of the Gospel. The obstacles which the church will have to encounter in preaching the Gospel here are many; the enemies that oppose are numerous and formidable; yet, in the name of the Lord we shall conquer. 'They that are for us are more than they that be against us.' But, dear brethren, what we do let us do quickly. 'Behold, I come quickly,' says the Lord of the harvest, 'and my reward is with me.' Even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Nor was Mr. Lyman less earnest. The cocoa-nut and cinnamon-trees that overshadowed his dwelling, the "coffee-plants beneath the window," the reptiles on their walls, above all, the besotted idolaters about them, all reminded him that the desire of his heart was granted. He was on heathen ground. Yet his zeal had not grown cold. His efforts had not relaxed. Speedily was the order of exercises for the day marked out, and faithfully was each moment improved.

Mr. Munson began the study of Chinese, Mr. Lyman that of the Malay, and even before they could speak these languages they commenced the distribution of tracts. They also drew up a petition to be presented to the governor, that he would grant them permission to settle in any part of Netherlands' India, "with the express understanding," it is said, "that we confine our labors to the pagan population, inasmuch as the government is bound to protect the Mohammedan religion. The government looks with a jealous eye upon any effort made to pour light into the dark minds of those whom they compel to fill their coffers. They say to the natives, you must raise so much coffee, and you must sell it to us at such a price, whether you will or not. They then dispose of it at auction, at from one hundred to two hundred and fifty per cent. profit."

A dispensary was procured rent-free through Mr. Medhurst's exertions, and by the first of November, eight or ten patients were in attendance. It was no small advantage that these young laborers had the privilege of accompanying Mr. M. in his rounds, learning from his example, profiting by his experience, and receiving from him the wisest instruction. It is difficult to make selections from the very copious and interesting journals which were kept. We will give a few specimens.

"*September 28th.*—Toward evening witnessed a Malay wedding procession. First came, dancing along, hideous images of a man and a woman, made of light basket work eight or nine feet in height, and very broad in proportion, with black faces and tiger-like teeth, the man having a drawn kris in his hand, and the woman a small baby under her arm. A man was inside each of these monsters. Next followed music of various kinds, then the presents, consisting mostly of artificial flowers, and paper cut into divers fanciful shapes. The friends of the bridegroom followed on horseback. Then advanced that important personage himself, also mounted; loaded with jewels, and fanned by a friend. Others on horseback, and a crowd of men and boys, closed the procession.

"And here we must pause to say a few words of that which had preceded this parade. When the time of the marriage is fixed, the family of each party inform *all* their friends, and say to one 'We should like you to furnish so many flowers,' to another, 'Will you send us so much pastry?' etc.; so that when the time comes there is no want of the wherewithal to make merry. The preparation is going on at the house of the bride for three or four days, during which time music is playing, even all night. When all is ready, the bridegroom remains at the bride's house three days, then returns to his own home for three days. Both then visit her parents, afterward all their other friends; then they are ready to begin housekeeping. These arrangements occupy about a month.

"To return; when we arrived at the bride's house, gongs, cymbals, tom toms, drums, fifes, and 'all kinds of music,' were almost drowning the cheers of the crowd. Through dust, noise, half naked men, women, and children, we made our way to the throne —a bamboo platform—where the happy pair were seated, almost stifled by the immense quantity of fancifully cut paper with which they were surrounded, and scarcely able to hold up their heads for the quantity of jewelry.

"But the multitude seemed to care more for the good things without the house, than for the company within. Large bamboo sheds had been erected for the occasion, under which tables were spread with four times the variety and twice the quantity which is found on a plentifully supplied Thanksgiving table. The board spread for the women fairly groaned beneath the pastry.

"*October 7th.*—This morning accompanied Mr.

Medhurst to town for the distribution of tracts. Visited the Arabian Campong. One of the men led us to the High Priest, who is quite a learned man and an acute reasoner. Mr. M. was obliged to contend with him, while forty or fifty priests and people gathered around to hear. The old man was at home in the Socinian argument. Indeed, the whole force of his reasoning, and of all the Mohammedans here, is precisely that of the Unitarians of Massachusetts.

"*October 9th.*—This morning at five o'clock started for Depôk, a Christian village twenty miles from this. Horses are supplied for Mr. Medhurst by the government, which feels obliged to furnish D. with a preacher. Two horses ran with the phaeton four miles to the first post-house, when they were walked back to town by a servant, and four fresh ones were attached for four miles more, etc. At the third post we took saddle horses and rode across the fields three miles to the village.

"I can not well judge of the appearance of the country, as it is near the close of the dry season, and vegetation is suffering from the long drought. The surface is a little undulating with no high hills. The village is very romantically situated on the banks of a river, and contains about two hundred souls, all of whom profess Christianity. Sixty are communicants. Their lands were formerly the estates of a Dutch gentleman, and these people his slaves. At his death he freed them and secured to them his property on condition of their becoming and remaining Christians. They are a very meek, unassuming, kind-hearted people, and much in advance of the pagans in every point of view. Most of them are clad in black; the men in drawers with a gown over them, while the women substitute a petticoat for the drawers. The houses are as comfortable as a thatched, floorless, bamboo tenement can be made.

"They eat with their fingers, yet at our lunch we had two different kinds of pastry, besides rice-flour prepared in several ways, with coffee. At another house seven kinds of preserves were placed before us, besides tea, cakes, fruit, etc., while at dinner we had *seventeen* different dishes. As soon as seated at table, a servant brought water to wash our hands, and the same office was performed after dinner.

"Mr. Medhurst visits this place once a month, and appoints the schoolmaster, or sends some one to officiate in the chapel on the Sabbath. Soon after we arrived, the sound of the church-going bell was heard, echoing and re-echoing through the forest. The foliage is so thick that every thing is literally a forest. Mr. Medhurst preached in the chapel. After service a couple were married, and two infants were baptized. A case of discipline was then attended to. The school was visited and forty-two pupils were examined in the Scriptures, the Catechism, reading and writing. The appearance of these intelligent children would put to the blush most of our New England schools. Not a word was missed; not an answer but was at the tongue's end; not a sum given at which they hesitated; not a blot upon their copy books, and the bill of absences for the month was surprisingly small.

"Afterward a class of young men and women, catechumens, met in the church and recited, and heard explained, a portion of the Catechism. Here, too, all was attention, and every one *perfectly* prepared. The mission-house at this place, which is now vacant by the death of Mr. —— four years since, stands near the church. It is high and airy in its situation, affording an eligible retreat for missionaries when exhausted with their labors at Batavia. Besides, it offers just work enough to do for a short time *by way* of recreation. A few weeks' residence there is well adapted to refresh and invigorate."

The return in the evening was through a hard thunder shower. The spectacle of a Christian Malay village was to Mr. Lyman, however, an ample reward for twenty miles of driving in wet clothes.

Frequent mention is made of preaching on board the ships in the roads, and of labor among the crews, also acknowledgments of presents of American articles of food to the mission family from the captains. We give the following to show in what manner the light is diffused in the tropics:

"*November* 11*th.*—Saw a Dutch missionary from Moa, a small island of the Timor group. He has there two hundred children in the schools, and eight or ten hopeful Christians. There are seven missionaries in all those islands, and seven in the Moluccas.

"The early missionaries baptized all whom they could, by hundreds, and those who thus received the sacrament are the worst part of the population. It is difficult to induce the children to attend school. All the instruction is given in Malay. The missionaries were sent from the Netherlands with the promise of support, but nothing has been done for them, and, after contracting debts for five years, till the credit of the Society is exhausted, the little band have sent Mr. Hoffker to this place to see whether money can be raised, or whether the operations must be stopped.*

"*November* 13*th.*—Favored with a view of the mountains back of Batavia. They seem more grand than any I have seen in America, perhaps because contrasted with the dead level around. The drought produces such a haze as usually obscures them in the dry season.

"*December* 1*st.*—Oh, how long ere these heathens will 'hear and live.' My heart at times almost breaks with sorrow that I am obliged to be with them so much, and yet am unable to direct them to the

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* What a cause of gratitude is furnished us that the course of the A. B. C. F. M. to her missionaries stands in such bright contrast to this picture.

'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' We attempt to cure the bodies of men, but what good so long as we can not tell them of the physician of souls? Come, O Lord, speedily take possession for the great Redeemer's sake.

"*January 5th.*—Atmosphere very clear and cool when in the draft."

TO A SISTER.

"BATAVIA, JAVA, *November 8th*, 1833.

"DEAR SISTER:

"* * * I often long to see you, and to learn concerning your spiritual welfare. Let your standard of piety be high. Do not be afraid of aiming *too* high. You never will go beyond your mark if you take the Gospel standard, and there is danger of your falling below it. In whatever you do, whatever question you have before your mind, always inquire, How can I *best serve the Lord?* There is a great inclination among Christians to accommodate religion to the world. This will not do if one would advance rapidly toward heaven. We must sometimes do violence to our own natural feelings for the sake of promoting the interests of our own souls, and the souls of others. Be faithful unto death. Do every thing by prayer. Read often the thirty-seventh Psalm, and the God of peace be with you and bless you in this life and the life to come, is the prayer of your brother "HENRY."

TO HIS PARENTS.

"BATAVIA, *November* 30*th*, 1833.

"MUCH-LOVED PARENTS:

"Absence from the parental roof has not cooled filial affection. I have a map of Amherst nailed upon the door that separates my study from the bed-room, so that I can constantly view the scene* which meets your eyes whenever you look from the front windows. I have also marked out the farm on the map, and often love to wander over the ground in my mind.

"I send with this, by the *Florence* of Boston, a box of curiosities to the Social Union of Amherst College. You will please to call for a part of them, viz., one set of the shark's back-bone, some of the shells where there are duplicates, the little palm-leaf wagon, two of the nutmegs, one of the cotton-pods, and the basket which contains the Chinese god—the image itself is for the Society. We took the shark on board the *Duncan*. He was eight feet long. The little wagon I thought would amuse Frances and Emily. Put the axle-tree through the holes at the bottom of the body, and then into the center of the wheels. The axles turn and not the wheels, as is the case with all the native made carts. Its material is a species of the palm, and it is quite a curiosity. The cotton-pods are not the real cotton, but a native kind with which all beds, pillows, and cushions here are stuffed. The basket was sent merely for the safe-keeping of the fat old god. I hope it will be none the less useful, coming from a far country.

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* The view of Mount Pleasant.

"Methinks you ask, How do you get along? I reply, we stay here yet. Just settled down in our new house, it is sold over our heads, and we must look out for another. There is no such thing as *written* leases, and landlord and tenant do each as they choose. However, this is a small trouble. Ha! ha! ha! I just raised my eyes and looked out of the window, before which I am sitting, when lo, a white horse and chaise exactly like Uncle E.'s, so I thought he had come down to make us a visit, being Saturday. Oh! no, it is an old Chinaman. Farewell to the visit.

"My health never was better. Not so with E. * * * As for climate, this is the best in the world for her. We have a physician here not a whit behind Dr. Flint, who attends missionaries gratis, and the doctor is confident she will be raised up to perfect health. However, our affairs are all in the hands of God. 'Let Him do as seemeth Him good.' If He sees fit to continue us long here, we will rejoice in being permitted to labor for Him. If He prefers to remove us hence, we shall be 'forever with the Lord.' We all need to live as though journeying to the grave, for we know not what an hour may bring forth. Farewell. The Lord bless you all with abundant spiritual blessings. Do not forget to send me the *Gazette* or Northampton *Courier*, or both, and write often, all of you. I preach every Sunday in English either on ship-board, or in the English chapel. I can jabber some in Malay. Farewell."

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

"BATAVIA, *December 4th*, 1833.

"DEARLY BELOVED:

"* * * We hope and pray [alluding to his wife's illness] that if the Lord see it to be necessary to afflict us, He will bestow so much of His Spirit, that the afflictions may be sanctified. Pray for us that our faith fail not. I believe that there is an impression abroad in the Christian Church that there is no need of praying that the souls of missionaries may prosper. People sometimes say, that there is no situation in which a man can be placed so favorable to growth in grace, as that of a missionary. Instead of which, every thing is against a man's spiritual progress, and this may be the very reason why *some* advance so rapidly. Every thing tends to draw them away from God, and hence they are led to seek Him more earnestly. I never before found so many obstacles to a holy life, and feel more than ever the need of an interest in your prayers.

"* * * You have heard that Malay is the Italian of the East. I will give you a few verses from the Malay hymn-book in the Roman character:

1. Eesa soodah dātāng pgnggl	1. Jesus hath come to call
Orâng ākān tobāt;	Men to repentance;
Tāpee bookān orāng ādil	But it is not righteous men,
Hāayā orâng jakāt.	But wicked men.
2. Kâloo bārāng orāng ing-āt	2. If any man thinks
Dere bookān sālah,	He is not guilty,
Eea teeda heudāk tobat	He does not choose to repent
Pada Tookān allāh.	Before the Lord God.
3. Kâloo keeta teedā rāsā	3. If we do not think
Dosā keetā bāuyāk,	Our sin great,
Mutā tooloong pādā Eesā	To ask assistance of Jesus
Mānā keeta heudak.	How shall we wish?
4. Kāloo hātee keetā, dookā	4. If our heart is sad
Olee sebub dosā;	Because of sin;
Soongoo keetā bānyak sookā	Surely we all joy
Sāmboot rāh māt Eesā.	Shall receive from Jesus' mercy.
5. Jāngām keetā ecnet ing-āt	5. Do not let us think
Deeree keetā ādil,	That we are righteous,
Hauyā scgrāh brāmā tobāt	But immediately bring repentance
Sedang Ecsā pāng-gil.	While Jesus calls.

"I admire these hymns for singing because they are so free from the hissing sounds, common in English.

"This is a large city, its inhabitants wholly given to idolatry. I fear there is scarcely enough good in the fifteen hundred Europeans here to save it from destruction. There is a spirit of inquiry excited. Ten years ago it was impossible to distribute a single book. Now two thousand are scattered monthly in Malay and Chinese. The Malays, two hundred thousand, are Mohammedans. The Chinese, thirty thousand, are all idolaters. Oh, it makes my heart sick to see these thousands dying, and going to their 'own place,' and my tongue tied, so that I can not preach to them a word. In a month or two I hope to speak Malay.

"There are here no such things as books or newspapers, or any thing literary or scientific. Send, therefore, all the newspapers you can, also occasional sermons or any thing new. * * *

"As ever, yours in the Gospel,
"H. LYMAN."

Again in a letter to the same friend dated January 1st, he says:

"* * * But I trust, dearest beloved, you have already taken warning, and laid up your treasure above. How happy shall we be when our pilgrimage is over to sit down in heaven!

"'With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation, forever and ever.'

"Blessed 'HIM!' Who would lay up treasure on earth? Who would have his portion here? I envy not that man, even though he sit upon a throne, and have millions at his command. Give me an interest in Jesus' love, and I ask no more. As we are constantly receiving new pledges of God's mercy, how does it become us to consecrate ourselves more exclusively to

His service. Let us be *all* the *Lord's* and we shall be the gainers.

"My dear wife joins me in love to you all. She is, thank God, better of her first attack."

To a letter, from Mrs. Lyman to his parents, he adds:

"We wish you a happy New Year! not only temporally but spiritually. I was never happier in my life than since the 10th of last June."

In the same communication, Mr. Lyman speaks of the anticipated arrival of the *Emily Taylor*. By her they would receive letters from home. Not one word of intelligence had reached them since they left Boston, seven months before. At length the ship came, bringing, in its supercargo and his wife, kind friends. Indeed, scarcely did an American vessel arrive but some act of courtesy is recorded of its officers. Presents of hams, butter, apples, etc., articles which had the *home* look, were constantly bestowed.

But the long-expected *Emily Taylor* brought also sorrow. Just two months after the departure of his son, the father, who, up to that moment, had scarcely known a day's illness in his life, was seized with congestive fever, and in less than a fortnight went to his rest, August 13th, 1833. Most peaceful and happy were his last moments. He trusted his family, five of whom were under seventeen years of age, to his covenant-keeping God. His only anxiety concerning them seemed to be that they might be earnest Christians.

By some accident the letters from Amherst, giving an account of Mr. Lyman's last moments, did not reach Boston for the *Emily Taylor*. The only intelligence Henry received concerning it was contained in the journal-letter of a sister, who, absent from home, and supposing the family would send particulars, merely said, "Since I last wrote you our dear father has been taken from us. Of course you will hear the details from the others," etc. It was the young missionary's first experience of bereavement. We give its effect upon him in his own words:

TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

BATAVIA, *February* 15*th*, 1834.

SISTER DEARLY BELOVED:

You have doubtless ere this received many letters from me, as I have also your long epistle, which I pronounce the greatest treat that I received by the *Emily Taylor*. Not one word else from any of the family except A.'s of June 20th. And is it so, I asked myself again and again, that my mother is a lone widow, and my brothers and sisters are fatherless? I could hardly believe it, yet there was your assertion of the fact. Yet *when*, *where*, by *what means*, in *what frame of mind*, father left the world, I am yet ignorant. Cruel, cruel friends! I said again and again. They must all know my *ardent attachment* to my family, and the deep interest I have always taken in the welfare of every member of it, and yet not a word about father's death, and the circumstances of the others. For this I wept. For my father I have no tears but those of joy. He has gone home to rest. Long have I prayed that his passage there might be easy, and I believe the Lord made it so. Blessed be God that he gave evidence that *all* his treasure was not on earth. And for the last two or three years of his life the world daily diminished in his estimation, and eternal things increased. So may it be with us. We know not, dear sister, when our time may come. Let us have our work done *every night*, and all our spiritual accounts settled.

You are truly left upon the wide world. But cling to the cross. Never desert your closet, and you will do well. Desert that, and, however flattering may be worldly prospects, they will in the end "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Remember the world is deceitful. Strip every thing of its false colors by the light of eternity. Do not believe every fair exterior honest at heart. Deliberate long. Count the cost. Have two or three *tried* friends. Open to them all your heart.

Would that I had time to point out all the difficulties I see in your path. When of your age I did not think they were thorns. It was only when

I was wounded by them that I believed what others told me. Had I not prayed much, very much, I should have been destroyed by them. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Remember 2 Cor. xi. 14.

Do you wish to know how much you ought to commune with God? I reply, How much grace do you need? I will tell you, *inter nos*, what I used to do in college. I spent half an hour in the morning in reading in the New Testament, with commentary, meditation, and prayer; half an hour at noon in reading the Old Testament, with prayer; half an hour at evening in reading some religious book like "Saints' Rest," a review of the day's duty, and prayer. Beside I used to pray when I wrote a letter, or when I read one, when I sat down to study a lesson, when I was going to a religious meeting, visiting, or the like. So I would have you do, or rather more. For with all this I advanced but slowly in spiritual things. My soul always moved sluggishly. Perhaps other people do not need so much prayer, to advance at the same rate I did. But sure I am, if most Christians would pray more, they would see the need of more prayer.

Farewell! In haste, but nevertheless in Christian love and brotherly affection,

Yours, etc.,

HENRY.

TO MRS. THEODORE LYMAN.

"BATAVIA, *January* 27*th*, 1834.

"BELOVED MOTHER:

"'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.' But I trust you have already felt that the Lord *is* good, and though he afflicts, yet he accompanies affliction with mercies.

"And is it possible, I ask myself, that I must pray for the widow and the fatherless? I can hardly persuade myself that I am not dreaming. Yet there it is on paper. I can not be mistaken. It is even so. 'You see desolation written on the post of every door.' But, mother beloved, I weep not that one of our family has *gone home to rest*, to be no more troubled with the cares and sins of the flesh. If it were not wicked to wish otherwise than God has ordained, I would wish we were all with him we so much loved, uniting in that unending anthem. I wept, however, and wept bitterly, as I thought of those left behind. All the news I got from America, while all others have letters in abundance, is one solitary epistle of June 20th, from sister A., and one from ——, in which she says, 'Since I last wrote you,' etc. * * *

"You must not wonder, then, that I wept. I knew not whether the widow and fatherless had found an earthly friend, nor whether the Divine Comforter was near to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit. For once I wished myself at home. I felt distressed that I could not have been there at the time. I then found how good was prayer. Eliza and I knelt at the throne of grace, and commended the bereaved to the care of Him who has promised to be the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless. We remembered the promises. They were sweet. I can now say I feel resigned to leave you all in the hands of Him whom I have ever found to be a faithful God. We commend you all to the Saviour, and feel confidence in Him, who has brought us in so much safety hitherto, that He will care for you, that He will grant you His Holy Spirit, that He will raise you up friends, and in short, that all things shall be ordered well concerning you. * * *

"In his last moments how did father look upon all his self-denials to prepare me for the ministry? Poor man! they were many. I always felt it, but never expressed it to him. Rich man! he has his full reward. I bless God, yea, I would magnify His name forever and ever, that I have been permitted for so long a time to pray that he might be prepared for his final change. I trust in God that it was so. I can not believe that he was left in darkness. It can not be otherwise than that his lamp was trimmed and burning when the Bridegroom came. Must —— give up the idea of being a minister? I wish I could have little Helen with me. But I commend you all to the Lord and 'to the word of His grace,' in which I am joined by Eliza. Your son, HENRY."

From the time of Mr. Lyman's embarkation two separate journals were kept, the one intended as a reference book, a mere record of occurrences. The other was for his own spiritual profit. The paragraphs which follow, are taken sometimes from the one, sometimes from the other, and show that his watchfulness and prayer increased, as his temptations multiplied:

"*January* 12*th*.—In just glancing at my covenant and resolutions I am wholly condemned. How then would it be were I to examine closely? I want to arrange my time. How much am I wasting for want of a *fixed plan*. But then I want to fast and pray over my plan, over my studies, over my sermon, and over my soul, and over souls around me. Lord, bless me.

"*January* 14*th*.—This morning had a precious season at family devotions. It was really getting near to God. My heart felt soft and light, and I desired that God would search out all my secret sins, and purify me entirely by His Spirit. I wanted God to set up His throne in my heart, for surely I am His, and all the glory of my salvation belongs to Him.

"*January* 26*th*.—My soul is not yet waked up to serve the Lord with all its energies. A poor sinner I am! vile and polluted!

"I notice by the papers just received, the death of some friends, particularly of my former class-mate, H. B. McLellan, of Boston. But he has gone to heaven. No more sorrow or trouble will he have! Would I could feel the same of P., poor soul! Once he had the strivings of the Spirit. But ambition had more powerful claims than immortality. In the midst of his anxiety he received a literary appointment) in some college exhibition probably) and when he carried for criticism the performance, to write which he had thrown off his trouble as a sinner, he said to his instructor, 'There is the price of my soul.' I hope he may have since met with a change; but hearing of his death has brought gloom over my mind, and led me to exclaim, 'How unsearchable are His judgments,' while the account of Mc L.'s death filled me with all joy, for though he was soon to have preached the everlasting Gospel, yet he will never serve God in a more exalted manner.

"*February* 1*st.*—Wrote to Seaman's Friend Society, an account of our labor here, also an account of Captain Laming's covenant with God, and his death.

"Early this morning witnessed the embarkation of his excellency the Commissary General of Netherlands' India. The pomp of the Malays lining the road for three miles, the military, the music, the arch, appeared different from the offering of grateful hearts rejoicing in view of his administration. He has gone, and were his influence over these islands to end here, all would rejoice. But he has obtained the appointment of Minister for the Colonies, and still must rule.

"*February 5th.*—It seems as if I was making no advancement in my studies, and was in no way promoting the great work for which I was sent here. But I must be up and doing. In reading brother Smith's [Rev. S. F.] article on 'Ardent Piety,' in the Baptist Magazine, I was led in some degree to see my short-comings, and to seek the Lord for guidance to enable me to be more faithful."

We beg to call special attention to the statement that follows:

"*February 6th.*—Was introduced this evening to Mr. Francis, Dutch Resident at Padang. He was very polite, gave us much information, and promised to send us an account of Nyas. He spoke of the Battas as opposed to Mohammedanism, and rather favorable to the Christian religion. Every thing he said encouraged us much as to the *great* object of our mission, although he laid before us many trials of a minor character, such as being obliged to travel on foot amid leeches, etc., etc., exposed to robbery, and, perhaps, death. 'But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear to myself,' etc.

"*February 11th.*—Learned that Mr. H——, who has been long residing in the interior of Borneo, is murdered.

"*Sunday*, 23*d.*—Preached on board the *Eugene.* We had a good congregation on account of distributing printed notices. Heard of an earthquake at Padang which very much damaged the hill; opened the river so as to make it dry, and filled it with fish not known before. It also drove upon this coast a large shoal of fish, never before seen here, something like alewives."

February 27th, 1834, the little household was gladdened by Mrs. Munson's giving birth to a son. In Christian lands such an arrival is a joyous event, but in the missionaries' lonely home it would be difficult to describe the thrilling excitement it produces. And as the little creature grows, and puts forth its infantile charms, the whole circle claim it as their own. We can never read without emotion of the death of an infant at one of our missionary stations. For we know that the pang that wrings the exiled mother's heart is far more keen than that which is felt by her who, surrounded by brothers and sisters, sees her baby snatched from her bosom. And thus a new delight was added to this home so soon to be made desolate. Two months only might the boy cheer his father's heart in this vale of tears. Then must he be written *fatherless!*

"*March 5th.*—A Chinaman came to Mr. Medhurst saying he was convinced, from the books, that Jesus was a great prophet and worthy to be worshiped, and desired to be directed whether he should make an image of him, or burn gilt paper. When Mr. M. expounded the way of salvation, 'he went away sorrowful, for he had great' pride in his heart. It is easy to see hence how the Roman Catholic religion spreads among the heathen.

"Every month seems a year till I can preach to the natives in their own tongue."

So jealous are the Dutch government of all interference with their Indian possessions that special permission was necessary for the missionaries to prosecute their explorations. At length, after two interviews with his excellency the governor, and the preparation of a duplicate copy of the petition to make their tour, they were permitted to set out. "Both the Commissary General, Van der Bosch, and the governor, Bonde, expressed themselves favorably disposed toward the establishment of a mission at Puloe Nyas, and, in the same breath, advised the establishment of a mission in the Batta country of Sumatra."

We find recorded an interesting account of the Parapattan Orphan Asylum, established through Mr. Medhurst's influence, where numbers of Malay youth were trained in a Christian manner, who would otherwise have been sunk in heathen degradation. A visit to an opium shop stirred Mr. Lyman's inmost soul, especially when, in connexion with its deep vice, he remembered that it was a Christian government that permitted, nay, derived a revenue from these abominations, "these ante-chambers of hell."

In preparation for his departure, Mr. Lyman carefully reviewed his spiritual history since leaving America, and continues:

"I have no fear that I shall fall away and be lost.

My fear is that I shall not so live under the light of God's countenance, and so seek to be guided by Him, as that I shall glorify Him and promote His kingdom. When I look at the troubles that will assail me, and the responsibilities under which I am to act, what can I do without God's blessing?

"*The troubles that will assail me.* I must bid farewell to my wife, perhaps forever, as her health is so delicate. I thank the Divine grace which has already brought me to say 'Thy will be done.' Not only do I need grace to bear me up at this time, but during all my absence, to save me from uneasiness or trouble on her account; to prevent me from imagining her pining away in disease without the attention and care of her husband; to keep me from the too sanguine expectation of again meeting her on earth. I must therefore pray to Him who gave me such an overflowing abundance of support during the painful trial of bidding adieu to my early home, and my country, asking that God would impart to me the same strength now.

"Having bidden my wife farewell, and having fairly embarked, I shall be exposed to sickness and to sudden death. In either case I need to have strength imparted from on high, that I may glorify God. To have my throat cut by a *kris*, or my body run through by a spear, or to be roasted slowly to death, is to me horrible, horrible in the extreme. Nevertheless I must fear these things so little, and trust so implicitly in God, that I shall go fearlessly forward in the discharge of duty. Especially I need to be guarded lest a fear of death shall warp my judgment as to duty. The Lord give me grace in all time of my trouble. The Lord help me to be fearless and humble, without being reckless.

"Again, my temper will be much tried by ten thousand little indefinable things. * * *

"*The responsibility under which I shall act.* I must recommend the religion of Jesus wherever I go; often to those who have never before listened to the way of salvation, and who will never again have the opportunity. How, without the Holy Ghost, can I win them to Christ?

"Again, I am commissioned by the churches to investigate personally the condition of these countries, and to report upon the location of a mission. Does the spy, sent to examine the stronghold of an enemy and report upon the most favorable point of attack, tremble from a view of the consequences attending his statement? I more. I go to report upon the introduction of the Gospel into a whole nation. The salvation of hundreds of thousands of souls is involved.

"Some of my friends deem me rash and self-confident. I am so in little things I freely acknowledge, but, O Lord, thou knowest whether I look to thee; whether I am rash in any thing relating to thy cause.

"But there will arise multitudes of unforeseen trials. I commend my soul to thee, O God, in all times of trouble and difficulty. By prayer, and by an attentive perusal of such Scriptures as Romans viii., I hope to derive strength. He who commissioned me will fulfill His promise, and as my day so shall my strength be. '*If God be for me, who can be against me?*' Amen.

"*Sunday, March 6th.*—And now comes the last time that I am for six long months, perhaps forever, to look at my heart in this quiet place. All now will be bustle and confusion. And will it prove

"'A friend to grace
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.'"

Sunday, April 6th, there gathered in the little mission chapel at Batavia the usual assembly. The dear baby received the rite of baptism, and the name of his father. O, who can tell how that father's heart yearned over the boy, whom he felt he might never again see? Who can conceive the unutterable longings for the Divine ratification of the solemn sacrament.

Then fifteen gathered round the Lord's table, and their blessed Master met them. His banner over them was *love.* "Lo, I am with you *always*," was fulfilled. Twenty-two years have passed away, yet never more have these bowed together before the memorials of Jesus' love. To most of the party they have been years of toil, of anxiety, of struggling with sin, but for Munson and Lyman—*they* have long been "more than conquerors through Him who loved them."

We can not forbear to introduce some of the letters of welcome which met the mission-band at Batavia. They are fresh proofs of the oneness of spirit which exists between these soldiers of the cross:

FROM THE REV. DR. BRIDGMAN OF CANTON.

CANTON, *December 20th*, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have great pleasure in acknowledging yours "at sea, September 18th, 1833," and of hearing of your safe arrival at Batavia. Brother Medhurst, I dare say, has ere this initiated you into the work. He is a good pattern for you, as well as counselor. He will show you more than I can tell you.

The field before you is wide and desolate, and requires all mind, might, and strength. We send you a copy of the *Chinese Repository* from the beginning, and hope you will do something toward filling its pages. Brother Tracy goes to the Chinese mandarin, or court dialect. Brother Williams learns the Canton dialect; they both enjoy good health, and go about their work in good earnest.

Write to us as often as you can, and remember us in your prayers. Live as in the presence of Christ—He is with us. Love, and cherish, and strengthen, each other, and all who labor in Christ. Farewell.

Yours ever,

E. C. Bridgman.

Love to Mrs. L. and all who are with you.

FROM THE REV. EDWIN STEVENS.

Canton, *November 6th*, 1833.

Very Dear Brother in the Lord:

Having nothing in the way of business to communicate, I thought that I might still allow myself the gratification of adding my welcome to that of others. Welcome to this great harvest-field of our Redeemer, for to Him it does belong; it must be reclaimed for Him, and bring forth fruit to the glory of His grace. We have heard of your safe arrival at Batavia, but I do not know the destination of each of you, as, perhaps, you do not yourselves. Brother Gutzlaff, who is now with us, but is going again up the coast in a day or two, says the mission to Siam *must not* be abandoned. I hope it will not be, but that the fire which you may help to light there will meet the already kindled flame from Burmah, till nation after nation shall see the light of salvation, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of our God.

Dear brethren, who go to Siam, and sisters also, I think the Lord will show you there how great things you must suffer for His name's sake. Jones, who has gone there, has been deeply afflicted by sickness, but the Lord restored him, and he is able to restore you and to preserve you from the heat, and the moisture, and the vapors of that climate.

The Lord of hosts go with you—the God of Jacob be your refuge. There lie the remains of poor Mrs. Gutzlaff, whose heart was so set on coming into China with her husband that when it was thought she ought not to go, she replied that then she should die, she knew that she should die. And she did die before he went. Her prayers remain yet to be answered, and may prepare the way for you there in Siam.

Will those of you who remain in Batavia study the Chinese language? Mr. Medhurst is so good a Chinese scholar that some of the best assistance may be had there. But in all these matters I will not presume to say any thing. But permit me to add my most hearty welcome to you, and thanks to Almighty God who has inspired your hearts to remember these populous nations, and who has watched over you, and brought you thus where Satan's seat is. I view it as indicative that in the mind of the Lord there is more good in store for these our degraded fellow-men. O, if the Redeemer's heart is now fully set upon the renovation of these nations, we shall see change after change, and all conspiring for the fulfillment of His gracious plans.

Though I have welcomed you in so *paternal* a style, yet the term of my residence here has been but one year. Let me introduce myself. I am now in the service of the A. S. F. Society, at the post of Canton, with the ultimate hope and design of transferring myself to the missionary service.

How much brother Medhurst has suffered in Batavia, and been impeded in his work by unholy Christians, no one else can fully appreciate. Bridgman is well and busy, and very useful. Dr. Morrison is feeble: I think he never will do much more work in his shattered body.

His son is increasingly active and useful.

Give my *bachelor* welcome to your beloved partners; they are the first American females who have come so far eastward, solely for the Lord's work. I think there will "once," as Gutzlaff says, be room for them in China.

Yours very affectionately,

EDWIN STEVENS.

X.

The Natoe Group.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
  Sweeter melodies can make
On the lonely mountain rill,
  Than the meeting waters make;
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
  Wealthy or despised and poor,
What is that to him or thee
  So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

KEBLE.

Surely the isles shall wait for me.—ISAIAH. lx. 9.

X.

The true missionary work of the young brethren was now to commence. Like the apostles of old they were to go forth in their Master's name. Nor did they proceed blindly. Well did the little household feel that an unhealthy climate, a perilous voyage, a fatiguing journey, were not the only dangers to be encountered, and heart-rending and solemn was the farewell. O what an hour was that when the last adieu was spoken, the last embrace given! With what sickening hearts the poor wives sat down to their lonely meal, or knelt at the family altar! The household band was broken. Would it ever again be united?

The island of Sumatra stretches along, on the west of the peninsula of Malacca, from which a narrow strait separates it. Its beauty of scenery and of vegetation can hardly be exaggerated. The flower-scented breeze warns the voyager of his approach to its shores, and the agreeable impression is not removed by a closer inspection of the land.

The inhabitants of the coast are principally Malays. Those of them who are not pirates, are the most trusty people on the island, and even with regard to piracy, it is more than probable that much which is so called is but savage revenge for the outrages of Europeans.

The native Sumatrans are, in general, mild, peaceable, and forbearing, except when roused by violent provocation. Then their anger is implacable. Their only beverage is water. Their diet is mostly vegetable, and though they will kill a fowl, or a goat for a stranger who lodges with them, they rarely partake of it themselves.* They are devoid of cunning, yet endued with quickness of apprehension, and a good degree of penetration and sagacity. On the other hand, the Sumatrans are described by the same author as indolent, addicted to gaming, dishonest in their dealings with strangers, regardless of truth, servile, filthy in their apparel, and improvident.

The island is divided into several small kingdoms, and the habits and customs differ somewhat in the different tribes, of which the Batta is perhaps the most interesting. Large and populous as are their villages, the earth brings forth abundantly for all their wants; while cattle, pigs, goats, and fowls are in the best condition, and without number. They have manufactures of cotton and silk, and are, in the main, a simple, inoffensive, and happy people.

They believe in three gods: one above, one in the air, one below, but they offer no petitions, and pay no adoration. Their only worship is beating a drum. When they die they believe they shall become ghosts.

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* Anderson's "Sumatra."

But one dark stain rests upon this fair picture. The demon of war rouses into malignity this otherwise gentle people, and whenever a captive is taken, a feast is celebrated, at which his flesh is devoured, while his skull is suspended as a trophy in the house of his captor. Such is human nature without the Gospel. Such was the tribe to whom Munson and Lyman were to go.

The Dutch have settlements on the western coast of Sumatra at Padang, Palembang, and Bencoolen, and not far from these lies a long chain of islands to which the attention of the missionaries was to be first directed. Afterward they were to return and explore the country of the Battas.

We shall endeavor to select from the journals whatever is of special interest, and of the few letters written, omit only such parts as are repetitions of others.

Each day, according to an agreement with his beloved mother, Henry read the text in "Daily Food," so that the same portion of manna supplied each. And at family prayer the two lonely wives read by agreement, the same Psalm which was sustaining the faith of their sea-tossed husbands. Mr. Lyman writes:

"*Monday, April 7th.*—Embarked on board the *Diederieka* Captain Townsend, for Padang. In looking forward to this time, I have had some anxious forebodings as to the future, and even the startling question came up, Can I leave my family? But the Lord happily brought me to a full and entire acquiescence in His will, in a way peculiarly His own. A few evenings since, a thunderbolt broke so near our house, that the sound seemed to catch my attention, before the flash, and with a startling crash such as I never before heard. It brought home to my mind with such force the power of the Almighty, that it was His to take life, even when we might be dwelling under the same roof, and to preserve it, even though we might be exposed to the ferocity of wild men and wild animals, that I fell like a little child at His feet, and have since felt naught but a perfect acquiescence in His will on the subject. I have rejoiced that my name is written in heaven. And truly I can say when the time of separation came, I seemed to lean on the promises, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' 'Lo I am with you always,' as one would lean on the arm of a friend. I thought I could say with *all my heart*, if I must return and find my wife in the grave, 'Thy *will be done;*' or if I must be sacrificed to the untamed passions of cruel men, or to the ferocity of wild beasts, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight,' shall be my language. Still hope has not deserted me. I had not rode a mile toward the ship, before I began to say, 'Only six months more, and I hope to be restored to home.'

"To separate from one's family, and plunge still deeper into the depths of heathenism, is quite another thing from leaving home, to go on a foreign mission. Still the great God can, and will protect. He who could open the Red Sea, stay the flames of the fiery furnace, and shut the mouths of lions, can now do the same. So 'I will not fear what man can do unto me.' 'If God be for me, who can be against me?'

" *Tuesday* 8*th*.—We weighed anchor this morning, and with a gentle breeze, soon left the shipping of the roads far on our stern. It is encouraging to reflect that as the sails are filling with the breeze, to bear us on our perilous and responsible enterprise, the friends of Christ are assembling in our native land for united prayer to the God of missions, that He will prosper those who are laboring in foreign lands. And we, too, are especially remembered by some, because of the reference which our labors have to the cause of God. To move out of the harbor under the prayers of the church is indeed animating.

" We find our accommodations good in the extreme, if we except the annoyance of cockroaches, ants, and centipedes. But alas! I am not on board a temperance ship. At eleven o'clock the old square bottle is brought out, and I must witness the same scenes that I might have done formerly in my native land. All on board have their allowance of arrack, except the convicts, twenty-five of whom are here in chains.

" Tuesday night we passed Angier, and are now, Thursday, in sight of the coast of Sumatra, and fifteen miles from it. It is an even highland, without any mark to guide the ship.

"*April* 11*th.*—To-day and yesterday have been reading 'Landers' Expedition to Africa.' I could not but reflect if these men were willing to undergo so much for the sake of benefitting science and obtaining their wages, shall I shrink back when my object is to benefit the soul for time and eternity? No, no. Blessed be God if I may be 'counted worthy to suffer for His name.' If I am never permitted to return and reap the reward of my labors here, by seeing the kingdom of God established among these people to whom I am sent, while in this world, yet I know in whom I have trusted, and in eternity all will be seen to be right.

"Our passengers consist of a lieutenant in the Dutch service, a French Catholic infidel, and a young man in the employment of government.

"We had this evening quite an interesting discussion. The lieutenant had read Voltaire ten times, but the Bible not once, because he was not allowed by the priests to do so. With him it was 'all a lie,' 'on the same footing with the Koran,' etc. He is very much of a gentleman, and stated his objections with a great deal of apparent honesty. I endeavored to answer them at some length, although I regretted that my limited knowledge of Malay, in which language only we can converse, prevented my presenting the arguments as clearly as I could wish.

"But the most convincing argument in favor of the Holy Scriptures as being what they profess to be, and that which I have often found most successful with skeptics in New England, was the incomparable excellence of their doctrines and precepts, and their tendency to make society better, as well as the lives of those who adhere most closely to their precepts, particularly as manifested in their benevolence.

"It is a lamentable fact that infidel books are abundant in India, having been brought out and sold at auction at just sufficient to cover the duty. Who will try the speculation of sending in the same way a cargo of Bibles?

"*Saturday* 12*th.*—This afternoon we drew near the coast, and most beautiful was the scenery. A tier of hills two or three hundred feet in height, sometimes rising abruptly from the ocean, at others with a gentle slope, interspersed with woodlands or cultivated fields, was overtowered by others, some of them deserving the name of lofty mountains. Floating along their blue sides, or resting upon their summits, were light, fleecy clouds, sometimes heavy enough to resemble a newly-fallen snow-bank. In the morning we were favored with a sunrise more beautiful than any thing I have ever seen. The sun's rays pouring out from a small opening in the cloudy canopy above us, gave the water the appearance of a sea of molten silver."

TO HIS WIFE.

"Bark Diederieka, at Sea,
off West Sumatra, *April* 13*th*, 1834.

"You perceive, my dear wife, that it is the Sabbath day, yet we are floating on the mighty deep. Rat Island and Bencoolen are just in sight. Twenty-four hours of such fair wind as we often had on board the *Duncan*, and we should soon drop anchor in our destined port. * * *

"And now you ask, dearest, how we are employing our Sabbath. With ninety souls on the ship you suppose us to be preaching and doing much good otherwise. But there are thirteen or fourteen different languages spoken on board. True, all understand a little Malay, but it is only a little. I have been reading to-day in Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and if you are troubled at all with despondency, or misgivings as to the future, I advise you to read, nay, to study it. Surely in view of the rest that remaineth for us, we can not be borne away and overwhelmed by the troubles that may fall to our lot, in this probationary state. With Christ our friend, God our support, the Holy Spirit our comforter, and heaven the end of our toils in the flesh, why need we 'fear what man can do unto us?' Even supposing the very worst that may befall us, though it may be ten times more than Paul's 'thorn in the flesh,' and the afflictions of Job, yet will not we be afraid, for nothing shall be able to 'separate us from the love of Christ.'

I have thought much since leaving you that there must come at some time a separation between us, for this world. We can not both expect to live here *always*. I hope and pray that, if consistent with His will, it may not take place during this tour. Then, again, I ask myself, Shall I be any more willing for it to occur at another time? and I am unavoidably led to say, 'Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.' Only grant that we may be so prepared that that hour shall not 'so come upon us as a thief in the night,' but whether it be to-day, or to-morrow, or next year, it may find us fulfilling the responsible duties devolving upon us as soldiers of the cross. So let us live, E., not over anxious as to what shall befall us, but discharging the duties of each day, and then, if the Lord in mercy spares us to meet in the flesh, we shall enjoy it far more than if our absence had been passed in brooding over the future.

"Think often of the portion of 'Food' for the day I left Batavia roads, April 8th.

"To-day is no time for news. You may expect other letters, and I will retire to my state-room to pray God on your behalf, and to gain strength for my own soul." * * *

"MY DEAR WIFE:—Not at Padang yet? you will say. Nay. Not long after my last we encountered a north-west gale which floated us back forty-five miles per day. After rolling and tumbling one day and two nights, and having our shrouds carried away, our sails split, and our seamen almost killed with incessant labor, we put in to Poeloe Bay, near Bencoolen. Monday morning we went up to Bencoolen, twelve miles."

"*April 20th.*—Went on shore to see if any missionary work could be done. Had a long and interesting conversation with a Malay gentleman, formerly a writer for the government. He was far the best specimen of his race that I have seen. He invited me to stop with him while the ship remained in the bay, and, at any rate, to come to-morrow and hunt wild deer. In giving him medicines, I asked for a piece of paper. He called for his writing-desk with the nonchalance of an old veteran in civilization. He gave me to drink what he said was cocoa-nut water, taken that morning and slightly fermented. The taste was exactly that of wine whey flavored with nutmeg. When his servant approached him, it was in a squatting position, waddling up for six feet or so.

"The houses are all of bamboo, with verandah and floor of the same, elevated about five feet from the ground, on posts. Some of them were cleanly swept beneath, while others were untidy. Their *padatis*, or buffalo carts, are of a peculiar construction. The wheels, about three feet in diameter, are solid, and the cart is raised upon a frame on the axletree, about one foot above the top of the wheels. The roof is like that of a house, except that the ridge pole is depressed in the middle and the front point is a little higher than the one behind. It is covered with mats. A small door in front gives ingress and egress. I should judge them to be three feet wide by five long, designed for one buffalo.

"The grass was not far from three inches in height, and without exaggeration, twice as fine, and four times as thick as I ever saw it in the most cultivated parts of New England. It was truly like velvet.

"*April* 21*st.*—We learned much in Bencoolen, that is likely to be of use to us. We have hitherto been advised in regard to Nyas, to make our chief residence at a Malay or Mohammedan village, and not to trust ourselves among the Nyas people. Now we are told to avoid the Malay village, but to go directly in among the people, and we shall be well received. There is a Christian, a native of Tappanooly, on the island, Mr. Messam, married to one of the Prince's daughters. We have previously been advised to go armed, *which we have strongly resisted*, and had determined to risk the contrary course. Now we are recommended to go without arms, and to give up ourselves to the generosity of the natives. This is the advice of a worldly man. Much more may we pursue this course going, as we do, in the name of the Lord.

"Bencoolen was built by the English, and was only given up by them to the Dutch in 1825, as an equivalent for other places. It now forms a part of the Residency of the western coast of Sumatra, and has an assistant Resident stationed here, the Resident living at Padang. The former assistant Resident was murdered last year by the natives, on account of his tyranny, and when the government came to investigate the matter, his course had been so outrageous, that the people could hardly be blamed.

"The town is built on a point of land on the outer entrance to Poeloe Bay. A sand-bank and coral reef extend far out, so that ships of large burden usually anchor at Rat Island, seven miles distant. The fact that most of the houses have, for want of inhabitants, been going to decay, together with the damage done by earthquakes, gives to the place any thing but an appearance of life, business, and improvement. There are five hundred Chinese, then a mixture of Malays, Bugis, Nyas, etc., all professing Mohammedanism. The whole number of inhabitants is not far from one thousand five hundred. The trade is in the spices which grow luxuriantly. The nutmeg and clove have much the appearance of the pear-tree."

The next day, the missionaries called on the Resident who expressed himself as kindly disposed toward them, and gave them permission to distribute books. Mr. Lyman took the Malay part of the population, but met with little success, until encountering a priest, he says, "I entered into conversation with him, giving him a Testament, and two tracts, after reading aloud which for a few moments he walked on with them in his hand, through the bazaar. Soon I was necessitated to return to my lodgings for more books, and when all were gone, I had still applications for them.

"Mr. Munson was as successful, and like myself regretted the small supply we had brought from the ship. I was surprised at the number of children able to read, and the earnest request of their parents for books for them. The Lord grant that this seed may bring forth fruit an hundred fold.

"Fort Marlborough built by the English, is the strongest fortification in the Eastern Archipelago. Its white walls in contrast with the lively green of the grass around and on the top of its bastions, together with its square tower, present a beautiful, though formidable appearance.

"While British power prevailed, Mr. Ward and his associates in the missionary work, labored here, and some of the productions of the mission press are still extant, and are most valuable. At evening we put off to the ship.

"*April* 23*d*.—At sunset, we enjoyed one of those pleasant scenes that appear on a sea-voyage like an oasis in the desert. The breeze fanning one with its gentle breath, neither hot nor cold, but most delicious, fitting one to view the sun gradually sinking in the west, and to watch while the vessel glides on silently and easily, the almost unruffled surface of the dark blue waters contrasted with the gradually melting golden hues of the sky spotted here and there by a fleecy cloud, till one star after another begins to twinkle. One could not well avoid meditation, nor being subdued into a heavenly state of mind, at peace with himself, at peace with his fellow-men, at peace with God. So may it ever be with me while I live on earth.

"*April 26th.*—About noon, Padang Head and Poeloe Pisang were in sight, and just as the sun was setting, orders were given to let go the anchor. We proceeded immediately to the town, distant three miles, and after a voyage of nineteen days, once more took lodgings on *terra firma.*

"The coast, all day, has been extremely romantic. Lofty mountains come boldly down upon the sea, completely wooded, broken into peaks and ridges, towering one above another. The small islands, too, which are numerous near the coast, and in themselves are low mountains, add much to the scenery by presenting to the eye the appearance of small bays and inlets, while here and there the view opens on a fisherman's hut or small village on a bit of level ground with a cocoa-nut grove.

"The row from the anchorage to the town is very picturesque. We landed in a little bay, and blindly followed our captain till we found ourselves comfortably situated in his father's family circle.

"*April 29th.*—Spent most of the day with Mr. N.

M. Ward, formerly of the English Baptist Society. He now cultivates a sugar plantation, but still pursues the study of Malay. He has translated the New Testament and has collected forty thousand words for a Malay dictionary. This is many more than Marsden has accumulated. He came out as missionary printer, and labored successfully for five years at Bencoolen, having established well-regulated schools in all that vicinity. When the Dutch took possession, Mr. Ward removed to Padang, where he labored for two years. Mr. Evans, who had toiled here for five years, left for England about the time Mr. W. came.

"Mr. Burton labored for two years at Tappanooly, and vicinity, among the Battas. He gathered two small schools, when ill health compelled him to proceed to Bengal, where both he and his wife died. A manuscript collection of Batta words, made by him, and some other of his manuscripts, are in the college at Serampore. Copies of them might be obtained which would be of use to future missionaries.

"These missionaries found the Dutch officials always fair-spoken, but as regularly secretly opposing their efforts.

"Messrs. Ward and Burton made a short incursion into the Batta country, but did not reach the most thickly inhabited part, which is on the borders of the great Lake Tobah. The furthest point they obtained was a fine level plain, covered with rice and houses as far as the eye could see. It is called the Salindong District.

They went up at the invitation of the people, who traded at Tappanooly and soon after starting fell in with a chief who accompanied them, and at whose house they remained during the six days of their stay, making three short excursions. Everywhere the people gladly received them.

"As the first white men known there, they attracted great attention. The whole population came out to see them, and *feel* of them, whether they were flesh and blood. Sometimes the crowd fairly blocked up the way. The missionaries carried the British flag always flying. This was reverenced by the Battas as a charm. A double-barreled fowling piece, or 'a gun that could speak twice,' excited their wonder, as did their clothes, candles, etc.

"All the chiefs in the vicinity assembled to hear the object of the missionaries explained. The ten commandments were read and expounded to them, and they discussed whether or not they should follow the moral law. Then they had two dances, one to the English flag and one to the missionaries. The meeting lasted from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

"Lake Tobah is thirty miles in length, and has a regular tide; attributed by the natives to the influence of evil spirits.

"The natives had a dread of white men. They are opposed to the Mohammedan religion.

"*April* 30*th*.—Visited Mr. I., a truly venerable patriarch, a Dutchman. The half century passed by him in India has left him healthy and vigorous. Formerly he used to translate sermons into Malay and read them of an evening in the church to a congregation, in that language.

"We found at his house *many* American pamphlets. Among them was a 'Farmer's Almanac,' and the first number of 'The Shrine' published at Amherst College. The latter awakened a train of pleasing associations which exhilarated my spirits, and long after I retired kept me from sleep. That institution interests me more and more, the further I recede from it.

"We are now living in the old mission-house which is yet unsold. It is in a healthy and pleasant neighborhood, within a few yards of the beach, and the waves roar, break, and die along the shore just under our windows.

"*May 1st.*—Captain B. was once at Tappanooly when an intelligent chief came to invite him and the Post-holder to a feast upon a boy seven years of age. The boy's father, thirteen years before, had murdered the Rajah's brother. So the boy was to be eaten for the sins his father had committed six years before the son came into the world. Captain B. expostulated. 'O,' said the chief, 'I know how bad it is, as well as yourself, but it is the law of my country, and I must abide by it.'

"Called upon the Resident, who offered every assistance in his power; letters to Post-holders, etc.

"*May 5th.*—Wrote to the sultan of Indrapore. The former power of his family gives him great influence over his people, though he has now scarcely the shadow of authority. He was two years in Mr. Evans's school here, reads and writes English, is very much interested in the cause of education and the improvement of his people, and delights in intercourse with Europeans.

"*May 6th.*—Met to-day with a Chinaman born at Bencoolen, who spoke English and Malay, and also reads the former language, while Malay he can scarcely read, and Chinese not at all. He seemed to understand that Christ was the only way of salvation. At my request he called this evening, when we endeavored to impress on his mind the necessity of making Christ his friend, prayed with him, gave him some tracts, and promised if possible to obtain for him an English Testament, before he leaves for Bencoolen to-morrow. O, that he may be taught of God and become the spiritual guide of many of his deluded countrymen. He is another proof of what Mr. Ward's schools accomplished in those few years at Bencoolen. One needs only go to that place to see the results of those efforts, if superior intelligence and a reading community are any proof.

"*May 7th.*—Copying charts for our tour. Received a note from the Chinaman, alluded to yesterday, requesting the Bible. Having been unable to obtain one here, I sent him the gift of my mother when I entered college; my guide to Jesus Christ, and subsequent conductor in the way of salvation. It was a hard struggle for me to part with it, but how could I resist? I have a Testament and Mr. M. a Bible, so I can manage till I return to Batavia, where there is an abundance. The Lord send His Spirit, and make the book what it has been to me, and I shall not regret having parted with it."

We insert the note of the Chinaman *verbatim et literatim.* It is written in a fine clear English hand, and superscribed—

TO THE MISSIONARY.

SIR:

I beg leave to take the liberty of writing to you these few lines, and beg you will have the kindness to deliver the Testament and the Bible which you promise me yesterday if you have any to supply. by so doing I shall feel extremely oblige forever.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

HAN AQUANG.

5*th May*, 1834.

"The Resident has appended to the resolutions of government in reference to us, a circular to the local authorities of Natal, Tappanooly, and Poeloe Batoe, also a letter to the Malay chiefs, and another to the Nyas chiefs on Nyas. He had also, in a report recently made to government on the Residency, recommended that missionaries be sent into the

Batta country, also into Borneo. He does not, however, refer to Dutch missionaries. If the A. B. C. F. M. occupy the field it is all the same. He advises that the missionaries should reside at Natal, Tappanooly, or Poeloe Batoe, and make occasional visits there, while acquiring the language.

"He thinks the great point in gaining influence over the natives is to be able to think and speak in the native tongue. Eloquence will do what the sword can not. They are neither difficult to approach nor to be persuaded. A man must know them, allow for their prejudices, bear with their ignorance, be patient under their stupidity, and enter into their feelings, and there will be no trouble. Since we have been here the nights are cooler than in Java. There has been rain almost every night. I have frequently caught a glimpse of a bird flying with what seemed an extremely long feather in its tail, but I find it to be a creature like our chipping-bird in New England, which comes down, plucks a blade of long, broad grass, which grows just beneath my window, and carries it off to build its nest."

We beg especial attention to the statements recorded as made concerning the Battas. The young missionaries, it has sometimes been insinuated, were not quite prudent in venturing their lives where they lost them, and it is only by marking the statements which from time to time they received concerning this people, that a correct judgment can be formed.

H. G., who has traveled all around these islands, and speaks all their languages, informed Mr. Lyman at this time, that "the Batta country extends from Ayer Bangy to Sinkel on this coast, a distance of perhaps ninety miles. He recommends our entering it from Sawkeem. Thence to the lake is a journey of about fourteen days. The Rajah of Sawkeem, who is half Malay, half Batta, says, the people about the lake are as thick as trees: that there is nothing there but men and cattle. The head chief of the Battas was, within the year, killed in a battle with the Padrees, who overran the Row district and made advances toward the lake; many of the people took refuge on the island in the middle of the lake.

"These Padrees are a new sect of Mohammedans, who are pushing their conquests, but, as the Dutch protect the Battas, have only succeeded in conquering the Row district.

"*May 9th.*—We are clear from the custom-house, and in the morning at seven o'clock, the Lord prospering us, we hope to be under way.

"As to missionary life, every thing seems to have been but preparation until now. I resolved to go, but it was distant. I left my father's house and country, but it was in company with my wife, to reside in a city where was enlightened, Christian society. I bade my wife adieu, but it was to sail with pleasant company in a fine ship, to remain a few days among a Christian people, to make inquiries and prepare for the work. Now the work of preparation is at an end; all is completed. We have spent the evening in a pleasant circle of friends (at Captain Townsend's), and have bidden them farewell. We stand *now* on the verge of civilization, just poising for a leap among the untamed savages, and the perils of exploring a new country. And do these things move me? As I am not a brute nor a madman that I should be destitute of feeling, I *feel.* I have at times almost been led to say, 'Why was not I settled over a snug parish in New England? and why did not the Lord send by some other?' But no; the consolations of the Gospel, the strength of the Lord, the fulfillment of that promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' has subdued every other feeling. I have, thanks to the Saviour, found my strength equal to my day. I rejoice; I triumph. I envy not one of my New England settled class-mates. 'I am now ready to be offered.' In the words of to-day's 'Daily Food,' 'for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' In our evening devotions the twenty-seventh Psalm was read; my soul seemed to enter into every word of it; prayer was sweet; it was pleasant to thank the Lord that He counted us worthy for the work, and to resign all into His hands for life or death; it was pleasant, too, to return thanks for all His dealings, in bringing us to this time, and to pray for all those friends whom, in His infinite mercy, He has raised up to assist us. It was sweet, also, in breaking away from this last point of the civilized world, and plunging for months into the depths of darkness and moral desolation, to raise one more anxious prayer in behalf of Christendom, that the Church may be watered, and her watchmen may not cease to lift up their voice.

"Especially did my soul reach forth after a blessing upon the colleges of my native land. O those fountains! those fountains! The arbiters of the fate of so many millions! Standing as I now do between the light of salvation, and all the darkness of death, with what importance do they rise before me! O, that I had, while a member of one of them, seen and felt their connection with the world's salvation in the light that I now do! How would I have prayed and labored. My soul has been much weighed down; my prayers have ascended on their behalf, especially for that which was the scene of my espousals."

In a letter to his mother dated Padang, May 3d, 1834, after speaking in tenderest terms of his wife and of the trial of parting with her, he goes on: "The struggle, however, was short. The consolations of the Gospel have been so abundant, that I have been quite happy all the time. Yes, dear mother, the Lord Jesus is so kind in fulfilling His promises, notwithstanding my neglect of Him, that I can truly say, I rejoice in Him with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Now and then, when I see one of the happy Padang families, enjoying domestic life, and think of the four or five months yet before us, I say to myself, How happy are these. But immediately the thought comes home with peculiar force, '*There remaineth therefore a rest*,' and Jesus Christ and His salvation appear most precious.

"When at home, I used to say, Never grieve for me; *Jesus Christ will sustain* me in all times of trouble. Now, dear mother, I can say in all time of trouble Jesus Christ *does sustain* me, and the nearer danger and death come, the more desirable does Heaven appear.

"With past experience of mercy from the hand of God, shall I not go on in His service? Surely, so long as the promises continue yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Look, for example, at the 'Daily Food' for to-day, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not discouraged for I am thy God.'

"'When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.'

"'Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

"But trust in the promises of God which relate to the support of myself as one of His children is not all. I heard *nothing* from you, dear mother, and those with you before I left, and, of course shall not expect to hear, till next October, fourteen months after the death of my beloved father. At times, anxiety springs up as to the circumstances of my family. But in the promises to the widow and fatherless I find consolation. The Lord 'doeth all things well.' Whatever may have been the circumstances of father's death, and whatever may be your circumstances, I endeavor to leave all things with Him who has ordered them.

"To another I would not write so much of my own feelings. I know not how I can more conduce to your happiness than by referring you to the Word of God, assuring you that you are not forgotten in those hours when the Christian loves to remember his friends.

"If the Lord prospers us we shall leave this place on Wednesday or Thursday next, in a little boat of eight tons, and one mast, manned by seven men, (equal to two Yankees,) for the island of Nyas. Having explored that, we shall land at Tappanooly, and take a journey of two months or so, on foot, staff in hand, and having passed around the great lake where no European has yet been, return as speedily as possible to Batavia, where, if the Lord prospers us, we shall be sitting in our little family circle by the time this reaches you. * * *

"As this goes by Batavia, I shall leave the corners for Eliza to fill up, and only add, the Lord be with you and bless you, is the prayer of your son

"Henry."

TO A SISTER.

"PADANG, *May* 11*th*, 1834.

"DEAR SISTER:

"* * * Truly now I can say that in all I have experienced of missionary life, I have ever found a something within, so comforting, so consoling, such a firm support, yea repaying with such a manifold increase, that were I at liberty to choose between what I have passed through and a comfortable situation at home I would prefer the former—yes, parting with my dear wife added. Truly it is sweet to be made recipients of the Lord's favors. I mention His sustaining goodness to add my testimony to that of thousands of others. It is, as I always told you it would be: the Lord calls no one to a particular duty, but He gives sustaining grace. O, dear sister, *put all your trust in God.* You perhaps think it terrible to be exposed, as we expect to be. Believe me when I say, I am glad to think I may again see my E., but I rejoice, I triumph in the thought of going home, to be 'forever with the Lord.'"

After describing their plans, and the delay in sailing owing to the indolence of their crew, he goes on:

"As to our boat, it is of eight tons, with one mast and manned by seven Malays. Of course there is nothing but deck and hold, the former sloping like a house-roof with its ridge-pole within one foot of the spanker boom. Then below, even where it is highest in the middle, I cannot stand up with my hat off.

We have partitioned off, with mats, six feet in length in the after part, and have arranged our chests on each side, as a sitting, eating, and sleeping place, there not being room sufficient between them to place even a very small table and leave a passage-way. I never before attempted to live in such small, hot, ill-aired quarters.

"The remainder of the hold is appropriated to the stores, a few goods, the crew, and three men who accompany us."

In a letter to his wife of May 11th, we find:

"The situation of Padang is exactly like that of Montpelier, Vermont, except that it has the sea on one side. All those wild mountains surrounding it, and a pretty river running through the midst of it, really I thought myself again among the Green Mountains. In the sides of the hills, close by the village, is as sweet and nearly as cold water as that of Vermont springs.

"* * * I hope I am not deceived when I say that our separation has been sanctified to my spiritual good, weaning me in some measure from earth. In whom can we now trust but in the Lord? It seems as if I was *driven* near to Him. But it is sweet getting there at any rate."

We resume the extracts from the journal:

"*May* 11*th*.—This morning we found ourselves still in the river, there having been no wind during the night. Not wishing to sail on the Sabbath we took breakfast at our old home, Captain Townsend's. Most of our conversation this evening has been in reference to the temperance cause. All over India the brandy, gin, and wine, come upon the table of every European as regularly every day as his food, and no less regular is his cigar; but it will be best, perhaps, to give a view of a day's living as I have observed it. A cup of coffee is the first thing when out of bed; then bathing, dressing, exercise, etc., till breakfast, at eight or nine o'clock, which is served up with coffee, tea, or wine, or all. At eleven o'clock comes strong drink; at twelve or one o'clock, luncheon, with wine; half past five, dinner, at which wine is drank without reference to quantity, accompanied usually with strong beer; after the cloth is removed the ladies retire to the drawing-room to take their coffee or tea, and the gentlemen remain, furnished with fresh supplies of wine, together with a stand of brandy, gin, etc., etc. Every gentleman, almost, has a servant following him with a lighted rope, as if not a breath could be drawn inseparably from tobacco-smoke. Such is the general character of the East India Europeans in reference to living, though there are many exceptions. Where the English customs prevail, the people are much more temperate, and approach nearer the New England style of living, as at Padang. Still here are the strong drink and cigars. Under such circumstances, with the apparatus before us, the discussion was highly interesting."

This subject of intemperance greatly disturbed Mr. Lyman. May 18th, on board their boat, he addressed a letter to John Tappan, Esq., of Boston, as to one who would be interested in the subject, in which he says:

"My heart is sick with seeing the glass filled and emptied before breakfast, with breakfast, at eleven o'clock, before dinner, with dinner, and continually after, till bed-time. Wherever I have been in India, wine is placed on the table in the morning; when the table is cleared the decanter-stand of strong drink makes its appearance; with dinner, wine and beer are, like water, in abundance, and after dinner, strong drink again. I believe the quantity consumed is diminishing, but still it is terrible. Formerly it was so pernicious in its effects at Padang, that it obtained the Malay name of Pakoe (nail), because the people said, 'It drove one more nail into a man's coffin.' You might hear them call to their servants, 'Bring me the red nail;' or, 'Bring me the white nail.' Mr. Vangrale, of Bencoolen, told me that when he came to India, twenty years since, the young men when warm with wine, would go out, fasten weights to the legs of the table and the chairs, and sink them in the canal, then sit in the water till daylight, drinking.

"The influence of the American Temperance Society has been felt here. A spark has been kindled that ought to be fanned into a flame. I dined and spent some time with the governor-general (Bonde), and almost all the time I could spare from my missionary business was employed by him in making inquiries concerning the temperance movements in the United States. In every place where I have not introduced the subject, the people have. Our temperance ships, and temperance captains and supercargoes, have done wonders. And now, dear sir, what is to be done? For *done* something must be."

Again he says: "Ships are coming hither daily. They can bring any quantity of temperance publications. If no one else will take the trouble, send them to me. I will (D. V.) forward them to every station, whether missionary, civil, commercial, or military, where a man can be found to read the English language."

The situation of Padang Mr. Lyman describes as being very beautiful, along the banks of a river; and stretching out into a plain, which, like a basin, was shut in on all sides, except that washed by the sea, by mountains from two thousand to four thousand feet in height. Excepting just on the stream, the cocoa-nut trees, as in all towns here, conceal the houses, so that they are almost hidden from one another.

"The principal business of the place is done on the northern bank of the river by Europeans and Chinese. The great export is coffee. Then the Malay bazaar stretches for a mile and a half on each side of a long street. The goldsmith's work is *exquisite*, and, wonderful to say, made with no other tools than a file, a pair of pliers, and a hammer and plate for drawing wire. The whole number of inhabitants on the Padang plain is about thirty-five or forty thousand. About four hundred are Europeans, or their descendants; the rest are native Chinese, Malays, Bugis, and Nyas people. Of these last, two thousand are slaves.

"The dwellings are mostly of wood, on account of the earthquakes which are here very frequent. The climate is healthy, being on a sandy soil, and among the mountains. It is too near the equator to have a regular rainy season. The small church is so injured by earthquakes that it ought to be taken down. Mr. Hartig, a laborious missionary of the Netherlands' Society, expects to be stationed here. He would be a hearty friend to any missionaries.

"The Chinese have one temple; the Malays have twelve mosques. The Dutch have one school, taught by a common soldier."

Mr. Lyman then strongly urges the propriety of sending a missionary to Padang, stating what articles he should carry with him, and what should buy there.

"*May* 12*th.*—Landed at Priaman, in the praou's boat, hewed out of the trunk of a tree. The passage is between breakers, but we had the good fortune to escape with but one surf breaking over us. The country, like Padang, is a large plain, bounded by mountains. But the harbor is so wretched that all the coffee is carried down in boats to Padang.

"I called immediately upon the Tocangkoe, or Rajah. In front of his house, which was not unusually large, and built as a portico to it, was the bally-bally, or bechara (consultation house), forty feet square, larger than the main body of the house.

"He is an inveterate opium smoker, as his eyes, his house, etc., gave lamentable proofs. He is not, however, alone in this, for from this solitary campong of two thousand five hundred persons, the income of government is 2,040 guilders per month for opium.

"I began to make inquiries about his people, but he 'could answer no inquiries,' until he had asked of the men who accompanied me, whether I belonged to government; I saw from whence the trouble arose, and explained fully who and what I was, and showed him Medhurst's school-book, in which he was interested, and was very desirous of retaining it to teach his own children.

"He would be glad to have schools established, and the children taught. There are here but twenty persons who can read. The priests instruct at their houses.

"There are twenty priests, two hadjies, and one mesjid (mosque), a miserable, dirty, little place, in which a priest resides.

"I discoursed a while with his excellency, upon the way of salvation, and bade him a 'salamat tingal,' (good by,) with apparently much good-will on both sides.

"About one o'clock we weighed anchor and soon left Priaman far astern.

"Our praou having come to anchor, and all things being in readiness, we left at one o'clock for Ayer Báñgy, distant eight or ten miles. Ayer Báñgy is the first town on the west coast, in the Batta country, though no Battas of consequence are found until a day's journey.

"The Malays, or Malay Battas, usually inhabiting the coast, are not considered within the precincts of that country.

"We saw here to-day the gourd used for water-goblets. New England was forcibly brought to mind. And no less so, as we gazed upon the undulating surface of the hill north of the town, covered with light green grass. The whole bay is beautiful. It may rather be called several small bays within a bay, all having fine head-lands at their entrance and gracefully curving back upon a level country. At a little distance inland, ranges of mountains rear their lofty summits, only to be overtopped by others, particularly that of Ophir.

"We saw to-day the son of the Rajah of the Row or Rawd country. He had as heavy a beard, long, bushy mustaches and whiskers, and handsome curly hair, as is seen upon the finest European head.

"The Row is the Batta district which has been mentioned as having been subdued by the Padrees; most of the people have become Mohammedans.

"The Dutch were not driven out of the district until after being shut up in a fort nine days, and reduced so near to starvation that they devoured their dogs and horses. They made their egress in the night, in silence, and escaped to the Mandheeling district, where they have two forts to defend that people, at their own request, from the incursions of the Mohammedans. To the inquiry whether it would be now safe to travel there?' he replied, 'Perfectly, if a man behaves himself well.' So all say, and so we have hitherto found it; treat the natives well, and they will treat us well.

"*May* 16*th.*—The wind continuing ahead, we did not weigh anchor till day-light this morning; and soon after, the wind coming ahead again, we cast anchor five or ten miles in advance of this morning, near Pulo Poegago. This island is, for the most part low, and covered with cocoa-nut trees. Half a dozen families reside here, and have a few buffaloes, fowls, and goats. Here we found a small praou from Natal; its owner was quite an intelligent man. He had been twenty days in the Batta country, (Mandheeling district.) He advised an entrance at the Tobah district, by way of Tappanooly. He says that if we declare ourselves Englishmen or Americans, the Battas, Bugis or Achinese, will receive us at once as friends. If the latter suppose us to be Dutchmen, nothing would induce them to spare our lives.

"Our conversation, on collecting the islanders, and some from the main, who had come here, two or three miles, to obtain cocoa-nuts, turned on the plan of salvation, which was brought forward and discussed, with no other apparent effect than to lead them to suspect that I was a Padree.

"The Sumatran shore, from Ayer Báñgy to Pulo or Poelo Tamong, where we left it for Pulo Pingie, is wild, mountainous, and deeply indented with bays. Passed this morning Doesaen Telloe Lálãng, which four or five years since was destroyed by the Padrees. At that time it contained two hundred inhabitants.

"Had a conversation to-day with the Nakkoda upon some of the Mohammedan superstitions, as embraced by the Malays. He did not, nor did any of the Malays, to his knowledge, abstain from the use of wine and strong drink because the Koran prohibited them, but because they were of no use, but rather tended to make men worse. Nor did he abstain from the use of pork because the Koran prohibited it, but because if a Malay ate it, it would cause his skin to crack, and his hair to fall off.

"The Nyas people are said to be treacherous: under a pretense of examining a man's fire-arms they use them against him; under the pretense of leading him to a fine hunt of wild hogs, they lead him into an ambuscade. This spirit, if it exists, has been produced by the nefarious traffic in slaves, which has been so long carried on there. More than two hundred per annum are now actually carried off by the

Dutch government, and private individuals under the gentle appellation of 'debtors.'

"The encouragement of the trade leads every village to be continually in arms with a neighboring village, and every man with his neighbors. Even the child who is sent to the spring for a little water, may never find his way back to his home again. The Rajahs seize their subjects, their subjects seize one another, and foreigners, Dutch, French, Chinese, Malays, etc., seize whoever they can lay their hands upon.

"*May* 18*th*.—It was some time, in making out our outfit, before I could bring my feelings to put down in the list, firearms and ammunition, they appeared so inconsistent with our object. But Mr. Ward joined all others in saying, that while it would be a temptation of Providence to go where wild beasts were so abundant without arms, they would be a kind of scare-crow to all the natives, and save us, not by their use, but sight, from much trouble and insult, and insure us, on the contrary, safety and respect. This, together with the fact that all natives go armed, and that we are on a tour of investigation, finally overcame my scruples. But I must confess I would almost as soon allow my own life to be taken, as to take that of a fellow-man, though a savage. However, God will lead us into no trial but He will find a way of escape. In Him we trust."

The small islands which were passed by our voyagers were extremely beautiful, always with a beach of white sand and coral reefs; the people mostly simple and accessible. Mr. Lyman complains of the want of *elementary* books, and wishes some of Galladet's were translated into Malay.

Poeloe Batoe or Pulu Batu, is a small rock, which, on account of its peculiar appearance, gives its name to a large group of islands off the west coast of Sumatra, between Nyas on the north, and Si Boeroe on the south. The largest is called Tánáh Massa. Since the whole group is named from the one island, there has arisen an apparent contradiction of travelers as to the situation of Poeloe Batoe.

The emporium of the group is Télo, situated at the head of a fine bay, on the east side of Si Boehari; forty-eight hours' sail from Natal and from Ayer Báñgy, and about three days from Padang. Télo is a small town, containing only one hundred and fifty Malays, and thirty Chinamen. It is the residence of a Post-holder, with some native police. There are six or seven hundred Nyas people, and many small craft resort thither to purchase oil, sago, and sea-slug. Thus the intercourse with other places is constant.

The whole number of people in the group is about eight thousand, living on nineteen different islands, of whom seven thousand three hundred and fifty-seven are Nyas, three hundred and fifty are Malays, one hundred are Chinese, and three are descendants of

Dutch, making in all seven thousand eight hundred and ten.

The population was diminished nearly one half by the small pox, a few years since. The people pay no taxes. They use sago instead of rice.

"Having spent most of the morning with the Post-holder *pro tem.*, we visited the nearest Nyas campong. At its entrance we found some men who informed us that several persons were sick with the small pox, and we could not enter the village, as they were *making medicine*, *i. e.*, sacrificing to their idols. The taboe is, in such cases, laid on all not belonging to the campong for eight days. The chief and twenty or thirty men and boys came down to see us. We found him an intelligent man, and able to speak Malay. Their dress was a strip of cloth, not more than three inches in width, passing between the legs, and wound about the body from one to six times. Sometimes strips of three or four colors were introduced, and in front several ends hang down, as a kind of loose curtain.

The women are more modestly attired, wearing the Malay *sarong*, which fastens about the waist, and hangs down to the knees; and when they go out of the village a loose cloth is thrown over the shoulders. Many wore the Nyas kris, which has a defense for the hand, consisting of a ball three or four inches in diameter, containing bits of iron, shells, little wooden images, and other charms. This is their full-dress weapon. There is a smaller one always in the girdle. Some had the shield. There seemed to be no one mode of arranging the hair. Some wore it long, some shaved, others were half shaved. Some had the finger-nails stained. When a young man begins to *act* for himself in life, his teeth are cut off close to the gums and stained black. The right ear had a large slit, increased by the weight of the huge rings they wore. The teeth of the women are also cut. They appeared more open-hearted, manly, intelligent, independent, and friendly, than the Malays, Javanese, or central Sumatrans. They seem to be much interested in our object in visiting these parts, and expressed a willingness to have schools. I then took out my pencil and showed them how their language could be written, and their king could give his orders and be understood without leaving his house, and they could correspond with one another; at this they were highly delighted, and could hardly find words to express themselves. We left them, much gratified with our introduction to the people for whom we had so long prayed, and whose salvation has taken such deep hold of our hearts.

"In the afternoon called on the Malay Datûk, or Head-man. He brought a Bengal edition of the Malay Testament, which had evidently been much used.

"*May* 21*st.*—Disappointed in our plans for the day, we went again to the campong. The curiosity of the natives in examining the spy-glass and watch was very great. After selling us plantains and oil they made us a present of another bottle of oil and some eggs. This would never be done by a Chinaman or Malay.

"We saw a Nyas fishing. He had a bundle of fibers, I should think made of the cocoa-nut leaf, bound together two inches from each end. This he threw into the water with such dexterity that fish stuck between the fibers, and, as the rod floated, he went and secured both. His string of fish was exquisitely splendid. Each seemed to possess all the colors of the rainbow, but no two were similarly variegated."

In a letter to the Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., of May 18th, Mr. Lyman says: "If we are unable to enter Nyas, we beg you will not say, 'There are yet four months and then cometh the harvest.' In Padang and the Batoe group are at least ten thousand Nyas people, all bowing to gods which their own hands have made; loving pork and hating Mohammedanism; friendly to Europeans, and free to choose life or death; people of intelligence, ingenuity, and a cast of mind superior to any Asiatics we have yet seen."

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

ON BOARD THE PRAOU "TANJAH," among the Batoe group of Isles, nearly on the Equator, *May 18th*, 1834.

DEAR COUSIN CHARLES:

I should like exceedingly to step in this evening at the corner of Albany-street and learn how you fare in your Zion-bound course. It is now nearly one year since I heard aught concerning you or any of your family. Taking it for granted that you are all well, I sometimes allow my imagination to run away with me, in endeavoring to conjure up the particular circumstances in which you are all placed. * * *

I can never retire to pray for friends without seeing your image and calling to mind that natural friendship which for so many years has been strengthening between us. And if I could only learn, were it but in a word, that the Lord is leading you in mercy, and making your way prosperous toward heaven, it would gratify me exceedingly. Not that I doubt it, but to be assured of it from yourself, is my desire.

Of my own poor self I can say I never enjoyed so much in America in one year as since I have left there, nor so much anywhere as since I have left wife and all, and commenced the present voyage. True, I have not been free from troubles, but you know medicine is sometimes made exceedingly pleasant to the taste, by an excess of the medium in which it is taken, and after its operation leaves the body in a more healthy and vigorous state: so has it been with what little I have seen of trouble. The separation from home, and recently from my wife, were bitter pills, but I would like to go through with the same again next week, if it could be attended with the same consolations from on high. I mention this to make one remark, viz.: a New England home, with all its endearments, is not a *sine qua non* for happiness in this world. Many in America thought I was making myself perfectly miserable in engaging in the missionary labor. I could not convince them that God can make thorny beds as "soft as downy pillows are." *Now* I can speak from experience. While the blessings of New England are rich, and calculated to make one happy in this life, yet happiness does not consist in them, but rather in the mind, in the man himself. One may be perfectly wretched in America, while in the midst of savages another may be perfectly happy. And why can a missionary be happy? Because God fulfills His promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" and also according "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." In our little boat of eight tons, managed by Malays, who are rather indifferent navigators, in our little cabin, partitioned off by mats in the back part of the hold, with not room sufficient to stand upright—amidst all the smell of bilge-water and ship-stores—with our chests on each side for sleeping and writing, and a clean mat spread on the floor, on which to eat our rice and chicken broth, for want of room to place a table, *I was never more happy*, if I except the few first hours after I opened my eyes in the kingdom of Christ.

Why is it that so many will cling to the good things of this world? as if in them was centered all happiness; as if God had no power to make these very blessings the bane of their existence; as if He were unable to give them grace sufficient when they follow His commands, and make what *appears to be* a sacrifice, a blessing. The truth is, no Christian makes a sacrifice when he follows Christ, any more than the impenitent sinner does when he gives up the world, and yields his heart to his Saviour. He receives a hundredfold more; if not in this world, yet he lays it up in a sure banking-house for the next. O, had I a voice that could be made to ring in every Christian's ear, I would send peal upon peal the cry, *Live for Christ—devote all to Him*, until it should make an abiding impression upon his heart, and lead him to throw away his unsatisfying reliance upon worldly gratifications, and seek all good in endeavoring to build up the kingdom of Christ. Not that he must necessarily leave his home and country, but that he must daily ask the Lord with an earnest anxiety to know the truth, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do this day? So guide and direct me that my influence may be felt in eternity, and so direct my affairs in all future life as that the greatest glory may redound to thy holy name."

Much love to all your family and Uncle L.'s. With your father's carpet-bag before my eyes all the time, my head on aunt Mary's pillow-case, a shaving apparatus from Abby, etc., etc., etc., I can not forget you all if I would. May you all experience richly the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, communion with God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, is the prayer of your cousin,

HENRY.

TO HIS WIFE.

"ON BOARD THE PRAOU 'TANJAH,' off the north coast of Poelo Pingie, *Sunday, May* 18*th*, 1834.

"DEARLY BELOVED:

"'Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'We give thanks to God, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you, that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness: giving thanks also unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.'

"Truly it is a blessed Gospel which the Lord hath revealed unto us, and it is a signal display of *grace* which has constrained us to accept its rich privileges. And now, whether at church in a Christian land, or mingling our songs and prayers with a little number of saints in the midst of a heathen population, or confined at home to a bed of sickness, or tossed about on the ocean in a little boat, or wandering among savage men, and more savage wild beasts, we can still draw nigh to the same throne of grace and obtain consolation and strength from the same common source. We are still one in Christ Jesus, and through His blood look forward to the same common rest which He has prepared for those that love Him. This oneness in Christ Jesus, this common interest which we have to-day at the same place of audience leads me almost to forget that for six long weeks we have not bowed the knee in one of those delicious seasons of social retirement, when, alone with God, we could unreservedly pledge ourselves to Him and ask through Jesus for blessings on ourselves and those we love; and that hundreds of miles now intervene between us.

"If you are regular in seeking your portion of 'Daily Food,' our thoughts often run in the same channel, and we find ourselves condemned, and our hearts comforted, by the same declarations of the Gospel and the same rich promises. Yesterday my mind was so carried away with evil thoughts, and I became so estranged from that sweet, pure communion with God which I have enjoyed for many days past, that this day's portion was truly adapted to my case.

" '*He will subdue our iniquities.*'. How rich! He will *subdue our iniquities.* He will bring under, will conquer, will destroy, will blot out, will forgive, will forget, all our willful wanderings and thoughtless neglects; will purify, cleanse, sanctify us and make us a meet residence for His Holy Spirit. Yes: even though 'our very frame is mixed with sin,' yet,

" 'Such virtues from his sufferings flow
At once to cleanse and pardon too.'

" And when once made partakers of His heavenly calling, to what glory are we permitted to look forward as our portion! One would think it designed for kings and princes of a more glorious, if not even a celestial character. 'But behold! only a shell full of dust, animated with an invisible rational soul, and that rectified with as unseen a restoring power of grace, is the creature that is to inhabit that peaceful place where unbroken, sweet, tranquillity prevails; that free place where none are servants; that resting place where none are tired with their labors; that rich place where there is no more hunger, thirst, or nakedness; that equable place where are no pinching frosts or scorching heats; that healthful place where none are sick; that joyful place where there is no more sadness or sorrow; that social place where there is no lack of friendship, nor separation of friends; that princely place where all are kings; that holy place where all are priests; that spiritual place where there is no more flesh or sense; that glorious place where God shall be all in all; where we shall no more look into our cabinets and miss our treasures; into our hearts and miss our Christ, and no more seek him from ordinance to ordinance,' but all be merged into a full fruition; an unbounding, unending enjoyment of God our Father, Jesus Christ our Redeemer, the Holy Ghost our sanctifier.

"Indeed, I forget that we are not on the throne of a little kingdom; we are contented, happy. One reason is, that this kind of life agrees so perfectly with my taste; another that God has given me a kind of easy disposition, in the long run, to take things as they come, and make the best of them, and, last, though by no means the least, the *Lord has blessed us abundantly*, having thus far kindly ordered all things, so that scarcely any thing has occurred of an adverse kind. To His name be all the glory. You must think of us only as happy in our labors, willing and desirous to perform all with fidelity, and then with no less eagerness and desire to run to those we love and recount all the Lord's dealings with us in our absence. So says your

"HUSBAND."

"*May* 22*d*.—Information was received here this morning that a Padang praou, with eight Malays on board, was cut off at Nyas, and all murdered."

The same day at half-past seven in the morning, the missionaries, with a lunch on board, set off, and in three hours, dashing through a very narrow passage in the breakers opposite the banyan-tree which shades the boat-sheds and entrance of a small village, they found it almost deserted, most of the people having gone to a wedding-feast, of which the missionaries had already heard, at Bambavo Si Toeru. At length some men made their appearance and supplied the cook with fire for the preparation of breakfast. The brethren walked on for a mile on the beach, to another village. "The boat-sheds, as usual, marked its entrance. From these, a broad path led up through a thick grove, used for a cemetery, with here and there a trunk, or a mat and pillow, or perhaps cooking utensils, set upon a stone, or hung upon a stick for the use of the dead, to the gate of the village about twenty rods." Their arrival being announced, the Head-man came out and led them in; the reception was rather cool, till, finding they were Americans, a *hearty* "good, *very* good," burst forth, and "we were conducted to the Headman's house, where we found twenty or thirty women who remained sitting, and the floor was immediately crowded with men to the number of two hundred. The chief then informed the people where we were from, and inquired if our coming was pleasant to them.

Immediately they gave three loud cheers till we were almost stunned. When the people had gratified their curiosity and began to retire, we commenced collecting ourselves. My first thought was that I was among a large assembly of that interesting people for whom I had so long been praying. I felt so overjoyed, and my heart was so drawn out to them, that I could not but express it to the chief. He repeated it to the people, when again came three cheers. I never shall forget my feelings. Home, country, and wife were forgotten in the desire to remain, and endeavor to lead this people in the way of salvation.

"As to the village. A wall of about six feet high, much like the stone fence of America, surrounds a level space, supposed to be four or five hundred feet. The only entrance is at the head of the path from the beach by a wooden door wide enough for four persons to enter abreast. On three sides are the houses fronting toward the center; the Head-man's or Ametjoer's being in the center opposite the gate. In this village there were twenty-five houses; fourteen on the longest side, and the remainder on the ends. In the center of the inclosure, and facing the entrance, is the guardian deity, as stupid as a rudely-carved piece of wood, firmly planted under a bamboo-shed, can be.

"The houses are constructed of wood, raised about seven feet on large pillars of the same, leaving room beneath for the surue. From the floor up, the front and back walls incline outward to the height of seven or eight feet, or rather jut out like the after part of a ship, and the inside is something like a cabin, the first being, perhaps four feet wide, for a platform, and the second narrower, for a seat. Above the seat the whole is slatted or latticed, and generally in the center is a scuttle in the roof, which serves for a window or opening, affording light and air. An atap, or thatched roof, extends up with an extremely acute angle at the ridge-pole, leaving room sufficient in the attic for two tiers of rooms, but it is all occupied with an immense quantity of timber, sufficient, with its ingenious construction, to support the whole weight of a well-tiled roof of the same size. The jointing of the floors, hanging of the doors, etc., display much skill. There is an entrance from the ground to every two or three houses, and all are connected by intermediate doors. Several families occupy one house, each keeping its own account of outlay, and without dispute dividing the labor.

"There were the Ametjoers of seven villages with many of their people, not less than a thousand persons, met to celebrate the marriage of this Ametjoer's daughter. We descended to the square. Near the god-house was a high pole, from the top of which floated in the breeze a banner at least ten yards long, composed of two strips, one scarlet (the bridegroom's color), the other yellow (the bride's color). At a little distance on either hand were four other streamers, one of chintz, one of white, one of red and white, and another of blue. Around the center flag-staff a large party were dancing, perhaps a hundred and fifty people, each sex by themselves, arranged according to age. The movement was a kind of spring, obliquely forward and back, and a measured step around the circle, to no other music than a half shout, half singing. Then half drew off and the other half closed round the bride and some of her companions, while those inside performed similarly to the Malay dancing-girls.

"While this was going forward, another party were busy at the extremities of the inclosure slaughtering, singeing, and cutting up eighteen or twenty hogs, throwing every part of them into huge caldrons, temporarily set. After the dance the women retired to an awning made of a sail. The pork for which there was not room in the kettles was then laid in separate portions for each village. Then was the time for distributing presents. One shabbily-dressed old man gave away gold ornaments that could not have cost less than $200. The feast was now served up, and portions were brought to us : a plate of dark-looking boiled rice, and a bowl of the *boiled pork* with a quantity of dirty salt poured upon it, and water to drink. We swallowed as much as we could, and then distributed our presents. Some of them were a yard of red camlet, a coarse handkerchief, a brass pencil-case, a pen-knife, and a large hair-pin for the bride. We took our leave, exceedingly interested, and leaving the natives as much so.

"With Savoevo the Ametjoer of Sigese, one of the villages of Sigata, the most populous island in the Batta group, I was much pleased. He spoke a little Malay, was quite intelligent, and very inquisitive. All with whom I conversed would rejoice to have schools established and the children instructed.

"The holiday dresses were very splendid. The women especially were many of them tastefully attired. The hair was knotted behind with a framework of brass or gold ornaments, resembling somewhat an immense comb. A band of the same passed around the forehead. In the ears were gold ornaments, four or five inches long. A scarlet petticoat hung from the waist. Above, on the upper part of the body, was wound round several times a long piece of chintz, and over it was thrown a cape [a *berthe*] of yellow beads terminating just below the waist in a kind of fringe of little bells and white shells. Just around the hips was wound an immense quantity of brass wire chain. Beside there were necklaces, bracelets, and rings of gold, brass, and ivory. In contrast with all this were their bare feet, and waddling, sailor-like walk. There was more variety in the dress of the men; a mere strip of cloth, a cotton jacket, and even a long, full robe of yellow silk, or crimson broad-cloth, or camlet with a fancy border.

"The Head-man of Sasara, had, in addition to his gold breastplate and collar, a piece of (I thought,) brass passing round his upper lip, and fastening behind his head. From the corners of the mouth upward, extended a pair of large tusks, in imitation of the wild boar, while a piece of the brass fastened under the chin.

"*May* 23*d.*—At Oro Hili, at the north part of Si Boehasi found the Ametjoer's house on a hill more than a hundred feet high, overlooking the village, which has no wall about it, and was not well built. The wife was present during my interview with the chief. Her infant of four months was as white and sprightly and interesting as an American child. Its little ears were dragged half way to the shoulders by *fourteen* rings about an inch in diameter, mostly of lead wire.

"In their color, the Nyas people are fairer than the Javanese or Malays, while their cast of countenance is far superior to any other Asiatics I have met, many of them reminding me strongly of friends at home. They are open and frank, unlike in this, to both Malays and Chinese.

"The women generally occupy a back apartment, and are timid in their deportment. The curiosity to see a white man could scarcely draw them nearer to us than the next room.

"*May* 26*th.*—Though the rain poured in torrents, we went to visit Rajah Boekit. The town, which is situated on an eminence ascended by a flight sixty feet in height, of narrow, rude, steep stone steps, is poor and filthy, built in the Nyas fashion. The Rajah received us very courteously, with a semicircular group of men in attendance. He is a talkative, active man, showing energy, strength, and decision of mind in every word. His cast of countenance indicates a superior parentage. He is nominally the native head of the Batoc group. But like all other kings on Sumatra and its dependencies, his monarchy is a feudal republic, the real authority residing in the chief of each village. Boekit receives no revenue from the people, but about forty dollars per annum from the Dutch government. His ancestors were originally Mantaivi people. They settled on Massa about two hundred years since. At that time in all these islands (which being coral have been constantly increasing in size) there were not more than one hundred people. When the Nyas began to emigrate here, they acknowledged the sovereignty of these Rajahs.

"Boekit appeared quite interested in the plans of the Board. He and his people would be glad to receive missionaries and their instructions.

"Thence we sailed two hours to Mari, landed, and walked across the island to Goroe, which is a fine large village containing sixteen houses. We saw here the first Nyas blacksmith's shop that we have seen. The forge consisted of a few small stones laid around in a circle on the ground. The bellows were two perpendicular wooden cylinders, with a cotton-stuffed swab in each, which a boy. standing on an elevation equal to the top, worked alternately up and down, on the principle of an air-pump or syringe, and thus forced the air through a small bamboo at the bottom of each, which directed from both a continual stream upon the coals.

"When a person dies he is not buried, but placed in the grove above ground the next day. After laying him aside in a coffin, in the morning, the family of the deceased make a feast, as they do at the birth of a child. These feasts are like those of the marriage, which has been described, pork being the principal dainty. The head of the person buried is always placed in a plate or large earthen dish, and the mat, pillow, clothes, and a plate, are fastened to a stake near by, that they may decay with him who used them.

"A month after birth, every male child receives a slit in the right ear, every female child in both ears, at which time the name is fixed for life.

"In their persons they are neat, using no oil. At each village is a bathing-place for the women, walled in by stone. Wherever we went we were sure of finding a clean seat, and cleaner mat. The platforms and seats before described (page 350), are the only furniture. In one house I saw an ill-shaped armchair. Overhead the whole of the attic is open. Large plates, each in a wicker case, are suspended from the lower beams. Among the upper timbers, are the larger Penates, and hung about on the walls are the smaller ones, of divers sizes and shapes. The skulls of hogs killed in '*duaking*' (making medicine) are also suspended here. Back of the principal apartment, are the sleeping and eating rooms.

"The people are quiet and peaceable, living together in great harmony, and exchanging visits and feasts. Their principal articles of trade are cocoa-nut-oil, sago and the sea-slug, so much prized by the Chinese. Many of them acquire considerable property. The only way in which they expend money for ostentation is in earthen plates and ornaments.

"Their women are treated with more respect than in almost any other heathen nation. They are on terms of companionship with the men. They are very fair, extremely interesting, and there is more of the wife and mother about them, than I have seen in the natives of Java and Sumatra.

"No person can marry more than one wife at a time. Upon the decease of a man's wife he can marry again if he chooses, in two or three days. When a woman's husband dies she must wait as many months before she again marries. No man can put away his wife as long as she retains a good character. In case he designs to do it, he must apply to the Ametjoer, whose decision is final. If he objects they can not be divorced. If he gives his consent, the man must pay the woman twenty dollars.

"When a young person is detected in a lie by his parents, he receives a chastisement. When the delinquent is older he is brought before the Ametjoer, and if he will not confess his fault, and exhibit penitence, he is fined twenty dollars.

"When one is found out in theft, if he will not confess his fault to the Ametjoer, ask pardon of the one he has offended, and restore the property, his hands and feet are bound together, and he is cast into the sea.

"Adultery and murder are punished with instant death by decapitation. These crimes occur so infrequently that some of the Ametjoers have almost lost the run of the laws. Some of the oldest inhabitants, in some villages, can not recollect when either of the above crimes has occurred.

"One Ametjoer, of Oro Hili, informed me that if a Nyas man became a Mohammedan, it would subject him to expulsion from the Bunwa (village). When asked how they would regard a man's throwing away his idols and becoming a Christian, he replied, no such case had yet occurred, and he knew not how far it would interfere with their customs. It would be time to decide, when one had become a Christian. Others, however, informed us that there was no notice whatever taken of a man's turning Mohammedan. He would be obliged, however, on his own part, to be very careful not to become defiled where there were so many swine.

"Rajah Boekit says, that but one has turned to the ways of the false prophet, and he resides still in his Bunwa. Others say there are twenty in Pulo Batu.

"They believe that a benevolent deity resides above, and a malevolent one below. The latter, *Ladoe Radano*, is the most powerful while men reside in this world, retaining them here and inflicting upon them whatever trouble or disease they may experience. Death, however, frees one from his power, and gives the soul liberty to ascend to the good deity, where it dwells forever. The celestial king they have no occasion to propitiate; but it is different with the evil deity. The large, ugly image always found in the center of the Bunwa, or village, and the images suspended in their houses, are all representations of Satan. Ladoe Radano does not dwell in any particular place, but walks up and down in the world, and we could not but add to their description, 'seeking whom he may devour.'

"The priests are only employed to 'make medicine,' *i. e.*, to offer sacrifices of hogs to the god when any one of the people is ill. For this last they receive a fee, otherwise they support themselves.

"We have witnessed nothing among them that forbids the introduction of the Gospel. They have great dread and reverence for white men, and great love for the English. They would rejoice to have their children taught to read and write, if it can be possible to write the Nyas language. A missionary among them would be well received. He would be sufficiently far removed from the eye of the Dutch to escape interference from them, while sufficiently near to receive aid in times of trouble. He must, however, be careful that he always pursues such a course as to convince the people that he has no connection whatever with government, while at the same time, according to Gospel principles, he must render ‘tribute to whom tribute is due, and custom to whom custom,’ and be cautious that he never does or says aught that will prejudice the minds of the people against the government.

“There is no question that now is the time to look after these eight thousand souls. Every facility possible presents itself for present labor. The situation of the people in a village, affording facilities for establishing a church and school is unparalleled in the history of missions. It is as easy calling them together, and the people would have no further to go than the students of a New England college. Then their superiority of mind and elevation of character, their present exemption from vice, the looseness of their bonds to heathenism, their respect for foreigners, their love for the English, every thing seems to say the field is white, already white for the harvest. Then its relation to Nyas. It is like a portico to a house. If a man does not find labor sufficient, one day’s sail will carry him to two hundred thousand speaking the same language, and possessing the same customs. Or in connection with this might be established a school or two at Padang, where are one thousand free, and two thousand slave Nyas."

Some extracts from letters close this long chapter:

"May 25th—O, to have a will swallowed up in the Lord's will; to entirely acquiesce in His government, this is the acmé of Christian attainment. That I may have such a spirit, let your prayers continually ascend.

"Notwithstanding our raised expectations, we are more than ever interested in the Nyas people, and for one, I should *rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,* could I be permitted to learn their language and spend my life in leading them in the way of salvation. I long to go home, bring you, and go about it at once.

"June 7th.—The Sabbath has dawned upon us once more, bringing with it the close of one third of the time allotted for our absence. I hope it finds you as it does us, still in the enjoyment of health and of every blessing needed for you. 'Hitherto,' can we truly say, 'hath the Lord blessed us.' While you have been in church I have been taking a little refreshment with friend Baxter, and think I can truly say,

"'Though all the flocks and herds were dead
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.'"

June 15th, near Tappanooly and all well, having finished our investigations at Nyas.

On board the Praou "Tai jah," off the east coast of Nyas (a little below Goenong Stoli), Sunday, June 1st, 1834.

DEAR SISTER:

My friends generally, and those especially from whom I have received no letters, can lay no claim to a scrawl while on my tour. But the gratitude caused by your long epistle by the *Emily Taylor* induces me to spend a few moments of to-day in penning a word to you.

I long to look in upon you after the separation of a year, and see how you have improved not only in the formation of mind, but also in the growth of your soul in Divine things. Since the death of our beloved earthly parent, you have doubtless been constrained to look oftener, and with more child-like confidence to your Father in heaven, and herein the death has been sanctified to you. You will doubtless now, while trusting more in the Lord, look to some other earthly friend for advice in matters of doubt and perplexity. But I hold to some notions which I have often heard derided, even by Christians so called. One is, *to look to the Lord for advice and direction in* ALL *affairs.* I love to contemplate the Lord as one to whom I have consecrated all my powers of body and mind. One who is all wise and powerful; One who can control the hearts of men and all natural circumstances; One who can bring good out of evil; One who can so manage little circumstances as that his children shall be led in the right way; One who if we act as wisely as possible and look to Him with all earnestness, will so direct us, that we shall glorify Him, and if there is difficulty will provide a way of escape; One who does not scorn the ignorant, and who will bear with our weaknesses, and when we feel them ourselves, give us strength. Feeling God to be such an one, and placing unlimited confidence in His mercy and care of me, unworthy, sinful, and hell-deserving as I am, I have ever gone to Him in my troubles and perplexities, with a minuteness of request for aid, and advice and guidance, that I have often heard ridiculed in others, and I have ever found deliverance and guidance, far beyond what I had expected. At times I have been led in rather a dark dubious way, but either I have found a resignation to the Divine will, or an implicit confidence in God, that all would be for the best, or something else to comfort and console. Sometimes things have *apparently* gone against me, but in such cases I have learned a lesson, that under the same circumstances perhaps I should not, if the Lord had not in mercy sanctified to me the dispensation of his providence. I do not think that a lesson I learn with *pain* is on that account any the less of the Lord's teaching.

As your elder brother in the Lord as well as in the flesh, I make this statement of my own experience in making the Lord a friend and adviser, in the hope that you may be able to draw some hints as to the best course for yourself to pursue. But do not understand me as having *always gone to the Lord.* I would not belie my own character so much, lest my shame should be greater at the judgment day. I mourn that I have lived so far from Him, that I have sought Him so little, and that I have leaned so much to my own understanding and the judgment of others. It is a wonder to me since I have been so neglectful of the Lord, that He has been so mindful of me, that when I have so often forgotten to ask His assistance He should always aid when I have asked. This one thing I can say, I have found it good to go to Him, as counselor and guide, and intend still so to do, and wish to impress upon your mind the importance, the profit, the superiority of pursuing the same course. Endeavor to sacrifice every interest to the glory of God, no matter how dear it may be. Let every thing that is not glorifying God in the highest possible degree be put far away. Be decided on this point. Let it be your only wish, your only desire to glorify God. Be assured the quicker you bring yourself to this point, the better. So long as you keep back part of the price, pursue any darling plan, cherish any thoughts, or cling to any thing whatsoever that conscience tells you is not the most for God's glory, you will never find perfect peace. Commit your ways entirely to the Lord, and He shall direct your steps. Lean entirely on His arm and you will find support. Renounce all your own means of support and become a dependent on Him, and He will be bound by His own promises to furnish every thing. And now may the God of all peace be with you, and comfort, and strengthen, and support you; and that you may find all consolation in serving Him in time, all support in trusting Him in death, and all joy in praising Him in eternity, is the prayer of your brother

HENRY.

Read Baxter's "Saints' Rest," through and through. Get your heart steeped in his spirit. Amen.

XI.

Nyas.

O soft are the breezes that wave the tall cocoa,
And sweet are the odors that breathe on the gale,
Fair sparkles the wave as it breaks on the coral,
Or wafts to the white beach the mariner's sail.

The forests are brilliant with gay, glossy plumage,
And flowers deck with splendor the mountain and lea,
But the shadow of death o'er the whole scene is lying,
And Satan is lord of these isles of the sea.

ANONYMOUS.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.—PSALM xci. 11.

XI.

Conspicuous among the islands on the west of Sumatra lies Nias, or Nyas as it is sometimes spelled. To explore it and to see if it were possible to establish there a Christian mission was one great object which Messrs. Munson and Lyman had in view, and thither they now steered their praou. Encouraged by what they had seen of the emigrants from Nyas, they fondly hoped to find there "a people prepared for the Lord." But the accursed slave-trade had turned every man's hand against his brother. War was universal, and traveling dangerous.

It is worthy of notice that the brethren carefully weighed the conflicting testimony concerning the safety of an inland journey, and finally abandoned the idea, because it was deemed perilous. Resolutely they turned away, and sailed for Sumatra, only to encounter, unwarned, that which they deemed they had avoided.

So similar are the customs of the Nyas to those of the emigrants, that fewer extracts will be given from the journal. The same large villages were noticed, differing only in situation. But we will leave Mr. Lyman to speak for himself.

"*May* 28*th*.—At early dawn I was on the lookout and speedily discovered the highlands of the long-desired Nyas. Soon after noon we were just off the south-east corner. The coast is much broken into bays. The mountains are neither high, nor wild and ragged in their appearance. Some of the hills are cultivated to their summits. Arriving toward night at Simambáwa, a fine green plain was spread out before us, presenting a strong temptation to land. In the harbor were three sail, with the Dutch flag hoisted. We heard that the Chinese meditate an attack on Goenong Si Tolis, intending to possess themselves of the whole island. Surely if ever news was received with heavy hearts, this was. The idea of returning, at once brought on temporary fever. The Arab slaver revived our hopes, the captain assuring us that there would be no danger to the English.

"*May* 29*th*.—Spent part of the morning in conversation with the Arab. He says around this bay are five thousand people, but under different chiefs. The villages are upon the summits of the hills, and almost entirely concealed by the heavy foliage. He is commissioned here by government—a Christian government—for the purchase of slaves.

"The Dutch gravely talk of 'debtors,' of 'sending to Nyas for debtors.' But here things go by their right names. It is selling slaves. They are brought down to the beach corded, and while the trade is going on, are bound to a post; and when the bargain is concluded, handed over like dumb beasts to the purchaser, and naked except a bit of bark about the loins, are led by the cords to the boat, and on board are fettered, and carried to a foreign land. 'And why do they fetter them?' I asked the Arab. 'Because they would throw themselves overboard, or in some other way destroy themselves; and perhaps they will do it now, as many do, before they arrive, or as soon as they arrive and are freed. I never fetter those who go willingly.' All the men on board were fettered. I saw on the guard-boat that accompanied him a very interesting boy and girl, of about four and five or six years of age. Their father and mother having died, their uncle, having the temptation laid before him, had sold them. The government purchase them for a number of years, at the expiration of which they are free. In the mean time they make coolies of them, and give them their clothes, food, and $1.20 per month; or they sell their services to others. I have never yet, in all my inquiries, met with any one who has seen these people return to their native land, or who has known them to be liberated. It may be said the slaves are better off than in Nyas. But who created them free? And who is to be responsible for turning the hand of every man against his neighbor, and filling a nation of two hundred thousand most interesting people with the worst of crimes, stealing and trafficking in human flesh, and to obtain it, wading through their neighbors' blood?

"About eleven o'clock two Rajahs, one over three hundred, the other over two hundred and fifty people, came down to the audience-house, which is a small, temporary building on the beach. The greatest Rajah was quite an intelligent man, of apparently great decision and firmness of purpose, but a notorious beggar. He had upon him five *badjoes*, or jackets of different materials. These form a shield against the *kris*, as also did the twelve rings of brass and ivory which he wore on his arm. All the people were well armed.

"When he learned we were Americans, he would take us up to his village, if we would supply him with grog, as he said Americans always carried it. He would scarcely believe that we belonged to the Temperance Society. Next, we might go if we would give him some tobacco, etc., etc. He informed us, however, that we could go to no other village with safety."

Each day the missionaries heard a different report as to the state of the island. Their crew were very much alarmed, and desired to return immediately to Padang, but subsequent reports were more favorable.

"*June 1st.*—The wind is cold and damp, so that a cloak is comfortable when sitting on deck in the evening.

"*June 2d.*—Last night (Sunday), I lay awake a long, long time in delightful contemplations of the future triumphs of the Gospel, and in studying how I can best bring my poor efforts to bear upon the good cause. Prayer succeeded for the descent of the Holy Ghost upon our colleges, that missionaries may be raised up. Then my thoughts turned to absent friends, and they were commended to the care of God Almighty, and the blessedness of His grace.

"This evening I have been reviewing the past. Now, *anticipations* are closed, I am in the field at work. I have nothing before me but to toil faithfully till death shall end the scene, and I rest from my labors. When that shall be, or through what previous changes I must pass, I would not desire to inquire. Of one thing I am *certain*, INDUBITABLY CERTAIN. I 'know in whom I have believed.' He will do 'all things well.' His grace shall be sufficient. In Him I have implicit confidence. He desires the highest good of all His kingdom. He will make every thing turn to the promotion of His glory, causing even 'the wrath of man to praise Him.' Like a little child, then, would I throw myself into His arms, hoping and praying that when the Son of man shall come I may be found doing His work, with my lamp trimmed, and my loins girded. Even so. Amen. Amen.

"*June* 3*d*.—This morning we anchored before a Malay village, Mene. It is palisaded by sharpened bamboos, and entered by a door at each end of a fortified way, which is twenty feet or more in length.

There are perhaps fifty people. The prospect was delightful. Before us was the breaking surf, the white beach, an interval of a quarter of a mile, checkered with patches of trees, underwood, cultivated fields, and scattered huts, backed by a long range of hills of an undulating surface, divided between the wildness of nature and the improvements of the husbandman, with their tops covered with cocoa-nut groves, and villages of the Nyas; behind these rose a higher and still higher range, till their outline was lost in the blue vail of distance. As we drew nearer, the further summits became hidden from view, till we found ourselves beneath a highland on whose top were fields of Indian corn, whose luxuriant growth would have cheered the heart of the husbandmen of my native meadows. On the peak that looks directly down upon us the large house of the village chief peers above the trees, with the high quadrangular pyramidal roof, surmounted by his god, and, with the glimpses obtained of other houses, seems to carry one back to the castles of the old feudal lords. But what gives a beauty to the scene, unknown in the more temperate climates, is the tall, gracefully waving palm.

" *Thursday*, *June 5th.*—We left the Malay village about nine o'clock, in company with Mr. Messam (see page 311), and the Malay Datoek, or Head-man, with Mr. Messam's servants, to visit the Rajah of this district, Erenoqueah. A walk of more than a mile brought us to the foot of a conical hill, perhaps fifty feet high and a third of a mile in circuit at its base, on the summit of which stood the house of the Rajah of the sea-coast. He was planting rice, but soon made his appearance, with his twelve brothers. Soon after, their wives entered, tugging great loads at their backs. The house was single, like all those in this district, and was very poor. It was soon to be replaced by a new one. After chatting, drinking cocoa-nut water, and giving medicine to some of the people, the Datoek having received his instructions, intimated that he had affairs of a public nature to communicate. The Rajah called one of his brothers, and they placed themselves exactly in front of the Datoek, a few feet distant on the floor, and signified that they were ready to hear. The Datoek then made a long speech, in which he explained our object, the wishes of the good people of America to send men to reside among them, and instruct them, etc., etc. The Rajah expressed a great deal of pleasure at the proposal, and furthermore said he was very desirous such men should come, and no doubt they would be joyfully received by all the people. I could not but notice the eloquence with which the speeches on both sides, but particularly by the Rajah, were delivered.

"The language was more soft and smooth than any I have before heard (being the court dialect), and was perceptibly different from that spoken in the same room by others. The chief sat on the floor holding his infant in his arms, and from time to time hushing its uneasiness. In all his answers he seemed to consult his brother. We attempted to explain to him how his own language could be written; then he took down a bamboo containing some Dutch and Malay documents. Though the ink was much faded we made out the date, May 26th, 1755, signed by one Krygsman as one party, and various Nyas chiefs as the other party.

"On the corner post of the house hung in a wicker frame a human skull, taken some years before by the Rajah's father. After making some presents, we took leave."

To the house of another Rajah the missionaries now turned their steps; and after walking for a mile "through grass higher than our heads, through underbrush, and then thick forests, we came upon a large plot of ground where four or five women in a state of nudity excepting one small bit of cloth wrapped about the hips, and extending nearly to the knees, were engaged in gathering and burning the brush which some men were cutting. Another man was resting for a while under a little shed near which two children were playing, and a woman was cooking. We were much surprised, on drawing near the shed, to be introduced to the Rajah for whom we were in search. He was much chagrined at being found at labor, and scarcely knew what to say. But we reassured him by some remarks commendatory of his industry, and he took us to his house. After climbing for two miles a path, which in some places might have been ascended on horseback, and in others led us up a flight of very steep stone steps, we finished the ascent of about nine hundred feet at noon. So many months having elapsed since making such an effort, I was completely exhausted. I threw myself upon a mat and found rest in sleep.

"The dwelling itself, though its proprietor is powerful, was miserably poor and dirty. But the situation was very beautiful. There was on the top of the hill just sufficient space for the house and a semicircular grass-plot, bounded by a terrace, faced with stone, with steps of the same, and a row of cocoa-nut trees on the edge, while below, the land gently sloped away, showing to full advantage the rich verdure which covered it. At a short distance rose another thickly-wooded hill, on whose summit was the former Rajah's house. A winding path, planted on each side with the betel-tree, led to it.

"This old house bears marks of former magnificence, and contains many idols: rude wooden images as large as life and quite naked. The female figures had a bit of cloth tied about the waist.

"On the timbers above was a museum of idols. The house is the one we had observed facing us from the harbor. The green hills descending to the water's edge, the sea sparkling in the sun, and the whole terminated by the mountains of Sumatra, all present a picture of wonderful beauty, while the prospect on the land side, though different, is not less lovely. Our *bitjara* or conversation with this chief was attended by the same formalities as the other. He not only expressed the same opinion as the other Rajah, but said he would send to school all his own children, amounting to six or seven.

"He said, also, that there would be no necessity of seeing the other five chiefs of this district, because he and his colleague were at the head of affairs. After leaving a present, we took our leave and commenced our descent. The soil we observed was a rich clay above a bed of coral rock, in which we saw imbedded some shells. Houses were scattered all along for the last mile, but always situated on an eminence.

"We returned to the praou not a little rejoiced to find again a resting place and some food, having tasted nothing since breakfast. No sooner had we dined, than a praou, with a dozen of patients, drew near. An hour was employed in dealing out medicines to them, and then I was ready for a night's rest.

"There are five dialects of Nyas besides the court dialect, or that used by the Rajahs in their public consultations on state affairs. The common people scarcely understand this.

"In the Erenoqeah and Gunong Si Toolis districts, there is much parental and filial affection; but in the south-eastern districts scarcely any at all. A man there seizes his neighbor, binds him, and offers him for sale as a slave. If the unhappy man complains to the Rajah, a few dollars from his captor makes all quiet, and he can obtain no redress. Sometimes, in this way, parents sell their own children, and children their own parents. When a man's wife dies, he makes nothing of selling a child or two she has borne him, to purchase a second wife. Messam himself once bought a child sold in this way. As to the number of slaves annually carried hence, there are conflicting opinions. One, who has many years been engaged in the traffic, says, two hundred from the whole island. Another, who has resided here fifteen years, and was formerly engaged in it, says one thousand from Simambawa alone. Perhaps they will average five hundred per annum.

"The Dutch government have now a large praou on the coast, engaged to obtain two hundred in six months. They likewise wish for one hundred more in the same time. They allow about twenty dollars per head, and four dollars more as a premium.

"The Achinese also purchase them, and occasionally the French. About two years since, a French ship took four hundred as a cargo, and landed them on the Isle of France.

"In some things, the women appear to have an equality with the men. Though they are not allowed to eat with their husbands, and are compelled to labor hard, yet no man can purchase any thing without his wife's consent. A man can marry as many wives as he has means to support. There is no divorce, and there are few quarrels between the wives. The price of a wife differs according to the rank or wealth of her family. M. paid six hundred dollars in gold for his, the daughter of a Rajah. When a man wishes to marry he mentions it to some friend, and he tells it to the girl's parents, who express their willingness, and the price is paid. When this is settled, the parents, or if they are dead, some near relation, knock together the heads of the couple, and they are married. A feast ensues, in which pork forms the principal dish.

"Adultery and murder are punished by death. For theft a fine, according to its degree, is levied. Stealing gold and men is by law worthy of death, but bribery can prevent its infliction.

"When a Rajah dies, his eldest son, or if he has no son, his nearest relation, and if he has none, the man who will give the people the most money is made Rajah. Women are never allowed to assume this power. When a man is to be introduced into office, the people assemble and make a great feast, dance, and carry upon their shoulders a platform upon which the new Rajah exhibits himself in a dance.

"There are on the island deer, hog-deer, monkeys, hogs, dogs, and cats. The Malays have also buffaloes, goats, and four or five horses. Snakes are numerous. There are no singing-birds, but many small green parrots. Fowls are raised in small numbers and command a high price.

"The more common fruits of the climate have been introduced by the Malays. Coffee is raised, though inferior in quality to that of Padang. Beside slaves, rice is the only article of exportation, and this must be transplanted in order to yield well.

"Hogs are the principal food of the Nyas, and their consumption forms the great distinction between themselves and their Mohammedan neighbors.*

"A few edible birds'-nests are obtained in the north, and sold to the Chinese at twelve dollars per pound, averaging about thirty to the pound.

"The water is said to be good, which is possible, where the springs are in the coral rock. The island is generally healthy. Last year the small-pox raged fearfully.

"The Nyas have no temples, or what may be strictly called, public priests. They have no holidays. They believe in two gods, Love Langi, the benevolent god above, and the least powerful, and Batoe Bedani, Satan, who has power over all men and evils in this world. To the latter they make all sacrifices, as being the most powerful, by the intervention, however, of the images in their houses. Besides these representations of Satan, they have in their houses images of all their family who have died, and when they make a feast, they give a portion to these; believing that when they cease paying their respects to the dead evil will befall them. They have, also, attached to the handle of their krises, a charm, to prevent a blow upon the head, and two or three little images, which are able to give rain when it is needed, and direct them in the right road at night.

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* It is possible that this enormous amount of pork consumed may be the cause of the kind of leprosy, or white scurf, which is nearly universal among the Nyas, and very disgusting to Europeans.

"They bury their dead in the northern districts, generally beneath the ground, and in the southern, above, generally near the house, under a small shed, with a roof built up to a high peak, and terminating in some sort of device.

"If a missionary wishes to reside in the island, he would do well, as I have said before, to bring with him his household furniture, iron work for building, and stores, such as sugar, coffee, tea, etc., etc., and goods for purchasing the necessaries of life, and making some few presents. Goods should consist of tobacco, iron and steel, and coarse cloths particularly. When arrived here, he should pay his respects immediately to all the chiefs in the district; state distinctly that he is not a Dutchman, but an American. He should ask them for a piece of land, or, rather, select a piece and tell them he wishes to build upon it. His timber he will purchase cheap. Laborers he will obtain, who will make his house after a fashion, if he can have patience to give them an exact plan, and show them all the parts. When he is ready to raise it, he must purchase a few hogs, and get ready a few pieces of cloth, and invite all the chiefs of the district. They will come, bring some of their followers, partake of his feast, receive his presents, raise his house, confer upon him a Nyas name, and he will ever be considered an initiated citizen, able to go anywhere in the district, unattended, and be admitted to sit in the bitjaras of the chiefs. This ground he can fence in, too, and cultivate, and it will ever after be considered his property.

"He would do well to raise his own vegetables, fruits, fowls, hogs, sheep, and to keep a horse, with a saddle and bridle. Rice and potatoes he could always purchase cheap, with goods. He must, of course, first obtain leave of the Resident at Padang before he establishes himself permanently.

"The farming utensils of the Nyas are extremely simple. The men are of middle stature, well made, and manly in appearance. Many of them have fine foreheads. They have no beard, and their hair is black and straight like the Malays and Javanese. The women are short, thick, and heavily made, generally bandy-legged, and with an awkward, waddling gait. The people here are neither so neat nor so intelligent as those of Batu, the reason being that the emigrants to that group were from the south of this island, which is superior to the north in every thing but peaceableness.

"The southerners live in fortified villages, have more trade, more ingenuity, more independence, and more nationality of character. The Batu people combine with these qualities the gentleness of the northerners.

"The people here live in detached houses of an oval or circular form, always well placed, and sometimes fortified. But they are small, ill-built, and dirty, compared with those of Batu.

"*June* 6*th.*—Spent the whole day in going to Gunong Si Toolis, encountering head-winds and a squall.

"*June* 7*th.*—Left our praou at anchor in the bay, and in the lampan or skiff proceeded up the river and landed at the Malay campong. This is situated some little distance from the banks, amidst a grove of cocoa-nut and durion-trees. It is damp, filthy, and unhealthy.

"The people seemed interested in our exposition of our object, and Hadji Pálembang, son-in-law of the Datoek, the most intelligent Malay here, who speaks a little Arabic, Portuguese, Chinese, and English, and is one of the Panghooloos, or members of council, said he had no children, but if we would establish a school he would give a building for it, and see that the Malay children were gathered in; also, that we might obtain a suitable teacher here for about three dollars per month, payable in goods. About fifty people came in and listened to the bechara or bitjara;

to a few we administered medicines. But as for books, it was impossible to supply their demand. We had application upon application all the time we remained, till, after making at least fifty promises to bring more, we became tired. It was with the greatest difficulty that I brought away Medhurst's school-book. It seemed as if every one could read. I think I never before met with more free, frank, open-hearted, intelligent Malays.

"*June 8th.*—After breakfast visited the Malay village with my medicine, fifty tracts, and a volume of the New Testament. The books went like the dew; and I was obliged not only to use sharp language, but to pull them away by force from those who could read none, or but little, and who had taken them from the bundle before I was aware. In point of intelligence and vivacity I have never seen any Malays like them; and to-day, as I went from house to house, I was surprised to find that the children were as fair as Nyas children of the same age, and as bright and intelligent; they approach so much nearer than the Malays of Java to Europeans, that I could hardly persuade myself that they were pure Malay, but the inhabitants assured me that they were.

"The house of Nakhoda Si Addi, is more than seventy feet long, and so well fortified with a stone wall eight feet in height, and a ditch four feet deep and six wide, that as I entered its arched gate, or rather the wicket in the large gate, above which were swivels, a gong, etc., I thought I was entering the castle of some feudal lord of former times."

June 9th was devoted to a visit to the Rajah of Gunong Si Toolis. After various difficulties in procuring an interpreter, etc., the party set out, and being, through the ignorance of their guide, led further than was necessary, did not reach their praou till evening, exhausted by twenty-five miles of most fatiguing travel, which had been performed without other refreshment than a bit of cocoa-nut. But from this chief they received the same encouragement as from the others. He and his people were ready to welcome the ministers of Christ.

"About four o'clock, P. M., the anchor was hoisted and we sailed rapidly down the coast; our helmsman wishing to go south before he crosses over to Tappanooly, rather than directly across, on account of breakers occasioned by Drake's reef.

"Our visit has been, indeed, short, and our investigations brief. But we think we have acquired sufficient information to direct the movements of the Board, and further explorations would be attended by extra expense and *danger*.

"The island is divided into several small districts, containing a number of villages. Over each village is a chief, and over the whole district is a head chief, or two who act as colleagues. The district chiefs, however, exercise no unlimited power, but are merely moderators of their councils, etc. And in South

Nyas each village is often quite independent. In the middle and northern portion of the island all causes are decided, and all justice consummated by a council of all the chiefs in the district, in which they use the *court* or high dialect. The great mass of the population reside in the southern part of the island in walled villages, while in the middle and northern part the people are more scattered; and, though living on the summits of the hills, do not generally build in compact bodies, or in rows of connected houses. Their dwellings are detached and circular. The south is more given to trade than the north: principally in slaves and rice, which they exchange for tobacco, iron, steel, and cloths. The people in the interior trade with the Rajah nearest the coast, and he with the boats and ships. The slave-trade curses this island also, and the greatness of a man is known by the number of heads he possesses. Foreign heads stand in great estimation. Those of the Chinese higher than the Malays, and white men higher than either. The rich buy them of their poorer neighbors who are so fortunate as to take them.

"Their offensive armor is a spear and two knives, or krises, one perhaps eighteen inches, the other two feet in length. The spears are of their own manufacture; the head is of steel, sometimes straight, at others with an inverted prong, sharp on its outer edge. The handle is of a dark-colored, hard wood; sometimes ornamented with plates of braided rattan, lead, steel, or brass, two inches asunder; sometimes inlaid with a spiral plate of brass one half or three fourths of an inch in width, and sometimes ornamented just below the head with a tuft of hair, according to the fancy of the owner. The knives are also native, with wooden sheaths ornamented like the spear handle, or plain, according to fancy. The smaller is the common knife, which they employ for all the purposes for which we use a multitude of complicated tools, and it is never laid aside at home or abroad. It is generally plain and made for hard work. The larger is a full-dress weapon, for purposes of war. A large ball is formed by binding some light substance on the outside just below the hilt, as a guard for the hand; on the outside of this are bound by narrow strips of different colored cloths, little wooden images, whose province is to give rain, direct the way in the night, etc.; besides these, there are various other ornaments, according to the taste or wealth of the owner.

"Their defensive armor consists of a light, oblong wooden shield, and in some cases, a wooden breastplate, and a jacket reaching to the hips, made of the bark of trees, or of cotton of native manufacture, woven without seam, thick and hard, offering nearly as much resistance as a coat of mail; or they wear four, five, or six jackets of different kinds of cloth for the same purpose. The native jacket they value at about eighty cents or a Spanish dollar, payable in goods; the shield at the same; and the spear and knives according to quality, varying from eighty cents to four dollars each.

"In the use of their weapons they are very expert, and for a little tobacco any one of them will go through with the evolutions. These consist in dexterously throwing the body from side to side, into the air, and again squatting, constantly defending it with the shield, and brandishing the spear until it leaves the hand, when the knife is drawn and a tremendous onset is made with that. Their aim is taken just over the upper left corner of the shield. Not only would it be difficult to one unaccustomed to their movements to hit them with a spear, but they will allow a person to throw stones at them as fast as possible, one at a time.

"Southern Nyas is the most populous. One village there, Bábá Bábás town, contains two thousand men, the same as the whole district of Erenoqeah or Larago (Gunong Stolis), and another has one thousand five hundred men, Paleta's town. The Nyas reckon more women than men, and from all we have seen and heard, we should say the smallest calculation for children would be equal to both, and I should think it might be even double the number of men and women. Taking, however, the equality, we make eight thousand people in one village, and six thousand in another.

"Of the Malays who have established themselves in villages on Nyas, it is said they do not lose sight of education or religion, but like most other Malays, they have only the form even of Mohammedan godliness. They have one miserably poor mosque and two praying places only. Their priests are eight, and hadjis three. I saw some half dozen or more copies of the Koran in different houses; the first I have ever seen among the Malays. Some few Arabs reside here, who, of course, are rigid followers of the false prophet; but they never can influence the Malays where their own interest is concerned. Some of the Malays I think would oppose a mission on their own account.

"The population we had no means of ascertaining; yet I should suppose it would be safe to put it at two hundred thousand.

"The missionaries on Nyas will find that letters from government, etc., will not procure for them so much respect and attention as their American name, their own character, and their own purses. The Dutch name is everywhere feared by the Malays. By no people, perhaps, is it more hated, than by the Achinese; whereas they hail as a friend every Englishman or American. Still, the favor of government must be obtained so far as residence, etc., is concerned. And nominally, government affords protection to all who have leave of residence, by application to the nearest civil officer; but it is such a heavy machine, and moves so slowly through its different grades of officers, and under-officers, that the best protection would always be the affections of the people among whom the missionary resides.

"We observed among them no signs of musical taste. We saw no instruments of native manufacture, except, perhaps, one or two rude drums, which must have been patterned after the Malays. Their song, which accompanies the dance, is a rude kind of bawling.

"All the attempts of a missionary nature that have been made among this people, were by two French papists, about two years since. They obtained Nyas servants at Penang, and learned a little of the language. One of the servants became a convert. They arrived at Padang; spent a short time in visiting the military posts on Sumatra; and were well received by the Catholic officers and soldiers. They were, from all we learn, monkish, clownish enthusiasts. Their pay was but one hundred Spanish dollars per annum, and they were miserably fitted out. They, however, refused all assistance for themselves, but willingly received old clothes from the officers, to give to the Nyas. One of them embarked at Padang, in a little open boat, which, after he had put in his own baggage, scarcely contained room for himself. He arrived at Gunong Stolis, and was kindly received by Messam, who offered him his own house. But he chose rather to erect a little miserable open shed, on the hill, near the house of a petty chief.

He visited among the people, and obtained a child of that chief as his pupil; but in a short time took a fever, and died. His servant, also, had the same fever, but returned soon after to Padang, and resided a while with Mr. Embrycht. This man was hardly dead, and his goods sealed up, ere the other came, having embarked at Natal, where he had been to visit the upper stations of the Dutch. But the fever was already upon him, and he only landed at Gunong Stolis, to linger out eight or ten days, and go to his final account.

"The papists do not yet despair. They have held correspondence with Mr. Embrycht on the subject of sending out other men, and expressed a determination to do so. It would be a very easy matter for the followers of the Pope to substitute their pictures and idols for the idols of the Nyas, and engraft their mummeries, and impose their dazzling, pompous ceremonies upon them. They would not, like the Mohammedans, meet an insuperable obstacle at the threshold: an unconquerable attachment to pork.

"In the summer of the present year six French Catholic priests came to Batavia, three of whom proceeded toward Cochin China and Siam, and three to Padang. The latter, on arriving at their destination, began to study the Nyas language, and officiate in the mean time among the Catholic soldiers found there. One of them, however, finding his salary, one hundred dollars per annum, too small, returned to

Batavia in the same vessel that took them from thence, to remonstrate with their superiors on the necessity of increasing their allowances; but, after a short conference with his friends here, he proceeded immediately to Macao. The Præfectus Apostolicus Scholten, who presides over all the Catholics in Netherlands' India, went this fall, in person, to Padang; doubtless with a view of arranging and consolidating their missions in Sumatra; from thence he goes to Rome, for which he has obtained leave of absence for two years. From all this we may premise that the Catholics intend doing great things in that quarter.

"How long the people may be preserved in a waiting posture, for American Christians to lead them to the fountain of life, who can tell? The curse may even now be hanging over them, ready to fall in the shape of Papal delusion, or Mohammedan hatred. The time for action is the present. The Lord will give success. Their houses shall be purified, and Satan no longer command the offerings of the family altar. Their hearts shall be cleansed and rejoice in redeeming love, while the sound of the church-going bell shall soon peal over these valleys, and reverberate among the hills, and echo shall answer to echo, as the songs of salvation rise from the full choir of the congregated multitudes."

Two or three letters will conclude this chapter.

Surely, had Henry Lyman known that they were his last, they could hardly have been different.

From a letter to his wife, dated "just below Tappanooly, June 15th, 1834," we make the following extract:

"We have finished our researches on Nyas, and are on the point of entering Tappanooly bay, to make the Batta tour. Our health has been extremely good, our labors, at times, severe, our accommodations small and filthy. Since we left Nyas we have been exposed to something of a squall, considering how small our boat is, but

"'The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain,
If He that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.'

"Four of our little number have been laid aside by sickness from their labor. We have climbed the hills, waded knee-deep through the soft clay, tumbled up and down rocky precipices, or slid over those of clay; measured the long beaches reflecting from their white sand the noon-day sun, have been exposed all day in a little canoe on the ocean; threatened with destruction in our praou, toiled from six A. M. to eight P. M. without a mouthful of food; and we must acknowledge the goodness of God in delivering us out of all these trials, and bringing us in health, safety, and prosperity to this place: and shall we distrust Him for the future? No. He who has saved us, still will save.

We trust all to Him, and, relying on His almighty arm, go on cheerfully to the remainder of our labor, whether for life or for death. I would not, if I could, return home before the work is completed. When it is done, if the Lord spares us all, you may hope again to see my long, homely face. Till then be not over anxious.

"I have collected about two bushels of shells, and intended to send them on direct from Padang to Amherst College, but I have changed my mind, and, if you like, will carry them home, and we will spend an hour a day in studying conchology, and then forward them. * * *

"*Tuesday Morning, June* 17*th.*—By the good Providence of God we were enabled, Sabbath evening, to come under Poeloe Ely just as a heavy squall met us from the north-west, accompanied by a flood of rain. Had we been out at sea I think we must have been lost, for I doubt if our frail bark would have weathered the storm. We are now safe inside Tappanooly bay, with a prospect of leaving the praou tomorrow. Glad shall we be. We have slept on board of it forty nights, and have been sailing, in that time, more than twenty days. Every thing has reached the *ne plus ultra* of all possible filth. Our men are bad navigators, and as lazy as the day is hot. Had we been in a good craft, well managed, we should have saved one third of our time.

"This bay is truly beautiful. The mountains from its gracefully-curved shore rise ridge above ridge, and peak above peak, in majestic wildness, here deeply furrowed by valleys and defiles, and the wildness broken in upon by the husbandman's toil, so that the green fields look out in gladness; while there, nought but the somber hue of forests, terminating only with the highest peaks, presents a vivid picture of the natural character of its inhabitants. Far up at the left is Pangchun island—where we are to land—with its fort. The flag is visible with the glass. Till we stop there, farewell.

TO A SISTER-IN-LAW.

"Praou 'TANJAH,' west coast of Sumatra, a little
below Tappanooly, *June* 15*th*, 1834.

"MY DEAR MARY:

"Allowing for the difference of longitude, you have not yet consulted your Daily Food. When you do, your thoughts will doubtless run in the same channel that mine have, as you read, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' The chapter of Baxter's Saints' Rest, which occurred this morning in my course of reading, was quite a comment upon it, and although the whole work, is interesting at any time, occurring as this did, so *apropos*, has made it doubly so. How ashamed we shall be at the judgment day, when we look back, and see how little we have kept in view the prize of our discipleship. Our Saviour informs us in the outset, that in the world we 'shall have tribulation.' But when afflictions come, we exclaim that all these things are against us, and envy those who are freed therefrom. We would feign believe that because we are the children of God, He is bound to free us from the common evils of life, and make all our way smooth and easy. God has nowhere thus promised. He will send His rain on the evil and the good; He will send tribulation, not free us from it. He fulfills his part of the covenant, not by

"'Our being carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,'

but by comforting and sustaining us,

"'While we fight hard to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas.'

"It is in bearing us through the Red Sea, not in destroying the enemies behind us, that the Lord displays His grace to His children. Had we no troubles, how ill should we be fitted for our everlasting rest! Our affections are all centered in the world, 'till afflictions cool and moderate them.' 'Afflictions speak convincingly, and will be heard when preachers cannot.' 'If our Lord did not put these thorns under our head, we should sleep out our lives, and lose our glory.' Every Christian, as well as Luther, may call affliction one of his best school-masters; and with David he may say, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.' 'Oh, what difference is there betwixt our prayers in health and in sickness; betwixt our repentings in prosperity and adversity! Alas! if we did not sometimes feel the spur, what a slow pace would most of us hold toward heaven!' I believe the more we study the Divine government and our own past experience, we shall find that although at the time many things have appeared dark and mysterious, yet all has been well; there has been no mistake in the government of God. Why, then, is it that we are so slow to learn the lesson our kind heavenly Father is desirous of teaching? Why can not we show our gratitude to the Redeemer by trusting Him when clouds obscure the Sun of righteousness, or the cold damps of the world cut off the soul-reviving rays of the Spirit? Oh what strange creatures are we! What strange things our hearts! We see that prosperity makes us easy, happy, contented *here;* and yet we complain when that is sent which tends to wean us away from earth, and center all our affections in the object of the saint's love and the angel's praise.

"Dear sister, I would say it to my own heart, and trust you will not object if I say, let *us* strive more to look upon all the events of life as directed by the hand of infinite wisdom; upon all the adversities as coming directly from Him; though it may be through the agency of some fellow-creature; and learn a lesson from Providence for the benefit of our souls; not finding fault with ourselves as the objects of this adversity, nor with our fellow-men in various circumstances of life, as the immediate agents of the evil. If we can bring ourselves to 'be of good cheer' amid the tribulations of the world, we shall let our light so shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, shall be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven. Read the whole of that tenth chapter of Baxter; if it does you as much good as it has done me, you will find yourself amply repaid.

"I do not forget that, while rocked about in the filthy hold of this little praou, in a room partitioned off at the ends by mats, scarcely six feet long and eight broad, with only room sufficient to sit and lie down, and eat on the floor or on chests, God is as near as He will be in your large, airy, nicely-finished church. But really it seems as if it would refresh my soul once more to unite with your large congregation of intelligent Christians in the worship of the sanctuary; especially to have my thoughts raised upward, my heart melted, and my soul brought into sweet unison with the solemnities of the day, by the performance of your well-trained choir, and the full-swelling notes or softening melody of your fine organ. But farewell! a long farewell!! I have voluntarily given up this, to me most exquisite pleasure, and expect on earth to receive no equivalent, until I can, Sabbath after Sabbath, look over a throng of those now dreaming out existence in the darkness of heathenism, and hear from them songs dictated by hearts warm with a new redemption. Oh how I long to stand, like Richmond, on some eminence, and view the crowded avenues of the multitudes flocking to hear the word of life! Perhaps this goodly sight will never be granted me. I may be doomed always to go out into the wilderness, leveling the mountains and raising the valleys, and *preparing* a way. If the Lord chooses so to employ me, His will be done. But there is one consolation. Glory, glory to God in the highest! Let us rejoice and triumph in it! There is a consolation! There is an organ—there is a choir! But human hands ply not the keys, and human voices raise not the sound. Now and then we catch a gentle whisper of the symphony, as it comes wafted on some gentle breeze. But soon, O Mary! soon we shall swell our voices as never yet they have poured forth notes. Higher and higher yet shall they rise, and the soul with all its powers join, till all enwrapped in the harmony, without fatigue, or dread of its close, we shall no more envy the choirs of earth, nor sigh for joys marred by cumbering flesh." * * *

XII.

The Martyrdom.

O, weep not for him! He but rose to his rest,
From his own lov'd land of the fervid line,
With his silvery sheaves of the dawn all gleaned,
Ere bright dews blazoned the sun's decline.
He shall toil with tears in the gloom of a dim
Lone harvest no more. Oh! weep not for him!

Weep not! In the home where the sinless meet,
Lingers no lonely yearning for this,
As the pilgrims sorrow'd and smil'd the while
In dreams, o'er the visions of banish'd bliss:
No sorrow enters that radiant realm,
No mourning, no yearning; oh! weep not for them!

ANONYMOUS.

Grant, O Lord, that in all our sufferings here upon earth, for the testimony of thy truth, we may steadfastly look up to heaven, and, by faith, behold the glory that shall be revealed; and being filled with the Holy Ghost, may learn to bless our persecutors by the example of thy first martyr, St. Stephen, who prayed for his murderers to thee, O blessed Jesus, who standest at the right hand of God to succor all those that suffer for thee, our only "Mediator and Advocate."—COLLECT FOR ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

XII.

If there had been any one portion of their field of labor toward which the hearts of Munson and Lyman had turned with especial longing, it had been the island of Nyas. Yet they had quietly relinquished the exploration of the southern and more interesting part of it, because "it would be dangerous in the extreme;" "a risk they had no right to run."

They reached Tappanooly June 17th, and the Post-holder says, were earnestly dissuaded from attempting to prosecute their journey. Three men in office under the Dutch government told them they would be in danger from the natives, yet they went on, like obstinate men, careless of life, not even mentioning in letters to their wives that such statements had been made to them. They were met on their journey by natives, apparently friendly to them, who informed them of fearful hazard; still these missionaries who so carefully balanced probabilities, and sifted truth from chaff on Nyas, refused to return, but proceeded!

We can not but feel that the case needs only to be thus put, in order to clear the missionaries from any suspicion of rashness. It is incredible that one month could have changed them from careful and considerate, into reckless and headstrong men.

The friends of Henry Lyman have always disbelieved the statements made by the Post-holder concerning his own course, since no record can be found of it in communications of either gentleman. Moreover, to allow them quietly to go off, and then, fearing blame from his own government, to attempt to exculpate himself, by charging the dead with obstinacy, is in exact accordance with the representations uniformly given of the course of similar officials in Netherlands' India.

We proceed to give the last written words of Mr. Lyman, who thus concludes his letter to his wife, of Sunday, June 22d:

"We leave to-morrow, accompanied by eight coolies for carrying our baggage, an *opas*, or police-runner, to look after them, a Malay Rajah as interpreter, and my instructor, our cook (a Nyas man), and Ian Cing Sa. Mr. M.'s Chinese teacher remains here. You would laugh to see how our baggage has dwindled down. [Then follows a list of articles taken.] Every thing else we send back to Padang. You will learn some things from our letter to the Board which M. has written. We expect to be absent from this place one month. If no longer, you may expect to see us in two, if our health is preserved, and we are not detained for want of a passage, which will probably be the case, so that we may not arrive in Batavia before three months from this.

"We expect many difficulties in our route, but when you receive this they will probably be all passed, and we safe again under the roof of our very kind friend, Mr. Bonnett. The Lord keep you and us is the prayer of your husband."

The many difficulties expected are explained in the following communication, and will be seen to arise *not* from the ferocity of men:

TAPPANOOLY, *June 22d*, 1834.

REV. DR. ANDERSON,
Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.

DEAR SIR:—We can not permit any favorable opportunity of acquainting you with our circumstances to pass unimproved. Since we last wrote you from Poeloe Batoe we have finished our observations there, also on the island of Nyas, and have arrived in safety at this place. Though some of our boatmen were visited by disease, yet our own lives and health have been mercifully preserved.

We can not, in a single letter, fully communicate the result of our observations, yet we wish to give you the *impressions* that have been gradually springing up and maturing in our own minds. The facts from which these impressions have originated will be stated at length in our report to the Board. But, in the mean time, we would say we have decided to recommend strongly to the Committee the immediate establishment of a mission among the Nyas people. Padang, as we before stated, holds out every possible facility for the acquisition of the language, and for reducing it to writing. The Batoe islands offer a safe retreat for the commencement of a mission. Four or five thousand inhabitants grouped together in singularly compact villages of from fifty to three or four hundred souls each, present many and great advantages for familiar intercourse with the people, for the establishment of schools, and, indeed, for introducing and carrying forward the whole train of missionary operations. Our impressions respecting the character of the Nyas people are exceedingly favorable. We consider them as superior to the Malays in every respect, except that the latter are able to read. After the most diligent and repeated inquiries we can not learn that any customs or prejudices prevail among them which will be likely to hinder the progress of the truth.

From Batoe we had a quick passage to Nyas, where we remained two weeks. We visited Sumbawa, Mana, and Goenong Stoli, and called on several Rajahs; but did not penetrate far into the interior. The reason of these partial investigations on Nyas will be fully stated in our report. But we now say in a word, it is unsafe travelling in the interior of the island. After the information we gained at Batoe, we did not think that the object to be gained by a journey inland would compensate for the time, the labor, and expense. There are some places in Nyas where a missionary might live in safety, yet we do not consider it as the best point to commence the work of reform. We arrived at this place last Tuesday, since which we have been making diligent preparations for our journey into the Batta country, hoping to penetrate as far as the great lake which is in the heart of the Batta territory; and return by another route to this place. Mr. Bonnett, the Post-holder here, who, *though a Catholic*, treats us with great kindness, has himself been in the country. He thinks we may be able to accomplish the journey in one month. All testimonies concur in pronouncing the way very difficult, owing to high mountains and impenetrable forests. Our arrangements are now completed, and to-morrow we start. Should we return in one month we may possibly reach Batavia early in September. Thus far the Lord has prospered us beyond our expectations. We trust the Board and the churches will make every possible exertion to follow up these incipient efforts, and to thrust in laborers wherever the fields are white and ready to harvest. The work that has been assigned us is beset with perplexities; it is laborious and trying to both body and mind. Yet we labor cheerfully. Our greatest danger is that our faith will fail us, and the grand object be lost in the shade of minor considerations.

Yesterday we visited the village where Mr. Burton formerly resided; but nearly all traces of his operations are now obliterated. His house is removed, his school scattered, and, indeed, no vestige of missionary efforts now remains. With many prayers that you and we may be guided by unerring wisdom,

We remain, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
SAMUEL MUNSON.
HENRY LYMAN.

Alas! alas! we can not trace the route of these beloved men. The documents that follow are all the intelligence we have of their fate. The Post-holder's letter of self-justification is hardly corroborated by the account of Si Jan, who had been some years in the employ of the missionaries at Batavia, and who, though simple, was believed to be truthful.

LETTER FROM MR. BONNETT.

"TAPPANOOLY, *July* 2*d*, 1834.

"To my bitter grief I find myself under the necessity of communicating to you the following melancholy account:

"On the 17th of June there arrived here, on board the praou *Tanjah*, under the command of Malim Soctan, from Padang and Nyas, the Rev. Messrs. Lyman and Munson, both American missionaries of the reformed persuasion, who informed me that it was their intention to undertake a journey into the Batta country, to Tobah, etc., for which end they requested my assistance in the providing the necessary guides, interpreters, and coolies for their baggage, which were accordingly provided by me, consisting of fourteen persons, viz: Datoek Radjae Mankoeta, the head of Kalangan district, together with a police-runner, named Si Rakim, and ten coolies, to which were added their own two servants; but not before I myself, together with the second lieutenant, Schack, military commandant here, and Mr. Sickman, commander of his Netherlands majesty's schooner *Argo*, had most strongly dissuaded them from their purpose, but in vain. On the 23d of June they went from the island on which the fort was built, by way of Tappanooly to Tobah, and on the 30th there appeared before me the above-named Datoek Radjae Mankoeta, the police-runner, all the coolies, and one of the servants of the above-named gentlemen, called Si Jan, returning out of the Batta country, who, both severally and collectively, related to me the following tale:

"That after their departure from Tappanooly they passed the first night in the village of Si Boenga-Boenga, at the house of Rajah Si Boendae; the second night in the village of Rappet, at the dwelling of Rajah Swasa; the third at Pagerau Sambong, at the place of Rajah Gooroo Si Nongan; and from thence they went to Goeting, to the house of Rajah Amani Bussir (iron father), by all which chiefs they were received with hospitality and respect, who, notwithstanding, most strongly advised them not to prosecute their journey any further towards Tobah, saying that at Tobah there existed disturbances; that at that moment the journey was not to be undertaken without danger, and that they could not, and would not, be responsible for the consequences. To which Messrs. Lyman and Munson gave answer to the Rajahs, that since they came not as enemies but as friends to visit the Batta country, they had therefore no reason to fear the least danger, and thus they would prosecute their journey to Tobah. In this resolution they remained firm till the 28th, when they again prosecuted their journey from Goeting toward the village Sukka, at Selingdong, with the intention of spending the night with the Rajah Berampak, at that place. While they were upon the march, about half way there, just at noon, they were met by five armed Batta people, who entreated them to return, and not to prosecute their journey any further if they would avoid exposing their lives to danger.

"That the above-named gentlemen, notwithstanding all these warnings, and the urgent request of their own followers to return, would pay no attention to all this; and the five Battas, after being provided with a little tobacco, were sent back with orders to tell their Rajah that they saw no danger in prosecuting their journey to Tobah, since they came to visit them as friends and not as enemies. Whereupon they proceeded upon their march, till about 4 P. M., when suddenly they saw themselves surrounded, in a wood, by a band of about two hundred armed Battas, who made them lay down their arms, and then inhumanly murdered both Messrs. Lyman and Munson, and one of their servants. In the mean time the rest were enabled, after having forsaken the baggage, to jump into the thicket and, by flight, to save themselves.

"That they, on their retreat hitherwards, had heard that Mr. Lyman and his servant, the same evening on which they were murdered, and Mr. Munson the following morning, had been made away with by their murderers.

"You will thus, by this declaration, be pleased to observe, that however great this misfortune has been, the gentlemen themselves have been much to blame, because neither here nor in the Batta country, would they give ear to any one's warning or good counsel.

"The property of the deceased, as much of it as was found here, shall be sent by me to Mr. Boyle, at Padang, according to their request before they went from hence into the Batta country."

Si Jan who returned to Batavia and was then questioned by Mr. Medhurst and Mesdames Munson and Lyman. stated that, "they found the road exceedingly difficult, consisting of hills and ravines covered with thick forests, so steep in many places, that they were obliged to ascend by means of rattans, tied from the tops of rocks, and to descend on their haunches. The coolies were compelled to tie their burdens on their backs, being unable to carry them on their shoulders or heads. The brethren, however, were enabled to master these difficulties. The thicket was so dense, that they were not much troubled with the heat of the sun, and the road so solitary, that they seldom met above four or five individuals in the course of a day's march. No houses or villages were seen on the road, and only at the end of each day's journey did they come to any thing like a village. The journey was, of course, performed on foot, and yet they managed to advance about ten or twelve miles per day. When they arrived at a village, they were immediately surrounded by multitudes of natives, men, women, and children, who showed no sort of timidity at the presence of Europeans, but came boldly up to the travelers, and examined their persons and dresses with eagerness, asking importunately for tobacco. On the second night after their departure, they fell in with a Rajah Swasa, who told them that it would be better not to attempt to enter the Batta country at first, but stay at Pauchan until he should have time to go into the interior and make inquiries, when he would send them a letter from Tobah, to inform them whether or not they would be well received. The brethren replied, that they came with peaceable intentions, and that there was no necessity for such a measure." On being questioned whether he had joined in persuading the brethren not to proceed, Si Jan replied that he had not; but while staying at Tappanooly and hearing such fearful accounts from the Malays residing there, of the murderous practices and cannabalic habits of the Battas, he had requested Mr. Lyman to be allowed to remain behind, with the Chinese teacher, but that Mr. Lyman replied, he must go, and that they could not do without him. He therefore went, accordingly. The following village which they came to, with the names of their Rajahs, Si Jan does not recollect; he only remembers crossing a very rapid river, which they effected by swinging across on rattan, tied from one side to the other. The day on which the brethren fell, he thinks must be Saturday, because he heard Mr. Lyman propose stopping a day at the next stage for the Sabbath. *He has no recollection of the five Battas met* on the day of their murder*, who cautioned the brethren to return, nor any other warning but that given by the Rajah Swasa.

It was Saturday, because Mr. Lyman proposed stopping a day at the next stage for the Sabbath.

And on that Saturday morning, knowing from the preceding pages something of the habits of the men, we can picture a part at least of their procedure. We can see them waked by the chattering of monkeys, or the shrill scream of the parrots, rising at very early dawn, and can follow each as he goes like Nathanael "under the fig-tree," to commune alone with God. We can mark Lyman as, after gazing abroad on the gorgeous display of vegetable life which surrounds him, he opens his Daily Food. It carries his thoughts far away to "Pleasant Valley." The widow and the fatherless rise before him, and he can only find peace in trusting them to God. But there is a nearer and dearer home, and his thoughts dwell lovingly there, as he wonders whether his wife has yet opened her eyes to the gladsome light. O, how his whole frame quivers with emotion as he remembers that she may be stretched upon a sick-bed, may be dead!

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* According to Mr. Bonnett.

He opens the little book and reads,

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Psalm xlvi. 7.

"Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might:
Thou the desponding heart can raise—
The victory thine, and thine the praise."

"We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Romans, viii. 37.

Ah! his eye is dry now. His fears are gone. That dreadful sinking of heart is "swallowed up in victory." He falls on his knees. Who that ever joined with Henry Lyman in prayer, but can think *how* he poured forth his thanksgiving for such "a strong-hold in the day of trouble"—for such a Saviour. Like Paul he *exulted* in hope of the glory of God. Strengthened, invigorated, calmed, he joins his companion at their frugal meal.

Then comes their family prayer, and they read aloud that precious ninety-first Psalm. It is a new sound for Sumatran breezes to catch. Angels rejoice as amid the perfume of wild spices floats on the air:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

The attendants know not the meaning of the words, they join not in the fervent worship that follows, but they see the face of each "as it had been the face of an angel," and they reverence that which they can not comprehend.

Si Jan tells us not of the especial perils of *that* day, but we know that whatever they were, *One* was with them; that their weary feet forgot fatigue in the recollection of those which trod the ascent to Calvary; that the heated brow was refreshed by a thought of the crown of thorns, and as we read the concluding statement of Si Jan, we feel that in that short and fearful encounter, in those dying moments, they were "more than conquerors through Him that loved" them.

This is what Jan says:

"About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, they came suddenly upon a log fort, which was occupied by a number of men armed with muskets, spears, etc. To this fort they had approached within a hundred yards without being aware of it. On spying the fort and the men, the interpreter offered to go first and parley with them. After him followed the coolies with the baggage, and the brethren, their two servants, and the police-runner behind. When the interpreter arrived at the fort, Si Jan heard a disturbance, and on looking round, found a band of about two hundred armed men close upon them, from the side and the rear. The coolies, upon seeing the troop, and hearing the noise, threw down their burdens and fled, escaping on the other side; the interpreter also became invisible. Immediately the crowd of Battas came upon them, hallooing and brandishing their weapons, threating to dispatch the travellers at once. They came so near with their pointed spears and muskets, that Mr. Lyman was enabled to push by their weapons with his hands, entreating them to wait a little, and come to an explanation, taking off, at the same time, their hats and throwing them to them, with some tobacco which they had. This not pacifying the rabble, Mr. Lyman delivered up his pistols, as did also Mr. Munson, which were received and handed to the rest, but the disturbance continued. Mr. Lyman then asked Si Jan for the musket which he carried, but Si Jan refused to deliver it up, saying he then should be left defenceless. Si Jan even offered to fire, but Mr. Lyman withheld him, and asked for the musket for his own use. Si Jan gave it to him accordingly, and Mr. Lyman immediately handed it over to the Battas. Mr. Lyman then said, 'Call the interpreter;' Si Jan ran a little way to call him, but not perceiving him, turned round to go to Mr. Lyman, when he heard the report of a musket, and saw Mr. Lyman fall, calling out 'Jan! Jan!' A shout then rose from the Battas, which was answered by those from the fort. A rush was then made on Mr. Munson, who was run through the body and fell. Another shout then followed. The cook, who had on a jacket given him by Mr. Munson, was the next victim. On seeing the brethren fall, he attempted to escape, but was pursued, and by one blow of their cleavers, had his arm cut off, while the cleaver went through the arm into his side. Si Jan and the police-runner now ran for their lives, and got into a thicket at a short distance. Here they secreted themselves under the bushes, and remained all night (the evening shades having already set in), until five o'clock next morning. While Si Jan was in the thicket, he heard much shouting and rejoicing; and about seven o'clock the Battas fired off all their muskets, and then remained quiet."

The missionaries had resolved to rest for the Sabbath at Sacca. He who had "loved them even unto the end;" He for whose dear sake they had rejoiced to bear hunger, and toil, and pain; He had said, "Come up higher." He had determined that "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," and of which, on their tour, He had afforded them such sweet glimpses, should now be theirs. Sacca was but the door to the blessed abode where they "go no more out forever." Blessed privilege! Only twenty-four and a half years of the earthly, to be succeeded by the *everlasting* heavenly inheritance. Their

Sabbath *commenced at Sacca.* It hath not yet ended.

Later travelers have found that the poor natives being at war with a neighboring village, were suspicious of all strangers, and rushed out to attack these, slaying them before there was time for explanations. And rarely has there been found in history a more fearful instance of retribution than that recorded in the following words:

"When it became known from natives on the coast, and from others on the road, that the brethren were good men, and had come to do the Batta nation good, all the villages around leagued together for vengeance against the village where the outrage was perpetrated, and to require blood for blood. The unhappy village was named Sacca. In an unsuspected hour the surrounding population came upon it, set the houses on fire, killed as many of the inhabitants as they could, and destroyed their gardens and fields. Those who escaped were dispersed, some in one direction, and some in another, so that their community was dissolved. In their fields, and the place where their village stood, a thick jungle or swamp is now growing up, and the name of Sacca is no more heard."

From the "Memoir of Munson and Lyman" we make the following extract of a letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Medhurst of Batavia, now of China, to the Barnstable county Auxiliary Missionary Society, which had supported Mr. Munson:

"By the report of the Post-holder, he appears to have freely offered to the brethren his advice, and strongly to have persuaded them against the journey; yea, he repeats this so often, and urges it by so many considerations, as strongly to excite the suspicion that he is mainly anxious to exonerate himself from blame in allowing them to proceed on such a dangerous expedition. The impression on my mind is that *he did not use* those strong dissuasives which he gives out, and that, on the contrary, he represented the journey as comparatively free from danger, though the traveling would be extremely difficult. This appears from a letter written by Mr. Munson the day previous to his departure from Tappanooly, and by the report of the Chinese teacher, who speaks much more strongly on the subject than I have ventured to insert in the report. I have been a traveler myself on exploring tours something similar to those undertaken by our beloved brethren, and I know that it is exceedingly difficult for travelers to know how to act on the advice given them. Sometimes I have had an undertaking represented to me as certain destruction, when the result has turned out favorable, and, on the other hand, have not recived a single warning when dangers thick and many awaited me. If the brethren must, therefore, perform the duties required of them, it was incumbent on them frequently to act on their own judgment, independent of the advice given them, or to compare different accounts together, and decide according to their own impressions. A pusillanimous and hesitating line of conduct is bad policy in the common affairs of life, much more so on an exploring tour. Something must be ventured, and we have instances enough on record of the success attending such expeditions, to encourage us to persevere, though now and then a melancholy fact of a contrary nature, to teach us not to presume. I am one of those who do not regard missionaries as under peculiar protection as to temporals; they must bear their share of the ills of humanity as well as the rest of mankind. This, however, is certain: a good man is immortal till his work is done. Their warfare was accomplished, the crown of glory was awaiting them, and the Lord saw fit thus early to call them up to wear it. To them sudden death was sudden glory; they departed and were with Christ, which was far better. The manner of their death was violent, and, to human feelings, dreadful; but of Stephen, who died a more dreadful death, an inspired penman assures us that he 'fell asleep.' Thus of our brethren it may be said, 'they sleep in Jesus,' etc. With regard to the interests of religion, and the salvation of the Battas, the prospects, indeed, appear gloomy, and Zion may mourn because her sons have fallen; but when did the interests of the Christian Church ever appear more gloomy than when the disconsolate fellow-travelers exclaimed, 'We hoped that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel, and besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done;' and yet, when did an event ever take place so favorable to the interests of true religion, and when before were poor heart-broken saints so near the period of their comfort?"

We append Mrs. Lyman's own account of the thunderbolt which this time fell not "*near*"* but in the house:

"Language is utterly impotent to describe our feelings at the reception of such tidings as fell upon our ears September 4th, 1834.

"It was evening, and many of our American friends who were to sail the next morning had called for the last time. They congratulated us upon the arrival of the vessel from Padang, and expressed many kind wishes for the safe return of our dear husbands, whom we had been expecting to see all that day. No sooner had they taken their leave than another carriage rolled into the yard, at the sound of which we started, and were at the door in a trice, confidently expecting to meet those who had been the objects of our tenderest solicitude for many months, but they were not there. Judge then of our disappointment and surprise at seeing our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Medhurst who we supposed were already in the chapel, it being a little past the time for the commencement of the evening lecture, to which I was about going.

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* See page 304, chap. X.

"They met us not as usual with cheerful salutations, which led me for a moment to think that some accident had befallen them. The question was asked; but no answer returned. Again Mrs. Munson asked, 'Mrs. Medhurst, is any thing the matter?' My eye at the same moment falling upon Mr. M.'s countenance as the light from the verandah shone full in his face, saw the struggle, and I answered, 'Yes.' How changed now the scene! A moment previous how bright were our anticipations; now, all was *dark;* forebodings the most fearful took possession of our minds. Not a word was spoken, and for some time our imaginations were left to picture out the most horrid scenes of savage cruelty. At length the tale was told; and our worst fears realized. Desolation swept over us like a surge. It seemed as though we were literally forsaken of God; surely clouds and darkness were round about the throne, and we were ready to exclaim, 'To whom shall we flee?' All our plans and most sanguine hopes for future usefulness were suddenly destroyed, our offering seemed to be rejected, and we smitten by the 'rod of His wrath;' nevertheless it seemed just.

"True, our fears had been greatly excited in regard to the dangers and difficulties they might be called to encounter, but *hope,* at the same time, predominated. We felt that they were in the path of duty, engaged in the service of One who was able, and who would protect them from all danger, and return them in safety if it should be consistent with His designs of mercy to a fallen race; and the feeling of our hearts, though unexpressed, was that their *lives* would be precious in the sight of the Lord, inasmuch as He had raised them up, qualified them for, and led them to, that part of his vineyard which was so destitute of laborers. But not so. Our ways were not the Lord's ways, and it was some time ere we could adopt the language, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

"That night brought us nothing but the Post-holder's communication to the governor, the main object of which seemed to be to exonerate himself, and to impute rashness to them. Thus another barb was added to the sharp arrow which had already pierced our hearts, and we knew not but the same *mystery* and *darkness* might ever shroud the melancholy event. But the Lord in great mercy and kindness permitted us to receive their journals and letters up to the date of their entering the Batta country, which was by no means a small consolation, although the sight of them increased, if possible, the anguish of our hearts; still it was again soothed in some degree when we learned (that which I doubted not) from their own writing that their waiting eyes were unto the Lord; by His Spirit they were guided, and advanced only in His strength, ready to be offered up if the glory of God should require it.

"It was not until we could look away from 'things that are seen to those unseen,' and see the 'great refiner and purifier sitting by,' that we were enabled through grace to say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

"It now became necessary to prepare communications for the Board, and other friends, to bring all our affairs to a close as speedily as possible, and to make preparations for quiting the field which we had hoped was to be the scene of our labor until death. Painful as it was, we had scarcely a doubt in regard to the expediency of such a course, for our spirits were so *crushed* that we had neither strength of body or mind to assist in carrying forward the great work to which we had devoted our lives."

Nothing could exceed the kindness manifested for the missionary ladies by the European population of Batavia. A purse of $1,700 was presented to them, and all vied in expressions of sympathy. Mr. and Mrs. Medhurst especially, who well knew "the heart of a stranger," were devoted to them. In a short time every thing was sold, the cottage occupied by other tenants, and the sorrow-stricken mourners returned to their native land.

But there was another home where these tidings must go. The reverberations of the peal had at once been heard across the ocean,* but autumn had succeeded summer, and it was now a bright January day. For the first time since her husband's death the widow had been singing some of the beautiful lines of her favorite Watts,

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms,
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms."

A sleigh drives up to the door. She hastens to meet her only brother and beloved sister, welcoming them with more than her usual glad hospitality.

But her smile is unanswered, and she hardly knows why gloom has settled upon her soul. Gently her brother communicates the fact, first, that one of her band is taken—then, that it is Henry.

She goes to her bed. Gentle hands smooth the pillow, but like Job's friends they can but sit down in the dust with her, for they see that "her grief is heavy." Yet she only knows that Henry has gone! At Batavia, she supposes, with his wife, he has died. But as she lies there, the Comforter draws near, and she can whisper, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

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* June 28th, 1834, Mrs. Lyman had been unaccountably oppressed. Remarkable through her whole life, for cheerfulness and hope, she could, on that day, rouse herself to no exertion, but as she moved about her desolate home, again and again sank into a chair exclaiming, "I cannot throw off this depression. Why should it come to day?" On receiving the next day the intelligence that a favorite nephew had died on the twenty-seventh, she said as she marked his name opposite the date in Daily Food, "Strange I should have felt so the day *after*, instead of the day on which William was called away." The months rolled by, and when she came at length to record in the little book the date of her son's departure, to her astonishment she found it the same as that on which the cloud had overshadowed her spirit.

The children are summoned from school, and the mother sits with them while the letters are read to them. Then flashes across her for the first time the idea, that by violent hands her son has been destroyed. A groan of unutterable anguish, and grace has triumphed. She feels herself supported by the everlasting arms.

Then she exclaims, while the tears stream down her cheeks, "O, these poor people, what can they do without the Gospel?"

In the mean time the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, her friend, and her son's spiritual father, his own heart rent with anguish at the sad intelligence, and probably bearing a letter from Dr. Wisner, went to the house, supposing that he was carrying to the sorrowful widow the first intelligence of her fresh bereavement.

But the grace has been "sufficient," though her whole being quivers with intense suffering. As Dr. H. says, "The tears flowed freely, it is true, but what a light shone through those tears!" Almost as soon as she could say any thing, she exclaimed, "I bless God who gave me such a son to go to the heathen, and I never felt so strongly as I do at this moment, the desire that some other of my children may become missionaries also, and may go and teach the truths of the Bible to those savage men who have slain Henry."

This was no stoicism, no Spartan mother's bravery, or heartlessness rather. Mrs. Lyman's children well remember the days of anguish and of weeping which followed. They recollect that the chest which contained some of Henry's clothes, and which had been forwarded from Padang to Amherst, remained for months unopened, because their mother had not the courage to look therein. And when, as was sometimes the case, *that* chord was struck by rude, though well-meaning hands, even twenty years after the event, a sleepless night, weary tossings to and fro, and the pallid face of the next day would testify to the depth of feeling in the mother's heart.

We subjoin Dr. Wisner's letter, probably one of the last written by that blessed man of God :

MISSIONARY ROOMS, Boston, *January* 20*th*, 1835.

MRS. SUSAN LYMAN, AMHERST, MASS. :

MY DEAR MADAM :—We have intelligence to-day from your son, and our beloved missionary, Henry Lyman, whom you gave up to God to use as He should see best for the promotion of His kingdom and glory, which I feel it my duty to communicate to you, as you may not have received it in any other way. He has been released from pain, and toil, and sin on earth, and received to the service and enjoyment of God in heaven. The release took place on the 28th of June last. He and Mr. Munson, in their explorations, had come to Sumatra, and left Tappanooly on the coast, for the Batta country in the interior, with attendants, on the 23d of June. On the 28th they came unexpectedly to a log fort, from which rushed about two hundred armed natives, who attacked them with tumultuous noise, and the result was their massacre and that of an attendant in European dress. The other attendants fled, and reached Tappanooly, and gave to the Dutch officer there the accounts which he transmitted to Batavia, whence they were sent to this country. The Dutch officer at Tappanooly represents them as having rashly gone into the interior, against his warning and that of others. But a letter from them, written at Tappanooly the night before they set out, satisfies us that they are not to be blamed in that particular. Their wives have been heard from at Batavia, as late as September 10th, when they were well, but greatly afflicted, yet having there sympathizing and kind friends.

And now, dear Madam, may the Lord sustain and comfort you under this severe trial, and sanctify it to you and other friends, and to the Church, in reference to their great work of evangelizing the world. Doubt not the goodness and faithfulness of God. Think of the happiness and usefulness of your son now in heaven. Rejoice that you were permitted to be the mother of one who was honored to follow Christ so nearly, in sacrificing his life for the salvation of the world. The Lord be with you, and give you His grace as you need.

Yours, with much respect,
B. B. WISNER,
Sec. of the A. B. C. F. M.

Many now live who recollect the thrill caused by the news of the martyrdom of Munson and Lyman. "Show us wherefore thou contendest with us?" was the language of many a heart, as in secret the friends of missions poured out their souls before God. At the theological seminaries "there were great searchings of heart" among those who had consecrated themselves to the work of foreign missions. Up to that time the lives and health of the missionaries had seemed very "precious" in God's sight. Romance had wrapped her flowing drapery around the work. There was danger that youthful enthusiasm might be mistaken for the voice of God to the soul. But this startling event dissipated such illusions and separated the tares from the wheat.

Extracts from some of the letters received by Henry Lyman's mother may better show the state of feeling than mere description.

The first is from his friend and benefactor,

CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ., OF TROY, TO MRS. THEODORE LYMAN.

"TROY, *February 7th*, 1835.

"MY DEAR AUNT:

"When I penned my last letter how little did I imagine the sad tidings which the next passing breeze was to bring to our ears, that one, concerning whom I had formed so many fond expectations of usefulness to come, was already cut down and set aside! Yet, the thought that the *Lord* had done it, and *knew* what was best, both for the accomplishment of His holy purposes of love and salvation to our race, and for the happiness and holiness of His faithful ones, who had with such singleness of purpose left all for Christ, seemed so comforting, I had not a heart to repine. So also the reflection that the beloved Henry should have been already six months in heaven, in the enjoyment of all its Divine entertainments, was a source rather of joy than of sorrow, and, although the dispensation was one of unfathomable mystery to so poor a creature as myself, I have *felt* that it was, nevertheless, perfectly right as well as wise. And I doubt not, my dear aunt, the same considerations have brought the like results to your mind. Truly, this is a vale of tears, and we can not but weep, if it were only at our own weakness, when we see those we love, in the full vigor of their existence, crumbling back to dust. Yet we may learn how plainly this earth is not our home, that we are strangers and pilgrims here below, having no abiding-place, but seeking one to come. I hope the Lord will grant you all the consolations of His word, with His abundant 'blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow,' and that you may find Him a present help in trouble, since it is He that destroys 'the hope of man.' But your beloved, martyred son has not lived in vain. Much has already been accomplished by his writings, which have been published in the periodicals of our country. You will find extracts from his last letter to me in the *New York Observer* of January 31st. It is the same to which I referred in my last to you. In the same paper you will see an account of our Tract Anniversary. The extraordinary effort then made was in a great measure accomplished by the arrival of the appalling news of the martyrdom of the missionaries on that day, and, though dead, cousin Henry spoke that night, through his letter to me, read by Mr. Tucker, with a power and effect that he never could have done while living. The words, '*Live for Christ—devote all to Him!*' fell like an electric spark upon that assembly, and led every man to ask himself, 'Have *I* done what I could for Christ? How do *my* sacrifices for Christ compare with those of these dear missionary martyrs?' The amount subscribed will tell to what effect."

FROM A FRIEND.

"ANDOVER, *February 20th*, 1835.

"MY DEAR MRS. LYMAN:

"I have had it in my heart to write you for several weeks past, but whenever I have been about to fulfill my purpose I have thought 'What can I say? what words of sympathy *can* I address to this afflicted friend that will not cause her heart to bleed afresh?' I could hardly think of you for days without a groan, and I knew that unless an almighty arm sustained you, you would 'perish in your affliction.' 'Vain is the help of' the tenderest earthly friends in such an hour, and I feel that all that I can say will be vain indeed, except that our hearts are *soothed* sometimes when others mingle their grief with ours.

"I rejoice to know, dear Mrs. L., that the Most High *did* appear for you, that he *hastened* to fulfill His promises to you in the extremity of your grief; and having enabled you freely to surrender this dear son to His service, I trust He also enabled you to acquiesce in the *manner* in which He has been pleased to *glorify Himself* in him. Do you not feel as if far more will be accomplished (probably), in consequence of his death than could ever have been done in his life! Will not the service of a missionary be stripped of all *vain* glory, and our young men be led to search and see what manner of spirit they are of, so that those who go will be holier men, and ready to *die* 'for the name of the Lord Jesus.' Only think how many petitions now ascend for the poor Battas from those who would never have thought of them in their prayers but for this awful event. I know of Christians who believe that they shall yet hear of the conversion of these murderers, and for this I believe they will often pray. And will any Christian mother withhold her children from this work because she fears for them a death like this? Would you, even *you*, dear Mrs. L., if God would accept your other sons for His service, and grant them the spirit of the departed one, refuse to yield them to the heathen? I have heard of one mother who has said that if she *knew* God would appoint to her children so terrible a death, she should not dare to withhold them from His service. I know that the hearts of some mothers *tremble* when they look round upon their flock of little ones whom they have given to God, but still they give them to Him *anew*, and strive to make no conditions as to the manner in which He shall use them for His glory. And this is one of the ways in which God will bless His Church, through this affliction, for every true member of it in this land, and in every land where the cause of missions is known and loved, has been dismayed, and distressed, and grieved, at this appalling bereavement. Wherever this event is known his *widow* is borne on pious hearts before God, and, dear Mrs. Lyman, do you think there is a *mother* that knows how to pray that does not remember '*his mother*' before Him who, in all our afflictions, is afflicted? I have been thinking that one of the last things recorded of our Saviour was an act of tenderness toward His mother, in commending her to the sympathy and care of His 'beloved disciple;' and does He not tenderly pity those believing mothers whom His own hand bereaves, especially when He sees fit to appoint circumstances which aggravate and embitter their grief? Dear Dr. Wisner brought the letters from Batavia to Andover, and read them to a large assembly in our chapel: afterwards he let me have them to read. I asked him about you, and he told me he had written you. We had a very solemn visit, and when he parted from us it was with peculiar tenderness and seriousness, as if he might never see us again, and we spoke of it after he was gone. In a little more than a fortnight we heard that he was in eternity!"

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Resolutions expressive of sympathy were transmitted to Mrs. Lyman from the Social Union of Amherst College, and from the Association of Ministers of Hampshire county, the same that had licensed and ordained her son, and the sympathy and prayers of thousands availed to the gradual healing of her lacerated heart.

The American Board of Missions did not forget the islands consecrated by the blood of the martyrs. Dr. Cheever says in his sketch of Munson and

Lyman:*—"The exploring expedition in the Indian Archipelago could not easily be renewed, because the movements were so greatly restricted by the Dutch government. They were forbidden to establish themselves anywhere in Netherlands' India except in Borneo. Of the missionaries who were sent out by the American Board, soon after the death of Munson and Lyman, one of them explored a part of Sumatra; and, while in the Batta country, in the very region where his predecessors had been murdered, he was himself taken sick, and treated with great kindness, being carried by the Battas in a litter of split bamboos upon their shoulders six days, and then transported in a canoe to Tappanooly. We may be sure that those isles are yet to be a scene of the Divine glory. There will be displays of grace as wonderful as those in the Sandwich Islands, and as mighty and extensive in their influence."

One more item of information was gleaned by the friends of Lyman. Through the exertions of Schoch the skulls of the two brethren were not left to adorn the bamboo huts of the Batta chiefs. It was not difficult to distinguish them from those of the Asiatics, and they were forwarded to the Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. When they reached America it was easy to tell which had contained the calm and thoughtful brain of Munson, and which the busy, energetic, one of Lyman. The widows met in Boston, and there, with solemn and touching prayer, by him who had instructed these beloved men to go forth, they were committed to the tomb. We are not sure but Lyman would have preferred to have his remains left upon Sumatra, as holding possession of it for his Lord and Master.

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* American Missionary Memorial.

But, we doubt not, the time is at hand when the King will himself assume the scepter. Speedily the feast upon the slaughtered enemies shall be exchanged for the blessed festival of love which commemorates the Divine philanthropy of Him who was "taken and by wicked hands was crucified and slain."

While on his last tour Henry Lyman addressed to the Monthly Missionary Concert of Prayer in Amherst College an interesting paper on the Chinese of Batavia. After begging a place in their prayers for Rev. Mr. Medhurst and his work, he concludes:

"Not only will I ask you to *pray*, but, brethren, who is girding himself to come forth to this part of the battle? While yet a dweller on that consecrated eminence which you are now privileged to occupy, my thoughts were to this part of the world. Thank God, feeble as I am, I am counted worthy to labor here, and I would fain persuade some, yea, many of you, to 'lift up your eyes and look upon the field, for it is white already to harvest.'"

Twenty-two years have passed since this earnest appeal was made, yet Batta, and Nyas, and Sumatra, are unchanged by the Gospel. The grain then ripe has been gathered. Was it by heavenly reapers? Twenty-two years of cruelty, and war, and cannibalism ! !

Verily, the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light. Of this we have a remarkable exemplification in the proceedings of Great Britain with regard to Sebastopol. The news reached England of various disasters. The troops were starving, dying; the officers cut down. Mean time the foe was mighty. The fortifications were daily strengthening, the hope of success daily diminishing. The wail of widows and orphans might be heard all over the land. The people clamored. Was their cry "Abandon the field? Send no more officers to die; no more men to perish?" Nay, nay. An immense widows' and orphans' fund was provided that those brave men who fought might feel how their country loved and prized their services; the youth pressed forward to enlist. Forsaking wife and kindred, the officers contended to lead "the forlorn hope." Delicate and tender women consecrated themselves to the care of the wounded, and the treasures of the rich, and the little hoards of the poor were poured forth like water.

And then the siege. Men saw comrades killed at their sides. It but nerved their arm, steadied their aim. A ladder was no sooner planted than it was mounted. A man fell, and the gap was filled up by another. Nothing was counted dear for the glory of victory.

And the result? Sebastapol *fell!* Great were the rejoicings. Every face beamed with delight. Every heart gave thanks. Did meetings for congatulation satisfy them? Scarcely had the booming of cannon and the merry peal of bells died on the air than forth went the cry: "Ye have done well. Ye have taken one stronghold. Hundreds remain to be destroyed. Up and be doing." Army and navy heard and obeyed. The ranks are all full, and on they press, driving back, step by step, the foe. "There must be no flinching till the allies can dictate a peace," was the universal cry.

The contrast between all this and the niggardly supplies of men and money which are doled out to our missionary Boards is too obvious to need another word. Where is the church's fund for the widows and orphans of *her* soldiers? Where the young men who press on to fill the ranks? Where the wealth poured forth for their support? Where the determination that there must be no flinching till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ?

"Now, *they* do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

"Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's,

"But he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life!"

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